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BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

ABOVE his grave the grass and snow
Their soft antiphonal strophes write :
Moonrise and daybreak come and go :
Summer by summer on the height
The thrushes find melodious breath.
Here let no vagrant winds that blow
Across the spaces of the night
Whisper of death.

They do not die who leave their thought
Imprinted on some deathless page.
Themselves may pass; the spell they wrought
Endures on earth from age to age.
And thou, whose voice but yesterday
Fell upon charmed listening ears,
Thou shalt not know the touch of years ;
Thou holdest time and chance at bay.
Thou livest in thy living word
As when its cadence first was heard.
O gracious Poet and benign,
Belovèd presence! now as then
Thou standest by the hearths of men.
Their fireside joys and griefs are thine ;
Thou speakest to them of their dead,
They listen and are comforted.
They break the bread and pour the wine
Of life with thee, as in those days
Men saw thee passing on the street
Beneath the elms — O reverend feet
That walk in far celestial ways!

THE STATESMANSHIP OF CAVOUR

I

BY ANDREW D. WHITE

I

OF all great prophecies ever made to a credulous world, the most futile and woful was uttered toward the end of the eighteenth century by Aurelio Bertola.

Having visited many countries, in various capacities, — at times a monk, at times a soldier, at times a man of letters and “philosopher,” — flitting at times between the lecture-rooms of two renowned universities, but always an optimistic phrase-maker, he, first of all men, published what he called, *A Philosophy of History*, and, as the culmination of his work, summed up the condition of humanity on this wise: “The political system of Europe has virtually arrived at perfection. An equilibrium has been attained which henceforth preserves peoples from subjugation. Few reforms are now needed and these will be accomplished peaceably. Europe has no need to fear a revolution.”¹

And this in 1787! — the year in which the French Assembly of Notables opened the greatest era of revolution and war in human history, — an era which has now lasted over a century and which still continues; which, between that year and this, has seen every people on the European continent subjugated by foes foreign or domestic, every continental dynasty overturned or humiliated, and an infinite number of liberties crushed, or reforms wrested, by conspirators or soldiers; an era which, not only to every European nation, but to America, Asia, and Africa, has brought deluge after deluge of blood; which is blackened by thou-

sands of battlefields, and, among these, by Marengo, Austerlitz, and Borodino, by Leipzig and Waterloo, by the Alma and Inkerman, by Magenta and Solferino, by Antietam and Gettysburg, by Sadowa and Plevna, by Gravelotte and Sedan; by the naval slaughters of the Nile, Trafalgar, Navarino, and Sinope; by the Japanese annihilation of Chinese and Russian armies and navies; by the storming of Badajoz, of the Malakoff, and of Düppel; by the sieges of Genoa, of Saragossa, of Sebastopol, of Paris, and of Port Arthur; with thousands of vast and bloody encounters besides, costing millions of lives; by a ghastly series of massacres, extending from those in the name of liberty, in 1792, to those in the name of the throne and altar, in 1815, and from those of the Commune, in 1871, to those throughout Russia, in 1906; by scaffolds innumerable, and by the remodeling of every European nation, save Great Britain, — some of them twice or thrice.

The world at large, which loves those who prophesy smooth things, took this utterance of Bertola complacently. To the warning of a very different tenor, given by Lord Chesterfield, it gave no heed.

Most of all was this optimistic prophecy enjoyed by Italians; for, of all great peoples, they had most reason to long for a future better than their past. During more than a thousand years Italy had been trodden by foreign rulers and soldiers, — Germans, Saracens, Frenchmen, and Spaniards. She had been torn also by feuds between countless tyrants of her own; between her city republics; between classes, between dema-

¹ See Cantu: *Histoire des Italiens*, vol. xi, p. 23; also vol. x, p. 449.

gogues — all howling for “liberty” or “religion;” so that, despite her vast achievements in literature, science, and art, her people had sunk more and more into superstition and skepticism. Their main reliance was apparently upon such helpers as St. Januarius at Naples, the Bambino at Rome, St. Anthony and his pigs at Padua, Buddha — transformed into a Christian saint — at Palermo, and ten thousand fetiches besides. Faith in anything worth believing was mainly gone. The mediæval city liberties had long been a vague remembrance. The utterances of Dante and Michael Angelo were, to the vast mass, as if they had never been.¹

Their lay rulers were, mainly, frivolous and sensual, their priestly rulers mostly bigoted and cruel, their nobility given to futilities, their people groveling below these, — ignorant beyond belief.

But, shortly after Bertola wrote, the French Revolution made itself felt in Italy.

It raised many hopes, and, in 1796, came an apostle from whom Italians expected much: — Bonaparte, — an Italian who never spoke French until out of his boyhood; and, knowing this, Italy saw some reason for believing in him. Bringing his army over the Alps, he promised to the Italian people an end of the miseries which had been accumulating since the destruction of their municipal liberties, more than two hundred and fifty years before. He pledged to them the fulfillment of their wildest dreams, — liberty, fraternity, prosperity, glory. Some of these promises he redeemed, for he

¹ For a most striking and convincing revelation of the complete moral and religious debasement of Italian life during the “Ages of Faith,” see *From St. Francis to Dante*, by G. G. Coulton, London, 1906. This little book, a translation of all that is of primary interest in the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene, is one of the most valuable contributions to Mediæval History and to sane religious thought published during the last twenty years.

brought better ideas of liberty and justice; roads along which better ideas could travel; a system of taxation, which, though taking more money out of the country than it had ever yet paid, was better than any it had ever known before. He reduced some fifteen petty despotisms to three, cast out Bourbon, Papal, and Hapsburg administration, gave better laws, scared off Jesuits, discouraged monks, shot bandits, restored vigor to states which had seemed mere carcasses, and, best of all, gave an impulse to the idea of Italy as a nation.²

But at his downfall Italy, of all countries with which he had dealt, was left the most abject and distraught. Liberty he had never given them; he had played with Italian rights as suited his interest or fancy: had distributed the whole Italian territory as his private estate; had, more than once, thrown its liberties to the worst enemies Italians had ever known. While affecting veneration for the Republic of Venice and admiration for the men who represented it, he had tossed it over to Austria as a mere bagatelle, at the Treaty of Campo Formio, just ten years after Bertola’s prophecy. He had carved out of Italian territories a kingdom for himself, with principalities and dukedoms for his family, his satraps, and his courtiers, much as any ordinary brigand might have distributed the plunder of a petty village. Works of art which were to Italians the proudest trophies of their past, he had sent to the contemptible Directory, at Paris. He had left the bones of Italian youth scattered

² For a remarkable summary of Bonaparte’s methods on arriving in Italy, see A. Sorel: *L’Europe et la Revolution Française*, vol. v, pp. 198 and following.

For a very good example of the beneficial side of the Napoleonic system in Italy, see Colletta: *History of Naples*, English translation, book viii, chap. i.

For an admirable short statement regarding the good and evil in Bonaparte’s dealings with Italy, see Lemmi: *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano* (1789–1815), Milan, 1906, cap. iv and v.

on hundreds of battlefields, from Madrid to Moscow.¹

Hence it was that, when, after his treachery in Italy, his infamy in Spain, and his folly in Russia, his throne tottered and fell, the Italians began listening to the Hapsburgs and Bourbons, and the race of princelings who returned in their train after the Peace of Vienna. In the anxiety of these old enslavers to recover Italian territory, their pledges were as splendid as any Napoleon had made; and especially alluring were their promises of liberties, constitutions, and reasonable government. But they, too, as soon as they were established, forgot all these fine pretenses, and the old despotism of the days before the French Revolution settled down upon the country more heavily than ever. Throughout the whole peninsula the influence of Austria now became supreme. The highest conceptions then applied to Italian development were those of the Austrian Emperor Francis, typical of which was his announcement to sundry delegates of the University of Padua, that he required of them not enlightened scholars but obedient subjects. Typical of his practice was his command to the jailers of Spielberg to shorten the diet of his Italian prisoners and to make them feel every day — more and more — the bitter results of their patriotism.

Acting through him was Metternich, the great apostle of reaction, whose contempt for Italian independence was expressed in his famous utterance, "Italy is simply a geographical expression." Back of both was the Holy Alliance, —

¹ Of all who have ever unveiled the cynical treatment of Italy by Napoleon, and especially that masterpiece of treachery, the Treaty of Campo Formio, none has ever surpassed Lanfrey, in his *Histoire de Napoléon*. See, especially, vol. i, chap. ix. The number of Italian soldiers forced into the Napoleonic wars between 1796 and 1814, Lemmi gives as 358,000, and the number of lives lost, as 120,000. The losses were especially fearful in the insane Spanish and Russian campaigns, which touched no conceivable interest of Italy.

especially Russia and Austria. Romanoffs, Hapsburgs, and, for a time, Hohenzollerns, united in the effort to quench instantly in Italy every spark of freedom, every beginning of constitutional government, — the Bourbons, in France, Spain, and Naples, applauding and helping them.

At the northern extremity of the peninsula, in Lombardy and Venice, Austria had established a kingdom peculiarly her own; honest in a way, but brutally stupid. All traces of earlier independence and liberties were uprooted. The reforms of Napoleon were, as far as possible, brought to naught, and from Milan, especially, radiated the new gospel of Hapsburg despotism; its apostles the hierarchy of the Church, and its disciples the whole army of place-holders and pelf-seekers.

Adjoining this territory on the northwest was the realm of the House of Savoy, to which had been recently attached the Republic of Genoa. Everything like constitutional liberty was blotted out from this territory also. As regards education, the Church, and especially the Jesuits, were given complete control; but in one thing this Piedmontese kingdom was vastly superior to any other part of Italy: it had a peasantry, hardworking, honest, and conscientious; a nobility, which, though often narrow-minded and even bigoted, was conscientious and patriotic; a monarchy differing in its whole spirit from that of the Hapsburgs and Bourbons; for, though the royal house had been, and, indeed, remained for some years after its restoration by the Treaty of Vienna, bigoted and despotic, it was straightforward and truthful, and, therefore, was respected by its subjects as Bourbons and Hapsburgs had not been for ages.²

² For a careful delineation of the despotism of the House of Savoy during the early years of the eighteenth century, see Stillman, *The Union of Italy*, chaps. i, ii, and iii; and, for some better features, Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vols. x and xi.

Going southward, the next main division was Tuscany, — ruled by a branch of the House of Hapsburg, — but this branch the best in all Hapsburg history. Its people were hard-working and generally contented; its beauty, its fertility, and the glories of the arts there developed had made it, for several generations, the most attractive part of the peninsula. Its rulers, indeed, resisted everything like constitutional government, but they devoted themselves to the welfare of their subjects paternally.

Neighboring Tuscany were a number of small states, like Parma, Lucca, and Modena, governed by petty despots, as a rule Austrian by birth or education, and among these, worst of all, the Duke of Modena, Francis IV. Even in that bad age he was despised and abhorred for his cruel cunning. No blacker stain rests upon the history of any modern man than his treacherous murder of *Ciro Menotti* and the patriots who had trusted in the ducal promises.

Next southward, among the main divisions, came the States of the Church, ruled from the early years of the nineteenth century by men of little force; one of them, indeed, *Pius VII*, beautiful in character and ennobled by adversity; others, like *Pius VIII* and *Gregory XVI*, narrow and intolerant. As to moral and religious traits they were, indeed, forced by the spirit of their time far above the level of such pontiffs as *Sixtus IV* and *Alexander VI*, but as to ability they were infinitely below such as *Sixtus V*, and *Benedict XIV*, and *Leo XIII*. None of them were strong enough to make headway against the political absurdities that had been so long developing throughout their dominions. To each and all of them anything like constitutional government was unthinkable. None knew any way of governing save by despotism, and just as little could any one of them think of conceding any effective part in administration to laymen. All rule must be entrusted to priests, — and these, the *Monsignori*, — mostly young ecclesias-

tics, who had won their way by family connection, or old ecclesiastics, cynical and sluggish; some, indeed, well intentioned, but, for the most part, giving the cities they ruled governments as degrading as any that modern civilization has known, — save, possibly, those to be seen in our own day in some of our American municipalities. To the whole Napoleonic tradition of public works they were, as a rule, invincibly opposed. When railways came, these functionaries, from the Pope downward, mainly abhorred them: for they saw but too well what *Buckle* afterward stated, that better systems of internal communication bring in new ideas. So bad was their government, in all its practical details, that even Austria remonstrated, and even *Mettelnich* complained, “The Papal Government cannot govern.”

Last of all came, at the southern end of the peninsula, the Kingdom of Naples, or, as it was known after the Peace of Vienna, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies. In no part of Europe was the whole life of the people so degraded. The Roman states were possibly more wretchedly administered, but the popes who ruled them had been, since the Renaissance period, at least decent men. Not so the Bourbons who ruled at Naples. Throughout their entire dominion crime was rampant and murder almost as easy and carelessly treated as it is to-day in many of the states of our American Republic. The ignorance of the country was beyond that of any other which called itself civilized, save Russia. The court was the lowest, as regarded morality, in Europe; the palace, under the lead of the Hapsburg Queen *Mary Caroline*, hardly better than a brothel; the vileness of the Neapolitan populace proverbial.

The same city mobs which had committed every sort of cruelty, a few years before, in the name of liberty, had, at the return of the Bourbons, with the connivance of the Queen and under the lead of the Cardinal Archbishop *Ruffo*, committed even worse crimes in the name

of religion. Noble and thoughtful men, here and there in Naples, as in every part of Italy, strove to better this condition of things, but, by doing so, immediately fell under the ban of the court, lost all chance of promotion, and were fortunate if they escaped imprisonment or even death; on the other hand, spend-thrifts and rakes, being considered not likely to conspire against the government, received all honors. The Neapolitan Bourbons also, like the popes, discouraged all public improvements of a sort likely to promote the circulation of ideas; and, several years after the middle of the nineteenth century, when Great Britain and Northern Europe generally were already enjoying extensive railway systems, there was hardly a mile of railway in the whole peninsula south of Genoa.¹

To maintain this state of things, popular education was, throughout Italy, systematically discouraged. In Naples and Rome there was virtually no provision for the education of the people at large, and even in Turin, the capital of the most enlightened of all the Italian states, Piedmont, there were, as late as 1846, only fifteen hundred children in the public schools, in which to-day there are over thirty thousand. How dense popular ignorance thus became may be judged from an official report published as late as 1873, with a careful map giving the percentages of popular education in all parts of Italy. In the most enlightened regions the number of those who could neither read nor write was from forty to fifty per cent, but, in the greater portion

of the country the number of illiterates far exceeded this, until, in the States of the Pope, it reached from seventy-five to eighty-five per cent, and, in nearly the whole of Naples and Sicily, above eighty-five per cent. Such was the intellectual condition of the people after they had been cared for by the Church during nearly two thousand years.²

The higher education had been reduced by the same influences as nearly to nothing as public opinion would permit. The utterance of Kaiser Franz to the Pavia professors was carried out to the letter. The Jesuits, who had been expelled by Clement XIV, and by various sovereigns of Europe, half a century before, were, in 1816, readmitted by Pius VII, and speedily secured control of higher schools and universities. These institutions had been among the greatest glories of Italy. They had, indeed, been interfered with by the Church, at former periods, in various ways, notably in the days when Vesalius, shielded by Venice, taught anatomy at Padua, and Galileo tried to teach astronomy and physics at Pisa and Florence. Under control of local governments, not especially in fear of the Church or of revolution, there was then some liberty. But all higher teaching was now more and more alloyed with Jesuitism and directed by the bishops and the Vatican. Sundry studies — Latin, mathematics, scraps of Greek, a little rhetoric, and concoctions of a suit-

¹ The statement regarding railways is based upon observations made in Italy by the present writer in 1856, when things were little if any better. For the character of the Italian governments at the outbreak of the French Revolution and afterward, see Sorel: *L'Europe et la Revolution Française*, vol. i, chap. iv; and especially for the Neapolitan Court, see pp. 386 and following. For the cruelties during the reaction, see Colletta, book v. chap. 1, and book viii, chap. i, and especially Sorel as above, vol. v, pp. 421 and following. Also Lemmi: *Le Origini del Risorgimento Italiano*.

² For the condition of general education in Italy before the establishment of the Italian Kingdom, see *L'Italia Economica*, vol. ii (Tavole), Roma, 1873, — map entitled, "Numero degli Analfabeti." For various striking facts showing the studied neglect of education in the period before Cavour came, see F. X. Kraus, in *Weltgeschichte in Charakterbildern* (Cavour), Mainz, 1892, final chapters. For very interesting comparisons between the educational system above referred to and that of the present time, see King and Okey, *Italy To-day*, chap. xii (London, 1901). For exact statements regarding education in Turin in 1905-06, I am indebted to Professor Dr. Peroni, of the university in that city, formerly a Member of Parliament.

able philosophy — were taught with skill. Manners also were attended to: as late as 1883, an Italian marquis at Milan informed the present writer that he sent his sons to the Jesuits "because they teach a young man how to enter a room." But studies which taught men to think, and, above all, history, political economy, and the like, were reduced to nothing. History, indeed, was apparently taught, but it was absurdly and comically distorted to meet the needs of theology and ecclesiasticism. Research in science, in spite of the great achievements in this field by Italians, was more and more discouraged, and the reading of Dante and other great writers who might suggest ideas of Italian nationality, was, in many places, forbidden.

In the Kingdom of Naples all this was at the worst. The university continued to exist and strong men occasionally arose in it, but, as a rule, its best professors were humiliated, and finally, for utterances which, in these days, would be thought harmless, imprisoned or set at work in the chain-gang. To keep out the higher thought and scholarship, there was issued a Neapolitan edition of the Roman *Index*.

In Tuscany it was better; for in that state lingered traditions of culture which could not be put down by papal fulminations or even by Austrian armies.

In the Papal States the repression of thought was carried out logically. At the University of Bologna, once a great centre of enlightenment, the dangers of research or publication of thought were warded off most carefully: any book, before it could be printed, must run the gauntlet of no less than seven censorships;¹ it must have the approval, first, of

the literary censor, secondly, of the ecclesiastical censor, thirdly, of the political censor, fourthly, of the Inquisition, fifthly, of the archbishop, sixthly, of the police, and, seventhly, a second verification by the Inquisition.

Rome, too, as the spiritual centre of Italy and of the world, continued to issue the *Index*, which forbade the reading of nearly every book which represented any triumph of modern thought, and among them those of Galileo, supporting the movement of the earth around the sun, and of Grotius, supporting arbitration. Even as late as the latter half of the eighteenth century, when Beccaria, a deeply religious churchman, wrote his great work, *On Crimes and Punishments*, reasonable and mild to a fault, but taking ground against torture in procedure and penalty, that, too, was placed upon the *Index* of books forbidden to Christians, and to this decision infallibility was guaranteed by a Bull signed by a reigning pontiff. As regarded the Italian people at large, most things which reminded them of anything higher than utilities seemed forbidden. Typical was the fact that when the opera "I Puritani" was given, the word "loyalty" was substituted for the word "liberty," and a singer who happened to forget this was imprisoned. The word "Italy" was as much hated as the word "liberty," and school children were at times punished for using it.

Nor was this all. The action of the various governments was not merely negative but positive. Patriotism and even the principles of morality underlying it were to be extirpated. For this purpose there were prepared political catechisms, and these were forced upon the schools in the name of religion. One of these, issued from Milan, in 1834, by the Austrian government, entitled, *Duties of Subjects Toward their Sovereign*, contained things like the following: —

"Question: How should subjects behave toward their sovereign?"

"Answer: Subjects should behave

¹ For striking examples of this debasement of higher education in Italy, see F. X. Kraus, a Catholic author, as above, and, especially Minghetti's *Memoirs*, cited on p. 15. For a special Neapolitan *Index*, see the edition in the A. D. W. Collection, published at Naples, in 1853. For the system repressing publication at Bologna, see Minghetti, cited in Kraus, *Weltgeschichte in Charakterbildern* (Cavour), p. 18.

like faithful slaves (*servi*) toward their master."

"Question: Why should subjects behave like slaves (*servi*)?"

"Answer: Because the sovereign is their master and has as much power over their possessions as over their lives."

"Question: How does God punish soldiers who forsake their lawful sovereign?"

"Answer: By sickness, want and eternal damnation."¹

Most famous of all these catechisms was that prepared by Monaldo Leopardi, — father of the famous Liberal who afterward wrought so powerfully for free thought in Italy. This catechism was enforced especially in the Kingdom of Naples, being republished by Archbishop Apuzzo of Sorrento, the tutor chosen by King Ferdinand II for his son Francis II, better known as "King Bomba." The Neapolitan edition was entitled, *A Philosophical Catechism directed to Princes, Bishops, Magistrates, Teachers of Youth and to all Men of Good Will*, and it remains one of the most precious monuments of the counter-revolutionary reaction. Its main effort was nothing less than an attempt to root out from the mind of a whole people all that the modern world knows as patriotism, right, justice, and civic morality.

The first chapter is entitled, "Philosophy," and, after a diatribe against modern philosophers in general, it winds up with the following touching question by "The Disciple:" "Do all such persons wear beards and moustaches?" to which "The Master" answers that, while wearing beard and moustache is not necessarily evil, it is to be regarded with suspicion.

The third chapter is entitled, "Liberty." The first part of the dialogue runs as follows:—

"Disciple: Is it true that all men are born free?"

"Master: It is not true, and this lie re-

garding liberty is only one more piece of deceit that modern philosophers use in order to seduce people and upset the world."

The fifth chapter is devoted to "The Rights of Man," and in it occurs the following:—

"Disciple: Is it true that the supreme power resides in the people?"

"Master: It is not true. It would be absurd to affirm that by the disposition of Nature the people can control or moderate themselves."

The disciple then asks: "May it not be, as the liberal philosophers say, that the sovereignty resides in the people but may be exercised through their representatives?"

The master shows that this idea is utterly delusive, that the people cannot delegate a power which they have not.

Chapter seven treats of the constitution, and, in its defiance of political morality, is, perhaps, the boldest in the book. It is clear that, in some of the answers to the questions of the disciple, the archbishop was not unmindful of the famous perjuries of various kings of Naples, and, especially, of his royal master, in swearing to constitutions and then openly violating them. During the dialogue occur the following questions and answers:—

"Disciple: Can the people establish the fundamental laws of the State?"

"Master: They cannot, because the constitution and fundamental laws of a state are a limitation of sovereignty, and sovereignty cannot receive any bounds or measures except from itself."

"Disciple: But, if the people, in the act of choosing the sovereign, have imposed upon him conditions and agreements, are not these conditions and agreements the constitution and fundamental law of the State?"

"Master: They are not so, because the people, which was made for submission and not for command, cannot impose any law upon that sovereignty, which receives its power not from the people but from God."

¹ See Probyn, *Italy*, and F. X. Kraus, in the *Weltgeschichte in Charakterbildern*, as above.

"Disciple: Is not a prince, who, in assuming the sovereignty of a state, has accepted and sanctioned a constitution or fundamental laws of that state and has promised and sworn to observe them, obliged to maintain his promise and to observe that constitution and that law?"

"Master: He is obliged to observe them in so far as they do not infringe the foundations of sovereignty, and in so far as they are not opposed to the universal good of the state."

"Disciple: Who, then, is to judge when a constitution infringes on the rights of the sovereignty or injures the people?"

"Master: The sovereign has to judge, because in him exists the supreme power established by God in the state."

Chapter eight is devoted to "Government," and begins as follows:—

"Disciple: What is the best of all governments for a state?"

"Master: The best government for any state is that under which it is at the present moment legitimately ruled."

"Disciple: But, considering things in the abstract, what is the best of all governments?"

"Master: Hereditary monarchy, that is to say, that in which the sovereignty resides in the monarch alone and passes from him to his descendant."

Chapter nine is devoted to "Legitimacy," but, though it is, in some respects, the most subtle of the book, it is one of the most inconclusive. The archbishop evidently labors under difficulties. In view of the fact that the Church had sanctioned the usurpation of Napoleon in France, against the Bourbons, and of other rulers of the Napoleonic period, elsewhere, against the old ruling houses, nothing was possible here save to raise a cloud and escape in it.

But the charge of obscurity cannot be brought against the tenth chapter, which is entitled "Revolution." The archbishop adopts a view as clear as the day and shows the courage of his convictions. Being asked by the disciple whether the people have not the right to resist, "when

the prince loads his subjects with enormous taxes and wastes the treasure of the state," the master answers: "The people have not the right to judge regarding the needs and expenses of the monarchy; the Holy Spirit, by the mouth of St. Paul declares to the people, 'Pay tribute,' but does not declare to the people, 'Examine the accounts of the king.'"

After arguments in this strain through thirteen chapters, the disciple says, "Then, according to your judgment, for the good of a state it would be well to favor ignorance rather than education?" to which the master, after various platitudes, answers as follows:—

"I have already said to you that it is necessary to follow a middle course. . . . For servants and ploughmen, a proper moderation consists in knowing the catechism and prayers to be said aloud, and nothing more; in other classes, moderation consists in knowing how to read, write and cast accounts a little, and nothing more; for other classes, moderation consists in studying that which regards the proper profession of each," etc.

Reading this, one ceases to wonder that the official map, issued shortly after this system had ended, showed that, throughout the whole extent of the combined kingdom of Naples and Sicily, the proportion of persons unable to read or write was over eighty-five in every hundred.

Later occurs an especially curious question:—

"Disciple: Tell me, do you believe that the newly invented savings banks are the carnal brothers of general instruction, and that philosophy is preparing, by means of them, to accomplish the diffusion of property and goods?"

"Master: Although few suspect it as yet, I am absolutely certain of it."

The fourteenth chapter is entitled "Our Country," and it reveals a desperate effort to root out from the Italian mind everything like patriotism.

The master tells his disciple that, if similar degrees of the thermometer make

men fellow-citizens, then the Romans and the Tartars are of the same country; that, as to similarity of language, the people at the two ends of Italy hardly understand one another, and that, if similarity of appellation gives fellow-citizenship, and all those are fellow-citizens who are called Italians, — "Then, because your name is Bartholomew, you are a fellow-citizen of all the Bartholomews throughout the world."

The book is at times witty and shrewd, and has in it, here and there, suggestions which look like wisdom. There is in it much historical allusion, but, of course, as in most cases where ecclesiastics write for the supposed benefit of religion, the author manipulates history to suit his necessities.

As to Italian independence, he insists that in three quarters of Italy, Italian independence is already established, and that those who deny it are, to use his own words, "simpletons who are looking round for their hats when their hats are upon their heads." He defends the rights of Austria in Lombardy and Venice as sacrosanct, and winds up by declaring that the "independence of Italy . . . is simply a cabalistic word, used by thieves and scoundrels."

In this work culminated an effort long and earnest. To its earlier stage belongs the *History of France for the Use of Youth, with maps, A. M. D. G.*, published to uphold the French Bourbons, in 1820, by the Jesuit Father Loriquet. Father Loriquet's effort had been simply to efface all knowledge of the Napoleonic Empire from the French mind, and his history, therefore, made Louis XVII the immediate successor of Louis XVI, and Louis XVIII the immediate successor of Louis XVII, virtually leaving out Napoleon as ruler, mentioning him as little as possible and always under the name "Bonaparte."

Exquisitely naïve, also, was this Jesuit historian's attempt to discredit "Bonaparte" by falsified history. Perhaps of all the innumerable Jesuit attempts to

manufacture history to suit ecclesiastical purposes, the most comical was the account given by Father Loriquet of the Battle of Waterloo. In the crisis of the battle, which the world knows by heart, he represents the Old Guard as a mass of madmen, firing upon one another while the British look upon them with horror.

The final effort of Archbishop Apuzzo to save the Neapolitan Bourbons turned out to be as futile as the effort of Father Loriquet to save the French Bourbons. Each book became a laughing-stock and was suppressed as far as possible by the reactionary governments in whose supposed interest it was written. Like some similar attempts in our own day to further ecclesiastical interests, each recoiled fatally upon those who prepared it.¹

To maintain the system thus supported, stood Austria, the agent of the Holy Alliance, and, whenever there seemed special danger of any movement for inde-

¹ The original of the *Catechismo Filosofico* was written by Monaldo Leopardi, the reactionary father of the liberal historian and philosopher, Giacomo Leopardi, and published in 1832, and again in 1837. A careful comparison of these two early editions with the reprint above referred to, published at Naples in 1861 by the liberal enemies of the Bourbons, shows that they are substantially alike. It is of this later edition that I have a copy, for which I am indebted to the Reverend Father Casoli, of Sorrento. For an opportunity to examine the earlier editions of the book and various works bearing upon them, I am indebted to H. N. Gay, Esq., Fellow of Harvard University, now residing at Rome. The work is ascribed by various leading writers on Italian history, such as Montarolo in his *Opere Anonime*, 1884, p. 12, King, in his *Italian Unity*, vol. i, p. 367, Gladstone, and others, to Apuzzo, as they evidently had known only the Neapolitan edition.

For a more extended presentation of the questions and answers of this catechism, see a paper entitled "A Catechism of the Revolutionary Reaction," by A. D. White, in the Proceedings of the American Historical Association, vol. iv, p. 69.

A copy of the famous *History of France*, by Father Loriquet, published at Lyons, 1821, may be found in the A. D. W. Library. For his amazing account of the Battle of Waterloo, see vol. ii, p. 375.

pendence or constitutional government, international congresses were called, as at Troppau, in 1820, at Laybach, in 1821, at Verona, in 1822; and the Bourbons in France showed their sympathy by sending an army to put down constitutional government in Spain.

Was any concession to more reasonable ideas made in any Italian state, large or small, Metternich's emissaries were speedily upon the spot, using bribes, threats, or pressure. Austrian, Papal, or Neapolitan spies swarmed in churches, cafés, and throughout private society; they wrought steadily, at the post-office and in the confessional, to discover every man's political ideas. No family so high or so low as to be exempt from police interference. The slightest suspicion led to arrest, the pettiest utterances against despotic methods led to the chain-gang or to long, solitary imprisonment, and anything like effective resistance brought the best and bravest to the scaffold.

Such was the system which the great powers, assembled at Vienna, — Great Britain now and then halting and, at last, ashamed, — had developed in the most beautiful territory and for the most gifted people in the world. But one thing European rulers had left out of their calculations, — the great body of thoughtful and patriotic Italian men and women. Over all this misery and shame they brooded in every city and hamlet, in castles, in shops, in professors' chairs, — even in sacristies. To them Dante, Michael Angelo, and the long line of their inspired countrymen had spoken. More and more these men and women dreamed of independence, of unity, of liberty. These were, indeed, troubled dreams, always fitful, often absurd, sometimes criminal, but they were unceasing and foreshadowed much.

But all this the men who profited, or supposed they profited, by the existing state of things, could not or would not see or hear. When have men, profiting by unreason and wrong, ever, in any country, really seen their own true interests?

The ruling classes in Italy were as blind to their own interests, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as were sundry great American political leaders regarding slavery, in the middle of the same century, and as are sundry great American financial leaders in our own time. Both those and these have been and are really the most dangerous fomenters of revolution, sure to bring disaster upon their country and punishment upon themselves and their children.

The first main effort to realize something better in the Italy of that period was seen at Naples in 1820. The Bourbon king, Ferdinand I, was finally forced to grant a constitution, and this he again and again swore to maintain. Pathetic, at the time, were his profuse public thanks to God for permitting him to aid so great and good an action, — and to the leading revolutionists for showing him his duty. Especially dramatic was his oath in the chapel of his palace, when, with tears in his eyes, he, in the presence of a great assembly, swore to maintain the constitution and invoked the curse of Heaven upon his head if his oath should be broken.

The Holy Alliance took up the matter at once, and the three sovereigns of Austria, Prussia, and Russia wrote letters to King Ferdinand, identical in character, pointing out his duty to violate this oath. A little later he went to meet these advisers at Laybach, there took back his oath, thence returned with an Austrian army, abolished the constitution, and sent the men to whom he had rendered such profuse thanks for advocating it, to dungeons, galleys, and scaffolds.¹

In the next year came a revolution at the other end of Italy, in Piedmont. Its population was far more sound and moral than that of Naples; its rulers, of the House of Savoy, far higher in character than the Bourbons. Deeply religious,

¹ For a careful account of this period by a Catholic historian, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, tome xi, livre 17. See also Probyn, *History of Italy from 1815 to 1878*, p. 26.

even bigoted, many of them had been. Against their fearful persecution of the Waldenses, Milton had testified, nearly two hundred years before, in verses that have echoed through human hearts from his day to ours.¹ The governmental creed of these rulers was absolutism; but, at least, they were brave and true, and this was destined to count for much — indeed, for everything — in the history which followed.

The demand of the Piedmontese revolution was for a constitution, but against this the Holy Alliance was so firmly set that, feeling unable to grapple with the difficulty, the King, Victor Emmanuel I, abdicated, giving over the succession to his brother, Charles Felix. As this brother was living in retirement at Modena, a regency was given to his nephew, and heir presumptive, Charles Albert, who, after much wavering, reluctantly promised a constitution. Against this constitution, Austria and the Alliance took ground at once: the regent's uncle, King Charles Felix, was made to repudiate the concessions of the young regent, to banish him to Tuscany with bitter reproach and insult, and at least to pretend to favor an intrigue for transferring the right of succession to the vilest and most despotic branch of the family, that of the murderer, Duke Francis of Modena.

Austria now pursued at Turin the same policy as at Naples. She sent an army which supported Charles Felix in annulling the constitution, in restoring absolutism, in sending constitutionalists to dungeons and scaffolds.

These examples served as powerful deterrents to every open effort for liberty, and there now came ten years of slumber, with dreams more feverish than before. No great demonstrations took place, but everywhere was seen and felt

an active and even poisonous ferment of liberty. An early symptom of this was the secret society of the Coal Burners: the *Carbonari*. With ceremonies somewhat resembling those of Masonry and with fanatical vows against tyranny, this society spread throughout all the Italian-speaking peoples, and embraced vast numbers of devotees of freedom, from the highest classes to the lowest. Even Louis Bonaparte, who afterward became Napoleon III, was, in his youth, one of those who swore fidelity to it. Its fanaticism knew no limit; outrages and assassinations were everywhere, and this provoked successive rulers at Naples and elsewhere to oppose it with every sort of cruelty. Torture was freely used to detect it, and, in the Austro-Italian dominions, any connection with it was punished by death. Every expedient was tried, and a rival organization, in behalf of absolutism, the *Sanfedisti*, with vows and secret ceremonies equally fanatical, was created to ferret it out and fight it. The natural result followed. Absolutism pointed to these societies as its justification, and by their excesses general European public opinion was first made cool toward Italian liberty and, finally, hostile. These associations rapidly deteriorated and, in various regions, became a banditti, glorying in outrage and murder, as do "the gangs" in some of our great American cities of to-day. Typical was one of these bands — the *Decisi* — whose leader, an unfrocked priest, being brought to trial and asked how many persons he had himself murdered, answered, "Who knows! Sixty or seventy, perhaps."²

Supported by the public opinion thus caused, Austria and her subordinate

² For a very full account of the origin and rites of the *Carbonari*, see Johnston, *The Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy*, and *The Rise of the Secret Societies*, London, 1904, vol. ii, chap. ii; for the fall of the *Carbonari*, see *ibid.*, chap. v; and for an example of a *Carbonaro* discourse, Appendix, p. 153. The same Appendix contains various interesting things relating to the revolutionary period, and, among these, the treaty of the Holy Alliance.

¹ The poem referred to is Milton's sonnet "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont," beginning with the words:

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

despotisms went further. Great numbers of thoughtful and serious men were seized and condemned, among them the heads of some of the most eminent Italian families at Milan, who were arrested and dragged to Austrian dungeons or scaffolds. Notable was the case of Silvio Pellico, a gentle, religious soul, known widely and favorably as a man of letters. Arrested for a petty infraction of rules, at Venice, he was kept, for nearly twenty years, in an Austrian dungeon, during part of the time chained to a fellow-prisoner who was suffering from a repulsive disease. His final account of his prison life, entitled *My Prisons*, with his simple recitals of sufferings and consolations, ran through Christendom, touching all hearts and inflaming all with a hatred of Austrian tyranny. Throughout Italy matters grew worse and worse, until even the most determined reactionaries, largely responsible by their theories or their acts for this state of things, found it necessary to express their horror and to throw blame on others. Chateaubriand, committed though he was to Bourbon despotism and the Church; Metternich, yet more devoted to Hapsburg despotism and reaction; and even Joseph de Maistre, hating liberty and devoted to the most extreme theories of papal authority, denounced governments responsible for this cruelty and folly.¹

And yet the surface of things was charming: as free from forebodings as was the surface of society in the Ameri-

can Republic in 1860, when drifting toward the abyss of Civil War which swallowed nearly a million of the best lives our country had to give. Italy at large was immoral, superstitious, and happy. From the whole world pleasure-seekers were attracted by its "fatal gift of beauty," scholars by its monuments of former greatness, devotees by its pomps and ceremonies at the capital of Christendom.

But beneath this surface the political disease grew more and more virulent. In 1830 broke out the second stage of revolution in France, and in three days the French Bourbon monarchy was lost forever. Revolutions rapidly followed, in Italy. The murderer, Duke Francis IV, was driven out of Modena; Maria Louisa, the worthless widow of Napoleon, fled from her Duchy of Parma; a provisional government declared the Pope's temporal power ended in Bologna; rebellion was seething in Naples; and, most ominous of all, Charles Albert, with his tendencies to constitutionalism, succeeded to the throne in Piedmont.

Again came intervention by Austria. Every worthy effort for freedom was suppressed, every worthless sovereign was replaced; constitutionalists were again sent to dungeons and scaffolds. More than this, France, under pretext of jealousy of Austria, sent troops to Ancona, in the Papal States, and thus began a policy of French intervention to match Austrian intervention, — the policy of supplying "bayonets for the popes to sit upon." Beyond supplying this doubtful scat, the powers could really do nothing. Austria and France, whatever their cruelties and absurdities might be, had at least developed and observed decent rules in ordinary administration. Though they hanged lovers of liberty, they did not systematically foster sloth, poverty, and knavery; but the various governments throughout Italy, with the exception of those in Piedmont and Tuscany, seemed utterly given over to vicious administration, and among the worst, in this respect,

¹ For an account of the severities exercised in Northern Italy toward the Carbonari, see *An Epoch of my Life; the Memoirs of Count John Arrivabene*, London, 1862. For pictures of the cruel struggle in Southern Italy see Settembrini: *Ricordanze della mia Vita*, Napoli, 1886. As to the easy-going life of the time, see Silvagni: *La Corte e la Società Romana nel XVIII e XIX Secoli*, English translation by MacLaughlin. For the better side of Italian scientific and literary development under the old régime in Italy, see Cantu, *Histoire des Italiens*, vols. x, xi, xii; also, for a very interesting short statement, see H. D. Sedgwick, *Short History of Italy*, Boston, 1905, chapters xxxii and xxxiii.

was the Papal Kingdom. Under all save a few of the greatest popes it had been, and continued to be, a scandal to Christendom. All really important offices were filled by cardinals and Monsignori, and, while a few of these were statesmen, the vast majority were sluggish reactionaries. Against this state of things, as leading to revolution, Austria and France protested again and again; but all to no purpose; the Vatican would go on after the old, bad way, and, finally, it received its reward.

Still another government which gave constant trouble to the great powers banded against constitutional freedom, was Piedmont. Its new king, Charles Albert, was, indeed, strongly religious and inclined to the old ways, but more and more it was seen that he hated foreign intervention and that, to put an end to it, he might accept the aid of constitutionalists; but Austrian pressure was put upon him and, to all appearance, his patriotism ended.

So began a new period of eighteen years, hardly less sluggish than the old,—its hero Mazzini. He was one of the noblest of human beings. Hardly out of his boyhood, he launched every sort of brilliant and cogent attack against the oppressors of his country. Imprisoned in the fortress of Savona, he pondered over the great problem even more deeply, and, on his release, wrote a letter to King Charles Albert, urging him to head the movement for independence and liberty. This letter became a vast force in arousing a national spirit. Private letters and published articles rapidly followed from his pen, each a powerful blow at tyranny. In 1834 he created a new weapon. He had entered fully into the work of the Carbonari, had risked his life with them again and again, but having now ceased to believe in their system he founded the society of "Young Italy."

His activity seemed preternatural. He appeared to be in all parts of Europe at once, and did his work under every sort of disguise and stratagem. His power over

the Italian youth was amazing: obedient to his call they rose in cities, villages, regiments, everywhere, — going to death joyfully. From London, where, after 1837, he made his headquarters, he inspired every kind of Italian conspiracy and revolt; but gradually it dawned upon him, as upon thinking friends of Italy everywhere, that these costly sacrifices of the most precious lives were not adequately repaid. From a practical point of view they availed little. His right to sit in his English retreat and send the flower of the Italian youth to be shot or hanged began to be widely questioned. His ideal was an Italian republic, but there were so few republicans! Republican government to him meant freedom, but even the simplest students of history could remember that the old Roman republic, and every one of the mediæval Italian republics, had resulted in the tyranny of illiterate mobs, always followed by the tyranny of single despots as a lesser evil. Men had learned the truth that a single despot can be made in some degree responsible to public opinion, but that a mob cannot.

The uprisings inspired by Mazzini, notably that of the Bandiera brothers, were mercilessly trodden down in blood. Nor did more quiet efforts fare better. Tuscany tried to give moderate freedom of the press, but Austria intervened and forced the Grand Duke to appoint ministers who ended it.

Yet forces were at work, more powerful by far than Austria and the Holy Alliance. Political activity being checked, genius and talent had long been mainly directed to literature, and the spectacle of Italy in the hands of her oppressors made this literature patriotic. There had come the poetry of Alfieri, Niccolini, Rossetti, and Giusti; the philosophy of Rosmini; the prison reminiscences of Silvio Pellico; the romances of D'Azeglio, Guerazzi, and, above all, the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, the most perfect historical novel ever written. These were not all revolutionary by intention; some, like the writings of Pellico and Manzoni, were deeply and

pathetically religious, even inculcating submission to wrong; but all served to create Italian ideals, to stimulate Italian patriotism, and to give more and more life to the idea, so hated by Austria and the Holy Alliance, — the idea of Italy as a nation.

The patriotic thought, thus gradually evolved as a vast elemental force, was now brought to bear upon events by three great books.

First of these was the *Moral and Civil Primacy of the Italians*, by Vincenzo Gioberti. This was a glorification of Italy as a nation, displaying eloquently her greatness in the past and the possibility of her greatness in the future, and urging a confederation of the existing Italian states, with the Pope as perpetual president. Though in three large volumes, it was read and pondered by every thinking Italian, man or woman.

Closely following this was a treatise of a very different sort, by Cesare Balbo, entitled *The Hopes of Italy*. Though hardly more than a pamphlet, and though it gave up the idea of an Italian kingdom as chimerical, it pictured constitutional liberty and Italian independence with a clearness and strength which brought conviction to all patriotic hearts.

The third of these works was a small treatise by Massimo d'Azeglio, entitled, *The Latest Cases in the Romagna*. Of all the three writers, d'Azeglio was the most fascinating as a personality: a genius in sculpture, in poetry, and in statesmanship, who had traveled quietly through various governments of Italy and who reported what he saw with amazing lucidity and force. The latest cruelties of the papal subordinates in suppressing the uprisings in the Romagna had aroused him, and he made the world see and understand them. His work was not at all declamatory or hysterical; perhaps its most striking feature was its evidence of self-constraint; it was plain, simple, straightforward, and clear as crystal, but with a quiet and restrained eloquence which at times carried all before it.

Other writers of genius or talent followed these, — among them, Durando, Capponi, and their compeers, — each aiding to undermine the whole existing régime.

The votaries of science also wrought for the same ideals. The Science Congress at Genoa, in 1846, inevitably discussed Italian independence, freedom, and progress. The Agricultural Congress at Casale, in 1847, took the same direction, and to it came a letter from King Charles Albert, which set all hearts throbbing with patriotic emotion. For it contained these words: "If Providence sends us a war for Italian independence, I will mount my horse with my sons and will place myself at the head of my army. . . . What a glorious day will be that in which we can raise the cry of war for the Independence of Italy!"

Meantime, in 1846, an event of vast importance had occurred. There had come to the papal throne Pius IX. His nature was deeply religious, kindly, given to charitable effort, and his aversion to cruelty was, doubtless, a main cause of his desire to break away from the methods of his predecessors. His manner was most winning and he held wonderful sway over devout imaginations, for, in great religious functions and ceremonies he was supremely impressive, and his blessing, chanted forth from the balcony of St. Peter's, with his dramatic action in bestowing it, appealed to the deepest feelings even of those who differed most from him. But, as a sovereign, he was the last of men to carry out Gioberti's great programme, — to preside over an Italian confederation, or, indeed, to govern his own states. As a statesman he failed utterly, — beaten, in all attempts at reform, by the *Monsignori*, thwarted in all his good intentions by Jesuits and other intriguers, more or less religious. The times called for a Hildebrand, or an Innocent III, or a Sixtus V, and, instead of any one of these, there had come this shrewd, kindly, handsome bishop, vacillating, fitful, superstitious,

dreaded most by those who loved him best.

At first he mildly opposed Austria and appointed a quasi-constitutional ministry, but he could not rise above the old tradition, and in this new ministry there was no layman.

In January, 1848, a new constitutional movement began throughout Italy. Revolution broke out in Sicily, and Ferdinand II granted a constitution. This movement extended rapidly to all parts of Europe. The Grand Duke of Tuscany promised a constitution, the Pope showed an intention to grant reforms, and even called a new ministry in which, for a wonder, there were three laymen. An occurrence at one of the early meetings of this ministry threw a curious light on the character of Pope Pius. Presiding over this body, his eye happened to light upon the comet then appearing in the Roman sky. Rushing to the window and opening it, he fell on his knees and called on his ministers — among them such men as Mezzofanti and Marco Minghetti — to kneel also and to implore the Almighty to turn away the calamities of which the comet was the forerunner. The pontiff might well be pardoned this superstition, for everywhere throughout Europe were signs of coming political catastrophes. Under popular pressure various reforms were granted in Piedmont, among them more liberty to the press, — a condition of things under which the Piedmontese could at last discuss public questions to some purpose.¹

¹ For Pope Pius's fear of the comet, see the *Deutsche Rundschau*, August, 1893, p. 210, citing Minghetti's "Mei Ricordi." The statement regarding his dramatic power in the great ceremonies at St. Peter's is based upon the personal recollections of the present writer.

And now, for the first time, Europe hears of Camillo Cavour. While as writer in newspapers and reviews he had long been known and prized by many statesmen and economists in Italy, and by a few thinkers in England and France, Europe and the people at large in Italy as yet knew him not. But it happened that, just as this time, Genoa, true to its old republican traditions, though incorporated into the Kingdom of Piedmont, began to be restive and to demand loudly various reforms of a petty sort, — among these, the banishment of the Jesuits and the creation of a national guard. This subject being brought up for discussion in a meeting of publicists and journalists, at Turin, Cavour rises and compresses the needs of Piedmont and of Italy into a single sentence. Casting aside all petty demands for changes in detail, he insists that the king be asked "to transfer the discussion from the perilous arena of irregular commotions, to the arena of legal, pacific, solemn deliberation." The audience and the country, thinking upon this utterance, soon recognized its demand for a constitution, with a free parliament, as wholly to the purpose, — as the solution of the first great Italian problem, — and during the great discussions which followed in the press, Cavour led triumphantly. His advice was at last followed, and, on February 7, 1848, King Charles Albert promised a constitution which, a few days later, took shape in a royal statute, the "Statuto." Thus began a great new epoch in which Cavour was to be the leader, and, to this day, the anniversary of this grant is celebrated throughout Italy as the date most significant for her Independence, Unity, and Freedom since the Fall of the Roman Empire.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

II

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

V

OUR FIRST ENCAMPMENT

WHEN the graduating exercises were over, the battalion formed in front of barracks, and, with the band at its head and its colors proudly borne, it marched across the plain to the camping-ground, alongside of old Fort Clinton. I remember very well the pleasing activity on all sides as soon as ranks were broken, and my surprise at seeing the tents go up so quickly, converting the site, like magic, into a little white city. Every cadet of that day will recall the streets of that little city, the commanding officers' tents — McCook's, Williams's, Hartsuff's and Saxton's — behind their respective companies, and Colonel Hardee's commodious, richly furnished marquee, which, situated at an impressive distance from his orderly's tent, overlooked and lorded the whole scene.

Just before going into camp I was assigned to "B" Company. Up to that time I had barely spoken to any one or been addressed by any one in it. Surely, if ever there was a waif on entering camp, I was one on that June afternoon long ago. But in the company was "Nick" Bowen. He was a second-class man, to whom, as it happened, I had recited, for he had been detailed with others to prepare us by preliminary instruction for our examination. Catching sight of him now as, in company with Powell, a blue-eyed Marylander, he was engaged in putting up his tent, I volunteered my help. I drove their tent pins, helped to tighten

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the tent cords, and finally, at a hint that some water would be desirable, set off with their waterpails and brought them back filled. After the tent was pitched, one or the other of them, seeing that I was homeless, brought the attention of the first sergeant to my case, and I was assigned to a tent on the left of the street, occupied by another plebe and a yearling, to whom reference has already been made.

Night finally came. I had lit a candle and, with my locker for a table, was writing a letter to my mother, — I daresay it was gloomy enough, — when some one struck the back of the tent with a broom, not only extinguishing the candle, but spilling the ink all over the letter and the tent floor as well. I had barely lit the candle again and taken account of the situation, when bang! went the broom, blowing it out again. Thereupon I sat down in the darkness and let the hours wear away. Later on in the night Farley and Noyes, "Gimlet" Lee and Watts and others yanked us out of bed several times. Our fastidious yearling tent-mate was in the party, for all I know. Friendless, unknown, and with a natural reluctance to open my heart to any one, I don't think I ever passed a more dismal night. The sweetest note that could have reached my ear would have been the bark, across the fields, of the old home dog that I had hunted and played with as a boy.

All through that camp I carried water for Bowen and Powell, and did most willingly everything and anything that they wanted me to do for them. The former's

personality interested me more than that of any one else I met in the corps, and, notwithstanding the lapse of time, it remains with the freshness of morning. The only way I can account for it is that there was about him the mystical charm of unpremeditated kindness, and of the quiet ways which are associated with perennial content. They were augmented perhaps in his case by the reputation for abilities which would have put him, had he called on them, at the head of his class. He had a soft, pleasant voice, a keen sense of humor, and a smile that his laughing eyes always forecast before it set out on its rippling way. The last time I saw him was at the White House, on the Pamunkey, June, 1864, just after the frightful day of Cold Harbor. He was then "Baldy" Smith's adjutant-general, and I was depot ordnance officer of the Army of the Potomac, with my depot at that point. Long, long since he crossed the bar; and now, as I pen these lines, my heart beats with a muffled tenderness, for he was kind to me.

By the end of the first month hazing, with all its irritating and sometimes funny excesses, dies away, and the rigid discipline and cast-iron routine of everyday life, which at first seem so artificial and needlessly emphasized, become familiar and really easy of observance. Moreover, the plebe is no longer an *animal*, for he is clothed in the uniform of a cadet. To be sure, he cannot go to the hops, and is at the very foot of the battalion hierarchy; yet life offers its diversions.

And among these, in my case, was the dancing-master. As soon as admitted we were turned over to him for instruction in his art. His name was Ferraro, a self-conscious, proud Italian, who, in company with the sword-master and the leader of the band, always gave an impression of resenting the fact that their positions were not recognized as of equal importance with the heads of departments. The first time I ran across him after graduating was on the battlefield of

Spottsylvania, where, as brigadier-general, he commanded a division of colored troops in Burnside's corps; and those of us who saw his division at Petersburg witnessed a display of unexcelled gallantry. What a dream it would have been to the aristocratic Delafield, if some night in 1858 a spectral figure had announced that his dancing-master, Ferraro, in less than four years would be a brigadier-general, commanding a division, and that the history of his division would be a beacon in that of the colored race! However this may be, Ferraro's instructions in dancing were diversifying, and contributed to the refining influences of West Point life; and if, with the proverbial heedlessness of youth, we treated him at times, in and out of the dancing-hall, with obvious indifference, on account of his calling, we may hope that in his old age he could forget it all in the satisfaction he must have had in contemplating his phenomenal career and the services he rendered to his adopted country.

In this connection another figure comes looming up, perhaps because of its very contrast in station with that of a dancing-master: it is that of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott of Virginia, born in 1786, and then in command of the army, with his headquarters at West Point. The old general made himself heard, considered, and felt throughout the country. He was over six feet, six inches tall, and in frame was simply colossal. It so happened that only the rail separated his pew in the chapel from the one I occupied, — it was four or five pews back, on the right side from the chancel, — and I felt like a pigmy when I stood beside him. The old fellow was devout; but it was said that whatever church he attended, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, or Roman Catholic, he threw himself into the service with the same depth of reverence. Nevertheless he would sometimes swear like a pirate. Surely, I think, nature must have been in one of her royal moods at his birth, for there was magnificence in the dignity

of his great, kingly, illuminated countenance. He filled my eyes, and I believe those of all the cadets, with a kind of reverential awe, for in his youth he had fought a duel, and he bore the scars of several deep wounds; moreover, as a background to his personality, lay Lundy's Lane of the War of 1812, and the conquest of Mexico. He seemed an especially fitting figure at West Point, throwing, as he did, into its daily life some of the splendor that attaches to actual heroism. We were all proud of the old hero, and more than ever when, in the blaze of full uniform and uncovered head, he stood at the left of the present King of England at the review given him at West Point in 1860.

When my class graduated in 1862, I was one of a committee of two to ask the old general if he would give us his photograph for the class album; and I recall the gracious way in which he took my hand, holding it in both of his, and his kind, beneficent look as he asked me what state I was from. That was the last time I ever saw the man whose towering personality threw its influence across the very entrance of my cadet life. He was in a way the culmination of the old army; he stood for its ideals of soldier and gentleman, and in great measure held to social standards and traditions that had prevailed from the time of the Revolution. With his career ended dueling, gaming (as engaged in by officers and men of station in civil life), and that pride of connection with the best families which in the old days gave to the army undisputed leadership in social affairs. It marked too the close of the period of pomp. For the advance in science has converted the art of war, since his day, from displays of strategy and great courage on the open field into problems of finance, of commercial ascendancy, and of the adaptation of scientific discoveries to the practical conduct of a battle. The old army, like the old knighthood, has passed away.

Chief among the impersonal influences

that brightened the outlook was the child-like gayety that pervaded the social life of West Point. No face wore the harassing cares of business, there were no unapproachable lords of wealth and birth, no flaunting vulgarity, no time-servers or self-seekers, but everywhere genial good manners, cordiality, and the grace that comes from assured position. In fact there was light-heartedness everywhere, and happiness fairly beamed in the faces of the sweethearts, the sisters and mothers of the cadets, who during the encampment flocked to West Point in great numbers. If these lines bring back to the mild eyes of any old lady some pleasant memories of those distant and happy days at West Point, I shall be glad.

Among the immediate personal influences which are, so to speak, the initial processes of the spirit of West Point for transforming raw cadets into officers, are the stimulating effects which come with wearing the uniform, with the mastery of one's motions in walking, marching, or entering the presence of a superior, with the constant regard for neatness and the habit of scrupulous truth-telling. Moreover, there is something uplifting in finding one's self among high-minded equals, and in the recognition of the fact that in your superiors is lodged one of the most important functions of government,—the right and power of command. Then too, the cadet begins to be conscious of the exclusive and national distinction of the Military Academy. Very soon, the monuments, the captured guns and dreaming colors—which at the outset are mere interesting, historic relics—beckon to him; he feels that they have something to say. Before he leaves West Point they have given him their message, revealing from time to time to his vision that field from which lifts the radiant mist called glory.

Another potent influence is the scenery round West Point, which, as the world knows, has a sweet if not unrivaled charm. I have sometimes thought it con-

spired to bring to the intellectual vision and feeling of the cadet the spiritual significance of great virtues and great deeds; as, for instance, the unselfish sacrifice, for a great principle, of all that life holds dear. I do not know how warmly, if at all, nature becomes interested in us poor mortals; but I have a feeling that a noble thought never rises in the heart, that a heroic deed is never performed, but that the hills with their laurel, the ridges with their strong-limbed oaks, feel a responsive thrill, and convey to the winds and streams their secret joy.

It would be difficult to convey a sense of the glamour that invests the first class generally, and above all the first-class officers, in the eyes of the new cadet. It is a result of long tradition, leaving nothing at the Military Academy more real than their precedence. Thus, let the number of years be what it may, the old graduate sees again in his reveries the cadet officers of his first encampment, and with as much vividness as on the wall before him he sees the sword he wore in the field, — the sword that has so many things to talk to him of. He sees the adjutant, the sergeant-major, the captains and lieutenants arrayed for retreat, their erect and easy figures surmounted by broad and well-balanced shoulders, augmented in graceful effect by flowing silk sashes and hats proudly plumed. He sees them taking their places with the bearing of command, as the company falls in to the rapidly beaten call, expecting and alert to exact immediate promptness, and with courage to report the highest as well as the lowest for neglect or violation of duty.

In my own case (their heads are growing white and so is mine) I can see our first sergeant and hear his commands, — General James H. Wilson, known as Harry Wilson (and what a heart he carries!), now of Wilmington, Delaware, who led the great Selma campaign, captured Jefferson Davis, and whose whole career has been one of gallant and conspicuous

service. And I can also see his classmate, Horace Porter, our sergeant-major, whose name need only be mentioned to bring into view his distinguished relations, historic and closely personal as well, with Grant. More than once I sat before the same camp fire with him and Babcock and others of Grant's staff, at the general's headquarters, while the general himself sat in the circle and smoked, and listened, and talked, and never showed himself greater than in the simplicity that was always his on such occasions. I can see Porter taking his place beside Collins, the adjutant, — tall, fair-haired, with rose-tinted cheek, pouting lips, and mild eyes, — Collins, whose life was so pathetically tragic that the bare mention of his name throws a shadow across this page like that of a summer cloud dragging silently across a field strewn with sheaves. I can see, too, the lieutenant of my company, the late General Joseph Wheeler, whose clay only a few months ago was borne in a spirit almost of triumph to its resting-place at Arlington, — he who led the Confederate cavalry so bravely, and who, when the Spanish War broke out, burst from the ashes of the Confederacy and once more took his place under the colors he set out with as a boy at West Point. I have often wondered whether there ever was deeper joy than that of Wheeler, Rosser, and Fitz Lee, when once more they put on the uniform and drew their swords for their united country.

I can see also the dark-eyed, stern, dignified Ramseur of North Carolina, who lost his life at Cedar Creek commanding a division in Early's corps. It was his fate to fall in the Confederate service, but he fell a Christian and a gentleman. There was an incident connected with his last hours that had a close relation with West Point, for when in the darkness our cavalry charged the broken and fleeing remnants of his division, Custer, who was in the midst, heard one of his troopers who had seized the horses ask the driver whom he had in his ambulance.

In a weak, husky voice he heard Ramseur say, "Do not tell him."

Whereupon Custer, who recognized the voice he had so often heard at West Point, exclaimed, "Is that you, Ramseur?" and had him taken to Sheridan's headquarters, where his old friends, Merritt and Custer and the gallant Pennington, gathered around him and showed him every tenderness to the last. He died about ten o'clock the following day.

The Merritt I have just mentioned is Major-General Merritt, who was one of Sheridan's great cavalry leaders, and who, with Griffin of the West Point battery, was selected to parole Lee's army at Appomattox. A class-mate of Porter, Wilson, and Bowen, he was a sergeant in my first camp, and had, I think, more of the sunshine of youth in his fair, open face and clear blue eyes than any other cadet in the corps could claim. I can hear his fine tenor voice now, rising high and sweet over the group that used to meet at the head of the company street and sing, in the evening. While I was carrying a dispatch to him at Todd's Tavern during the Wilderness campaign, an incident occurred that made a deep impression. Just before I reached Merritt, who was on the line, a riderless horse dashed back through the woods, coming almost squarely into collision with mine, — as it was, the saddle struck my left knee a severe blow. Soon there followed three or four men carrying an officer with the cape of his blue overcoat thrown over his face. I asked who it was; they told me it was Ash, of the cavalry, who had just been killed. He was about my own age, a very brave officer, and I knew him right well.

There is one other officer of the battalion whose resolute face, voice, and manner come into view along with Wilson's and Porter's and Ramseur's; and some of the old awe with which I viewed him in 1858 invests his image again as it emerges from the thicket of memory. It is Ben Hardin from Illinois, a son of the Colonel Hardin who fell at Buena Vista; and

as Hardin was appointed while Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, I have no doubt his name recalled his honored father to the distinguished secretary; for on that field the President of the Confederacy, leading the First Mississippi with great bravery, was severely wounded. Had I been called on to select from all his class the man likely to reach the highest honors as a soldier, I should certainly have chosen Hardin. Brevetted four or five times, he was mustered out a major-general at the close of the war. I remember the day when the news came to Meade's headquarters that he had been severely wounded in an encounter with guerillas. At close range they shot him, causing the loss of his left arm near the shoulder. When I was on the Board of Visitors in 1882, he came to West Point, and together we walked to Fort Putnam, and to that beautiful spot where so many of the friends of our youth were lying, the West Point cemetery. I discovered then, what I had not realized as a cadet, the simplicity, the modesty, and the natural sweetness of his nature.

There were in the battalion many other upper-class men to whom I might refer, who, as officers or privates, made fine records; but whatever station they reached, it is doubtful if they were ever dignified by a consideration so respectful as that from the new cadet in his first camp. I have called it glamour; but in a sense it was a fact, and a potent one, toward accomplishing the aims of West Point. It is true also that the commandant and superintendent were much greater relatively in the eyes of the cadets than were the professors. Grant says in this connection, referring to the visit of Martin Van Buren, then President, to West Point, "He did not impress me with the awe which Scott had inspired. In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of the cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

And in my eyes Hardee, our commandant, was a greater man than any one of

the professors, greater even than Jefferson Davis, — then in the Senate, — as I saw them walking side by side under the elms mottling green and gold in the autumn of 1860. I was mortally afraid of Hardee. The first time he entered my room, accompanied by the late Major-general A. McD. McCook, at Sunday morning inspection a few days after I reported, he came close up, his sword under his left arm, and bored his big gray eyes into me and asked my name.

"Schaff," I answered mildly.

"No, t'aint!" exclaimed McCook. "His name's Schoaff. I know the Schoaffs of Virginia well."

And from that time on I was called "Old Schoaff" by about half my class.

Grant in his memoirs, alluding to his first encampment, says, "The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came — the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks — I felt as though I had been at West Point always."

I think that in the main General Grant's experience in his first camp is that of almost every cadet. There is no doubt of its wearisomeness, or that it seems without end; but there are incidents connected with it, and some of them common to all the experiences that come after it, which leave lasting impressions. They vary in character; some are trivial, some have relation to the buildings and batteries, others to the subtlest of the parts which nature plays in the cadet's education. Though the most memorable, I think, are associated with sentry duty, in my own case, I am sure, one of the most vivid was made by the library. I had never seen a public library, much less entered one and felt its presence; so that there comes back to me now that mystical address of books in their lofty silence as I wandered in for the first time one quiet, languid midsummer afternoon. It is not in reality a very large

library, — at that time it had only about twenty thousand volumes, — and all the books were on shelves against the wall, some thirty odd feet high. But it looked vast to me as I entered it.

The rather tall librarian was an old soldier, a German by the name of Fries, with flaming red cheeks, a little brown silky hair trained from his temples up over his well-crowned head, and a voice and a manner that was sweetness and modesty itself. Over his desk was a full-length portrait of President James Monroe in Continental uniform, his white trousers lighting up the field of the painting. The old librarian came to me as I stood looking around, and asked what book I would like to see. I felt that I ought to ask for something, and having heard from some source (perhaps from a notice in the *Religious Telescope*, our family paper) of *Lynch's Expedition to the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan*, I asked for that. I wonder if its pages have been opened from that day to this.

Later, I browsed around. I used to take my seat in one of the windows, and I know of no place where a book can be read under more favorable conditions for author or reader. The light steals in so softly, the quiet is so deep, broken only by the notes of a bugle now and then, or at intervals by a vireo's limpid, short warble up in the trees outside. To be sure, if the eye lifts from the page it falls on a wooing landscape; but the effect is to elevate and dignify the book in one's hand when the eye comes back to it. There is no question in my mind that the library in my day had too little weight; its inspiration never was appealed to, in official or in private social life, and thus the graduates were deprived of that final satisfaction which comes and comes alone from the field of literature. I have reason to believe that under the present librarian, Doctor Holden, the well-known scientist and scholar, a change is being wrought.

There are some very amusing and some very beautifully impressive circumstances about sentinel's duty at West Point. The

amusing things come from the mighty seriousness and awe that later seem so funny, — the low tones in which the orders are communicated to the new cadet, the whispered countersign, what he must do if an enemy should approach, and finally the penalty of death if caught asleep.

The first tour I made was on a very murky black night, and when the corporal gave me the countersign, "Quatre Bras," which he whispered, I was in difficulty. Not knowing any French and never having heard of the celebrated battle, I asked him to spell it. He rattled it off and marched away. In my ear it did n't spell the words he had pronounced at all. I walked faithfully back and forth over my post, wondering what the word was.

After a while along came the sergeant of the guard, General John M. Wilson, lately a glowing satellite in the planetary system of Washington life, who, on or off duty, had an air that was fiercely military. Upon my demanding the countersign, he answered it in approved French.

Said I, "Spell it;" and, recruit-like, came to charge bayonets.

He took that as almost an affront, and I am surprised that it did not bring on a fatal attack of military vertigo; but he complied with the sentinel's request. Then, approaching, he asked me my orders, with overpowering importance, as if it depended on him and me whether the earth was to keep on in its orbit that night.

That summer Donati's comet appeared, and night after night streamed broadly in the northern heavens. Every cadet will remember the night boat from New York; it passed about half past nine, and with its numerous lights gleaming far down below was a gay and very pretty sight. He will remember also the large tows, with little, feeble, twinkling lights on the low canal boats; the dull splash of leaping sturgeon when all was still in the dead of night; the propellers chugging on their way to New York, carrying livestock, from which from time to time

would come a long, deep low, or a calf's bleating anguish.

Every feature in the solemn progress of the night and the brightness of the coming day, the sentinel walking his post is a witness to: the moonlight lying wan on the steps of the chapel; the clock in the tower striking the deep hours; the flushing of the dawn; the fog that has lain on the river lifting and moving off; and finally the note of the reveille at the soldiers' barracks, and the appearance of the soldiers at the morning gun, the corporal standing with the colors in his hand till the sun clears the east, when the gun fires, and the colors ascend lovingly to the head of the mast.

VI

IN THE CLASSROOM

Upon going into barracks after breaking camp on the 28th of August, I was assigned to a room in the cock-loft of the Fourth Division, overlooking the area. I do not recall having spoken to my roommate during the camp. He was from Gloucester, Massachusetts, and pored lovingly over the *Cape Ann Breeze*, which was sprinkled with little woodcuts of ships, reported the going and coming of the fishing fleet, and all the home news of the old, redolent, seafaring port. He was a small fellow, but he was broad-shouldered and sturdy, with rather pensive blue eyes and raven black hair. He was scrupulously neat and took naturally to what is comprehended in the term "military." At Gettysburg it was his fortune to command the sections of artillery which opened that great battle; and visitors to the field have the positions of his guns pointed out as one of the historic spots. John H. Calef was his name, and our friendship is still green.

Across the hall lived Jasper Meyers of Indiana, one of the mildest, most naturally refined, and gentlest of men. He wore a great beard on his arrival at West Point, and Custer in his first interview

maintained that he ought to go right back home and send his son, — he evidently had made a mistake, he said; it was his boy that the government meant should have the appointment and not the old man. Meyers appreciated the fun, and met the joke with a spontaneous laugh and unconscious, happy eyes. He was a very genuine, true man, who brought little that added to the superficial West Point, but much to the ideal West Point; for surely it counts for something when a cadet joins her ranks bringing with him an honor as unclouded and a vision as clear as her own of what is high and modest and manly. That is what Meyers brought; the graft had the same sap and blossom as the tree itself. His roommate was a little imp from Louisiana, with skye-terrier yellow hair; he bore a fine name, and could speak French fluently. He spent about every waking hour in studying how he could make a nuisance of himself generally. To the comfort of everybody on our floor he was found deficient at the January examinations and thrown overboard.

An eager soberness settled in the faces of all our class as we set off on the academic course; for the very air was pervaded with the inexorableness of the standards in all the departments, especially in that of mathematics. It was in this department that the ground was strewn, so to speak, with the bones of victims. At its head was Professor Albert E. Church, a short, stocky, brown-eyed, broad-faced man, with a squeaky voice. He was almost bald and had the habit of carrying his head bowed, eyes on the ground, and hands clasped behind him under the tails of his deep blue dress-coat, which was ornamented with brass buttons. He had graduated at the head of his class, and was the author of the leading works studied in his department. Jefferson Davis was a classmate of his, and Robert E. Lee was in the next class below them, that of 1829. Except Mahan's, there never was a colder eye or

manner than Professor Church's. Like Mahan, professor of engineering, civil and military, he always impressed me as an old mathematical cinder, bereft of all natural feeling. But on the terrible day the news of the defeat at Bull Run reached the Point, I saw that there was another side; the poor old fellow's face was draped with the sincerest distress.

We began our recitations with Lieutenant Adam Slemmer, one of Church's assistants. He was a solemn, hollow-eyed, spare man, wore glasses, and looked at us, standing there before him in the middle of the floor reciting, as if he were studying and trying to interpret an omen. No one ever credited him with being a hero, so mild and meditative was his manner; but at the breaking out of the war a few years afterward, he held Fort Pickens with the greatest bravery, receiving the highest praise, and was made a brigadier-general of volunteers.

In a few weeks, under the operation of a sifting process, we rapidly changed places in class standing, some going up and some down in our sections, according to Professor Church's judgment — which was rarely in error — as to ability. This threw me under the instruction of Major-General Alexander S. Webb, who is now living in New York after a most brilliant career, covering not only that of a soldier, but also that of a scholar at the head of Columbia College. He was nearly six feet tall, of soldierly bearing, spare and rather sallow, with deep gray, open fearless eyes, and straight, very black hair. His voice was rich, strong, and cultivated, and he had a natural and warm smile. Day after day I sat on the bench in his presence, and I recall his voice and manner with the greatest distinctness; they marked him for a gentleman through and through.

It was his division that Pickett struck at Gettysburg, and it was to him that Cushing made his last remark. It was he who at that very critical moment swung Norman H. Hall's brigade into the storm, striking the wavering Confederate col-

umn in flank at close range. Hall was a first-class man my first year, a mature, scholarly-looking man, with a large, broad, clear forehead, chestnut hair, and quiet, unassertive manner. General Webb was Meade's chief of staff at the close of the war, with the rank of major-general. He represented the best blood of the country, and he represented it well, and I have always had a feeling of satisfaction and pride in the fact that for nearly two years he was my instructor.

My other instructor in pure mathematics was Major-General O. O. Howard, probably known more widely among the church-going people of our country than any officer of his time. His head is now almost snowy white, and his armless sleeve tells its story; yet when I saw him last there was the same mild, deeply sincere, country-bred simplicity in his face that it wore when, so many years ago, he was my instructor. His voice too had barely changed at all; it was still pitched in the same mellow, clerical key, and accompanied, when humorous in its vein, with the same boyish smile in his earnest blue eyes, — eyes always filled with that light of another and a holier land which the Christian's gaze already rests upon. He organized among the cadets what was known as "Howard's little prayer-meeting," which met weekly, between supper and call to quarters, during the winter months, in a vacant room on the third floor of the "Angle."

I heard of this prayer-meeting through Elijah Henry Holton of Kentucky, of the class above me, and at his invitation attended its meetings. There never were more than ten or fifteen present, as I remember. General Howard conducted the services, which consisted of a hymn, a selection from the Bible, and a prayer, led by the general himself and at times by cadets, all kneeling. Among the latter were Ramseur of North Carolina, whom I have already mentioned; Benjamin of New York, who later was the commander of Benjamin's battery of heroic record, and son-in-law of Hamilton Fish; Moses

White of Mississippi, a black-eyed, fine-spirited man, who graduated in 1859, and rendered great service to the Confederacy; and little Edmund Kirby, of Kirby's battery, who was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville. I heard each of them lead in prayer with their hands palm to palm in deep reverence; and I am sure that when death came to Ramseur and Kirby it found their hearts pillowed on the Bible. Religion has worn many beautiful garbs, yet those few young men in cadet gray, who had the courage to kneel and humbly make their prayer right out of the heart, for help to meet the duties of life, are encompassed with a heavenly light.

Kirby was a little fellow, two classes ahead of me, who was appointed at large by President Pierce. On reporting to General Hooker a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville, I visited from camp to camp and battery to battery my West Point friends, and among others Dimmock and Kirby. The former was a joyous-hearted man. He was mortally wounded, and died, I believe, on the field. Kirby was wounded during the frightful attack on the day following the mortal wounding of Stonewall Jackson. As soon as our defeated army recrossed the Rapahannock, I went back, accompanying my immediate commanding officer, Lieutenant John R. Edie of the class ahead of mine, to the ordnance depot at Aquia Creek, and during the afternoon a dispatch was received saying that Kirby was on the train, and that we must look out for him. It was after dark when the train, made up wholly of freight cars and filled with wounded, pulled in.

Edie and myself with a lantern went from car to car — there were no lights in them — calling, "Kirby!"

At last, "Here I am, John," he answered cheerily.

We helped him out and carried him to our quarters and laid him on Edie's bed. He was wounded just above the knee, and apparently the ball had gone in and out through his leg, but had not broken a

bone. We sat beside him and talked and laughed over his prospective furlough, and all of us were happy.

The next morning we put him aboard the boat and bade him good-by, thinking we soon should meet again. But in a few days we heard that he was not doing well; and shortly after, he died. It was found on amputating his leg that he had been hit simultaneously (his battery was under fire from several directions) by two bullets, one in front and the other almost directly in the back of his leg, both lodging in the bone.

When the surgeon told him that life was about over, his disappointment was so great that tears broke from his open, bold eyes; for he felt that he was so young, and that he was to leave his widowed mother and family without much means. Some one carried the news to Mr. Lincoln, who, having learned that he had sustained himself gallantly and conspicuously in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, visited him in the hospital and soothed the boy's last hours by making him a brigadier-general. And now, as I see him across the years on his bended knees, with hands clasped before him and leading in prayer, I am led to say that, wherever the throne of God may be, I cannot but believe that little Kirby is not far away from it.

He was only twenty-three, — and that was Dimmock's age. Oh, Chancellorsville! while the star of Stonewall Jackson burns, the world will know of you; but *I* never see your name without seeing once more the faces of boys of twenty-three, and my affection runs to meet them.

One night, the venerable Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio was present at the prayer-meeting, and after leading in prayer, he told us of the days of 1825, when he was the chaplain and professor of ethics at West Point; of how he interested Bishop Polk, then a cadet, in religion, — the bishop who later was to lay aside his robes and put on the gray uniform of the Confederacy, and in its service to fall

a lieutenant-general at Pine Mountain, Georgia. He spoke to us warmly also of how naturally and how rationally the life of a soldier and that of a Christian harmonized. It was a fine talk from a majestic old man.

Of that little group that used to gather at the prayer-meeting, but few are alive now. What it accomplished in the lives of living or dead may never be known; but surely it played a part, and, as I think, a divine part, in the midst of West Point life. Whether or not religion, as an instinct, be a lower or a higher thing than absolute knowledge based on determined properties of matter, I cannot conceive a greater splendor for mortals than a union of the transparency of the gentleman with the humility and trust of the Christian. And, moreover, I cannot conceive a national institution of learning whose ideals are truth and honor and courage, moving on to its aims without rising into those higher levels where imagination and sentiment have their eternal empire.

Our instructors in English studies under Professor French for the first two years were Lieutenant Symonds and Lieutenant John Greble. The former was a small, plump man, with sparkling blue eyes, short and snappy in speech, who, when I was on the Board of Visitors, handed me back with a very friendly smile the compositions I had written. I am free to say that, as I glanced them over, I heartily wished that he had burned every one of them.

Lieutenant John Greble, who was the professor's son-in-law, and for whom Fort Greble is named, was a very gentle and refined man of medium height. His forehead, defined by dark, silky hair, was the conspicuous feature of his face, in which nature had written plainly her autograph of gentleman. He was killed at Big Bethel, the first of the officers whom we knew, to lose his life; and he was mourned by us all. For although there were but few of the corps who had any acquaint-

ance with the professors' families, yet there were ties binding us to them all.

The course in English at West Point at that time (and I think it is so now) was notoriously held of minor importance by the Academic Board. While pure mathematics and engineering were rated as 3, English was rated as 1. In fact it was down on the level of tactics, which are mere memorizing exercises for the mind.

It is easy for every graduate to see the grounds for Jefferson Davis's recommendation of a five years' course; he felt, and every graduate feels, the inadequacy of the course in literature at that period, and he thought he could remedy it by adding the fifth year. But so entrenched was the theory that those powers of mind which are called into play in carrying on war can be trained to the highest efficiency by mathematics, and mathematics alone (and possibly this is so), that the experiment to introduce literature met with no encouragement, and after languishing a few years was dropped.

The course grew out of the fact that at the time of the founding of West Point a knowledge of military engineering was rare, if not wholly wanting, in our army; and for that reason, foreign officers, French, German, and Poles, had to be employed. But it only needs a comparison of the working drawings of Vauban's Front, the standard of the old-time fortress, with those of the modern works, to realize the decline in the importance of military engineering. It is true, the great advance in gun construction, and in applied science for their effective use, marks a much greater demand for scientific knowledge than formerly. But to supply this knowledge is the basis and aim of all technical schools; and, besides, it has become a necessary and well established feature of all large steel and ship-building works. So that whatever may have been the dependence of the government hitherto on its graduates at West Point for the proper adaptation of scientific

knowledge to its defense, under present conditions that dependence must be much less. Therefore a change might well be considered, giving the graduate wider knowledge in the suggestive fields of history and literature.

But weigh the course as you may,—and certainly her graduates have worthily met the mighty problems of war,—this must be said: West Point is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning. The habit of truth-telling, the virtue of absolute honesty, the ready and loyal obedience to authority, the display of courage, that virtue called *regal*,—to establish these elements of character, she labors without ceasing. The primary agency in accomplishing her ends is, and has been, the tone of the corps of cadets.

This tone, which is the very life and breath of the Military Academy, traces back to a fine source, to the character of Washington and the best society at the time of the Revolution. For, since the day when he had his headquarters at West Point, it has been exclusively a military post, completely isolated from the social ferment and adventitious standards of commercial life. His standards of private and official life, and those of the officers and the gentlemen of his day, were the standards of his immediate successors, who, in turn, transmitted them unimpaired to those who came after. Moreover, at his suggestion, West Point as an institution of learning came into being; and its foundations were laid on the solid virtues of his example. And thus to him and the high-minded men of his day, the tone of the corps of cadets for truth-telling, honesty, obedience to authority, and the considerate bearing of the gentleman, may fairly well be traced.

A significant fact in regard to this spirit is that it exists entirely disconnected from the official and social life of the officers and instructors. There is no hierarchy within or without the battalion charged with the maintenance of its standards, or with their inculcation; there

are no ceremonies or stage effects ; it is not even discussed or referred to between cadets, but is as much an unconscious part of life as the air that is breathed. Approached from any direction, it has presented the same uplifting aspect ; or tested at any period, let the parties to the test be powerful or weak, it has presented the same constant and admirable elements, coming very near being the realization of an ideal. It offers to the æsthetic sense, over-shadowed as the latter is by the gallant death of so many of the graduates in the very spring of life, that symbolism of youth and health and unconscious mission, that revealing of honor and truth and personal courage, which has spread the wings of the imagination in all ages.

VII

CADET ARISTOCRACY

It was not until the time of the war between the states that the present system of appointment by competitive examination came into vogue, — the result of the dodging of responsibility by the members of Congress, whose right it is to nominate for their districts cadets at West Point and Annapolis. Before this change of system the corps of cadets came nearer to being an aristocracy than any rank in government or society. Its classes had been chosen from the best families, — families which had made their mark in public service, in education, in the church, or in business. Moreover, like flowers under an oak, its members were a fostered part of the government itself, enjoying a life tenure of their position, and above all, in the sentiment of the people, consecrated to the defense of the rights and the honor of the country. Thus, without the prescriptive authority of aristocracy, it stood on one of its enviable and conceded eminences.

Besides, it had the glamour of youth, youth that between duty, life, and death would not deign to falsify or to hesitate.

It is easy, therefore, to see how, like all things that satisfy the ideal, it lay in the hearts of the people ; and also how its traditions ran from one year into another, making their appeal to its members for what was pure and manly and true. I do not wish to convey the impression that the corps of cadets was a body of young saints. Its language at times was not at all saintly ; but there was no pretense of holiness, and man for man, they were no better and no worse than the young men of like age at any college.

In my day (and I have no doubt it is so now) the truth had to be told, let the consequences be what they might to one's self or to one's best friend. But it went farther than this. Let a man even shade the truth at a recitation or in reference to any transaction that would favorably affect his class standing, and he soon felt the condemnation of his fellows, — not in a chill that was temporary in his personal relations with them, but one that lasted while he was in the corps. For what is known there as "boot-licking" of older classmates or instructors there was no mercy.

We had a Washington directly from the great Washington family of Virginia ; a Buchanan, the nephew of the President ; an Anderson and a Jones, W. G., representing the Longworth and Anderson families of Ohio and Kentucky ; a Breckinridge, son of the patriot, Robert J., and a cousin of John C., vice-president and major-general in the Confederacy ; representatives of the Huger and Mordecai families of South Carolina ; a Du Pont from Delaware, and a Hasbrouck from New York, and a Vanderbilt, son of the founder of the family, — a mighty good athlete and a mighty dull scholar. But they stood on exactly the same level as the humblest born ; and, had any cadet shown the least acknowledgment of their social superiority, he would have met the scorn of the entire battalion. It was a pure, self-respecting democracy.

But, like all youth, the corps, in cling-

ing to its standards, sometimes made grievous mistakes. A touching instance was that of a Massachusetts man of my class, who by mistake took a Southerner's shoes instead of his own from the bootblack's, where our extra pairs were left to be blacked. Unfortunately he did not discover the mistake himself, and was charged openly by the Southerner with intending to steal the pair of shoes. Because he did not resent the charge, although he pledged his honor that it was a mistake, he was branded with cowardice, and about everybody "cut" him. But I felt that he was innocent and wronged. I visited him in his exile and walked with him in release from quarters; he told me of his family, and I knew how his heart beat. Well, in the Shenandoah Valley he was most seriously wounded, charging at the very head of his squadron; was brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct, and died within a few years. I blame not my impulsive friends, — we are all human; but I trust that henceforth no cadet will ever have to bear so unjust a burden. His life discloses the undercurrents of fate and has its misting shadow of pathos; but, like the heaven-trusting spire of a country church among pastured fields, his record pierces the sullen sky of his cadet life.

The first gentleman, the Saviour of the World, said, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." But sometimes I wonder if it would not have been better for this Northern man to have met the Southerner on the spot, with his chair or anything else he could lay his hand on. For he, like too many of our Congressmen and Northern men who stood insults, led the South to believe that the entire North was lacking in courage, and it took Gettysburg and the Wilderness and Chickamauga to prove to them their fatal error.

While it was assumed that no one would submit to humiliation or unjust discrimination in being reported, yet that was a purely personal matter, and, if not

resented, passed without comment. But let there be a manifestation of the "cock of the walk" spirit by any one, and he would soon find some one ready to cut his comb for him; and let there be any disparity in size, indignation was aroused at once, and volunteers of equal size with the offender were ready to take the place of the smaller or the weaker.

I had a personal experience that illustrated it well. Just before the inauguration of Lincoln, the war spirit was flaming, and the whole corps was in a feverish, bristling state. Four or five of us gathered in a room in the 8th Division where some one had the *New York Herald* and was reading aloud what took place in Congress. The reader began to read what Ben Wade, Senator from my State of Ohio, had said, when a Southerner — several classes above me — over six feet tall, very powerful, and notorious both for his battles and, rightfully or wrongfully, for a very aggressive manner, remarked sneeringly, "Oh! — Ben Wade! — don't read what *he* says."

Whereupon some pretty violent language was interchanged between him and me, although my people were all Democrats and our sympathies or views were not at all in agreement with Mr. Wade's. My size alone saved me from a beating at the instant, and fortunately Bentz's bugle calling for recitation broke up the ill-natured party. On my return from recitation, Custer and "Deacon" Elbert of Iowa, who had both heard about the row, — and about the size of the Southerner, — met me in the area and said, "If he lays a hand on you, Morris, we'll maul the earth with him."

It may be asked what a man who from his size belonged in "B" Company, was doing in the 8th Division among the tall men of "D" Company. It came about in this way: In my second year, owing to an increase in the size of the battalion, the overflow of my company, "B," and the various other companies, had to room in what was called the "Angle," which threw me with John Asbury West, of

Georgia, of "D" company. West and myself became very close friends, and that we might continue to room together, just before the battalion was formed, in 1860, at the close of the encampment for division into companies, he suggested that I stuff some paper in my shoes to lift me up into the flank companies. Thereupon we inlaid a good share of a *New York Herald* in each shoe, lowered my trousers to the extreme limit to hide my heels, and, to my heart's delight, the result was, that in counting off the battalion, I fell just inside of "D" company. And on that bit of paper in my shoes all my life has hinged; for, had I stayed with the studious "B" company, I should in all probability have graduated in the engineers, and the stream of my life would have run through different fields. I was not smart enough to keep up in my studies and at the same time to visit to my heart's content with Custer, "Jim" Parker, and the crowd generally in "D" company, most of whom were from the South and West, and who cared mighty little as to where they stood in the class. The number of my demerit marks shows also that in my new surroundings I was foolishly heedless, to say the least.

I think I should fail utterly of lifting these articles to their proper level if I did not at least try to penetrate that enticing veil which God has hung over the spiritual significance of everything in this life.

I have intimated more than once that there are two West Points: the real West Point, and that overarching spiritual West Point, in whose sky float all of her ideals. On several occasions I have referred also to the tone of the corps of cadets and to the mystical influences of scenery, monuments, colors, batteries, and guns, in a cadet's education. In addition to these influences, and cooperating with them, I have often wondered what effect the splendid records of some of the officers over us had upon our young minds.

For instance, there was Hartsuff. He was our instructor in light artillery, and

in command of Company "A" of the battalion, and later a major-general of volunteers. He was large, and sullen in appearance, but, as I discovered after the war, a most genial, sunny-hearted man. I think his record is worth telling. Just a short while before reporting for duty at the Academy, he had been wounded in an Indian ambush in Florida, and here is the account of it in Cullum's *Biographical Register of West Point*.

"Under such cover as his wagon afforded," so says the *Register*, "the brave lieutenant fought until so badly crippled himself by two wounds that he was unable to use a weapon, when, after having shot two Indians with his own pistol, he effected his escape almost miraculously by dragging himself through the high grass into a pond and sinking his body out of sight in the water. The Indians, perhaps awed by his gallantry and the mystery of his disappearance, quickly left the field with the plunder they had acquired. Refreshed by his immersion in the pond, but driven from it in about three hours by the alligators attracted by his blood, he began what turned out to be one of the most wonderful feats on record. It was Thursday morning. The nearest white man was at the fort, fifty-five miles distant. Lieutenant Hartsuff, binding and from time to time rebinding his own wounds as best he could, compelled to lie most of the time on his back, blistered by the hot sun and lacerated by thorns and briars, concealing himself during the day, and dragging his suffering body inch by inch during the night, remained until Saturday night continuously without food and without water, from the time he left the pond where he first took refuge. He was then found by the troops sent out in search of him, fifteen miles from the place of attack, exhausted, with his name and a brief account of the disaster written on a small piece of paper with his own blood, pinned on his wounded breast."

Just after he was relieved from duty at the Point in 1859, we heard of his heroic

conduct in the celebrated wreck of the Lady Elgin, that went down one stormy night on Lake Michigan. Hartsuff, so it was reported, provided the women with life-preservers and was among the last to leave the wreck. He swam until he found a bale of hay, and hearing the cry of a woman, brought her to the bale, and after spending eleven hours in the water was rescued. Only a fifth of all on board were saved.

With men about us with courage and manliness like this, and not one of them over twenty-six years old, is it not easy to imagine their influence on our growing ideals? Is it any wonder that the boys who day after day saw them through the glamour of their devotion to duty, met it

when the time came with like heroism? that Cushing and Kirby and O'Rorke, and the sweet, lovable Sanderson of my class, who, after falling mortally wounded between his pieces at the battle of Pleasant Hill, lay on the ground still giving his commands, while his blood was pouring out, carrying voice and life with it, — is it any wonder that he and they met death with the bird singing in their breasts? Is it any wonder that Parsons of Parsons's Battery, who was brevetted over and over again for gallantry, and who after the war became an Episcopal clergyman, and was at Memphis when the yellow fever broke out, stayed with his little flock day and night, till he fell a victim?

(To be continued.)

THE CLIFFS

BY JOHN B. TABB

FOREVER face to face,
As towered of old
Within the Holy Place
The wings of gold.

One heralding the day,
With kindled crest;
One reddened with the ray
That fires the west.

The bosom-vale between
Alike their own;
To each a heaven unseen
A world unknown.

THE MELODRAMA

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

FOR the purposes of profitable investigation we must be dispassionate, open-minded, judicial. This is often discouragingly hard; our inherited or conventional prejudices cling to us with the awkward tenacity of wet bathing-suits. When a younger sister asks us candidly for an opinion upon her newest gentleman acquaintance, — “Don’t you think he’s perfectly great?” — she touches an inveterate perversity of mankind, and it is not to be charged against us if we speak disapprovingly. In like manner, when a confidential office boy advises us to go to “How Hearts are Broken” at the Thalia, if we want to see “a corker of a show,” we may indulgently remark that we’d like to; but inwardly we chuckle over his unsophisticated enthusiasm.

To sit in the seat of the scorner is all very well, and no doubt rather gratifying to one’s self-esteem; only it should first be found out whether the seat is firmly planted on all its four legs. The majority of us scoff at the popular melodrama as a matter of course, and, as a matter of course, we know nothing about it, except perhaps what we may have inferred from certain lurid bill-boards. It seems to occupy precisely the same place in the dramatic world that the hurdy-gurdy occupies in the world of music, and the old-fashioned camp-meeting in the world of religion.

For my own part, I should like to see the hurdy-gurdy defended. Its champion would not maintain that it was a musical instrument, or that its volleying scales and arpeggios had æsthetic value: he would simply point out that in the vast and complex economy of nature the hurdy-gurdy had a certain function — perhaps only an humble one — to perform, and that it performed it acceptably.

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Observe — he would say — the crowd of excited youngsters that go dancing after it, oblivious of all else. Observe the groups of delighted servant girls and nursemaids in the areas, and the benevolently smiling policeman on the corner. The hurdy-gurdy is a significant product of social evolution; with marvelous skill and ingenuity it has been developed to fulfill a certain demand of our human nature; it illustrates the scientific principle of adaptation.

Among my friends I am proud to number a pædopsychologist. His favorite manner of passing a vacation is to attend as many camp-meetings as the time limits permit. From one seething centre of spiritual exaltation to another he hastens, all eyes and notebook.

“The majority of people,” he said to me one day, “— I refer to those who call themselves cultivated — have turned their backs on all that. So much the worse for society. Hyper-refinement! Nothing healthy, primitive, or spontaneous, — imagination gone, simple emotions obsolete. That’s social decline.”

“Do you recommend,” I asked, “a return to the camp-meeting stage?”

“That is n’t what I said, is it?” he retorted, with needless irritation. “But as a phenomenon it is most instructive. One may learn an infinite number of things from it.”

Such an observation, I conclude, applies equally well to the popular melodrama. Is it not a curious fact that, undismayed, “The Queen of the White Slaves” and “No Mother to Guide Her” still open nightly doors of enchantment to many thousands of our species? Here should be a good field for the study of some aspects of human nature, on one side of the footlights, and of nature of

an anomalous variety on the other. It is too easy to assume that the appeal of the melodrama is to a degenerate taste. An inquiry may prove instructive.

More than that, it may turn out very entertaining. But it must be made without prejudice and in a receptive temper. The carping critic would be bored. He would come away pessimistic, disgusted with the hundreds of his fellow-men whom he had seen applauding and hissing and (possibly) throwing peanut-shucks.

The lady in the purple gown shakes her clenched fist vindictively and gives a final laugh, blood-curdling and malignant. "Ha! You shall not escape so easily another time, — we shall see!" she taunts brazenly, and glides from the scene.

The crowd behind the footlights hisses. There is an undeniable fascination about her; but she is very wicked, and the wicked are to be held in derision. That is to say, in melodrama. In real life it is often difficult to distinguish between the wicked and the elect; but here, — why her very name is Zidella St. Mar. Can any good come out of Zidella?

The heroine's name is Grace, — or it may be Gladys or Rose; that does not matter. "I swear to you that I am innocent," she declares, *molto tremoloso*, and with an appealing look that wings its way beyond the uttermost gallery-god.

No one but an habitu  of the Thalia or some other shrine of the popular melodrama knows the authoritative pronunciation of that word *in-no-cent*. It should be dwelt on syllable by syllable, and a certain long-drawn prominence should be given to the n's. For gesture, one hand may be slightly extended and upraised, the other pressed timidly upon the breast; and at the close of the word the eyes should fall, the head droop forward with sweet submission. This position may be retained for several seconds. Then the gallery will clap, — tumultuously, sealing the truth of Grace's assertion. This

is as much a foregone conclusion as the sentiment that calls it forth.

I have often wondered just what is the real cause of this applause for sententious virtue, and of the equally spirited hisses that greet the agents and deeds of iniquity. The audience is an eternal enigma. Certainly it is not credulous to the degree one is at first inclined to imagine: it does not forget that it is witnessing a stage play. Yet it is never Gracie's acting that wins the plaudits, but what Gracie essentially is and stands for, — dear familiar sentiments of primitive black-and-white morality.

"What, tell a lie? A thousand times no!"

"Another word against my father, and I'll shoot you dead!"

"Offer me what you will, I will never be false to a true friend!"

"You may tie me to the railroad track if you want to. *Death* sooner than be married to a wretch like you!"

Partly, I think, the applause comes as one of the accepted and authorized conventions of the popular stage; partly because a perfectly real and normal sympathy for virtue and hatred for vice wants to express itself, — a sympathy which in real life is often puzzled by circumstances, but which finds all lines sharply drawn, all actions clearly labeled, upon the stage of the Thalia. And then, too, the spirit of *play* is certainly active here, the wish to enjoy the thing to the full and to give yourself a real part in it; you want to shed tears, to laugh, to be excited. The audience meets the actor more than half way; there is no inertia here, no superciliousness or sycophancy to be overcome. With an admirable and single-minded abandon it throws itself into the spirit of the game.

If your theatrical experiences have been bounded by Broadway and the po-

lite zone, there is a new delight for you in such eagerness and spontaneity. The happy giggles to left and right of you as during the entr'actes repartee and chocolate creams pass from one to another; the gayly-uniformed youngster who makes his way up the aisle shouting, "All the latest song hits o' the season, only fifteen cents, with an artistic pitchur 'And She Answered, Sure Ma Honey' on the cover. Get it now for your lady frien'! Only fifteen cents to-night. Reg'lar price thirty-five;" the orchestra that plays "Waiting at the Church" while the gallery whistles the chorus, — this is a world to which Art may be only the shade of a name, but which may after all possess another pearl of price quite as essential to the business of happy living.

For many of those present it is the single extravagance of the winter. You cannot help noticing the large number of shop girls who have come arrayed in their choicest finery, and accompanied by their "steadies." Three brief hours of enchantment ahead of them, a time when their five or six dollars a week, and the long day behind the counter or at the machine, can be forgotten. Every one of the magic moments must be realized. There were never such hilarious jokes as Sammy Ikenstein's; never was heroine so horribly persecuted, yet so often and so wonderfully rescued as Gracie.

Up there in the gallery, perhaps, criticism is a little more alert; the gallery is blasé as compared with the rest of the house. It knows all the tricks of the craft, it does not give itself with quite the same abandon to the emotional moment; but it knows when a thing is done to its liking, and it expresses opinions with unmistakable directness.

It was in "The Queen of the White Slaves," I remember, that a scene occurred where the villain, in a climax of insolence, struck the unhappy brother of the heroine in the face with his gloves. You could hear the blow to the top seat of the top gallery, and the cruel laugh that accompanied it. The audience re-

coiled, caught its breath, and above the storm of hisses that ensued, you heard a shrill shout from amid the gods, "Biff him back, George!"

As George had been previously drugged with opium by Lionel, it was obviously impossible for him to take the hint; but the uproar continued until Lionel, with a leer and another fiendish laugh, left the stage.

As characters, the villain and his lady accomplice are sure to be the most striking in the play. I often wonder whether they can enjoy their parts. Do they accept the hisses of the audience as a tribute to their art? Curious inversion of ambition! No floral tributes for Zidella, never the encores and curtain-calls, — only purple gowns, paste tiaras, and hisses. Yet she is indispensable. The audience would not part with her, and the play could not. Her raven-black hair, her dark reptilian eyes, — often provided with lorgnette, — her beautiful but wicked mouth, and those astonishing one-color-effect gowns of hers with their sweeping trains and frou-frou of silk petticoats, — it is something to marvel at, to shudder at: it excites commingled admiration and dread.

Gracie is a much simpler character than Zidella. Malignant tongues might suggest that she was just a shade too simple. She wants to do right, and that is doubtless an admirable quality. Gracie's career has rather more of shadow than of sunshine in it; but that is not her fault. She has no faults.

On a dozen or two occasions you are almost sure — I mean if you are following the play in the right spirit — that it is all over with her; but she has a wonderful host of friends. They smash windows to reach her, they break in doors, they climb down chimneys, they leap across abysses, they transform themselves into flights of human stairs that her escape may be made easy — and picturesque; fire, blood, and brass are helpless against the devotion of Gracie's friends.

One of the pleasantest proofs I know of the compelling power of helpless innocence and beauty was given in the third act of "The Way of the Transgressor," "a pictorial comedy melodramatic sensation in four acts." A lonely spot near the mouth of "the twin railroad tunnel!" The snow was falling, and the night was bitter cold, — so the flagman said, as he came out of the signal-tower. He set the switch, and with much creaking of pulleys adjusted the lanterns so that the yellow light, "track clear," would greet the night express; and then he went away upon some late-remembered errand, little dreaming of the events which were so soon to come crowding upon the stage. . . . Five minutes later Gracie, gagged and bound, lay helpless upon the railroad track.

"Well, she's fixed all right *this time*," hissed the burly villain, as he left her to her fate.

But (as so often) he was mistaken. He had not taken into account the fact that Gracie was mistress of two marvelous Landseer dogs, possessed of an intelligence almost human. The next moment you heard their eager barks as they came leaping upon the scene. Instantly they seemed to comprehend the situation, noble fellows that they were. Not a second was to be lost. The train was already overdue. While one of them skillfully unfastened the knots which bound the lady to the cruel rails, the other climbed the ladder to the top of the lantern-arm and — what, could it be? Yes — *with his teeth* he tugged the rope over the pulley until the red light of danger confronted the swiftly-approaching train. And just in time, too! Ah, Grace is fortunate in her friends.

And the greatest of these is George. We like him best because he likes Gracie best; and we clap as hard as we can at each one of his brave speeches. Perhaps the finest opportunity that he gets individually is when her persecutors have contrived to make it appear that she has been unfaithful. Point after point, the

damning evidence is brought in. George wrings his hands; he looks wildly about the room; his eyes wink rapidly; his breath comes in gasps. It looks as if there were no hope for Gracie. But love triumphs.

"No! — No!" he breaks out finally, pointing a quivering finger at the false witnesses. "Leave me! I will not believe you. She is not — she cannot be false. I love her still — still!"

The wrong-doers cower before that. The audience breaks into cheers that refuse to be silenced by the fall of the curtain. Then George comes before the footlights, leading Grace by the hand, and something tells you that things are going to turn out all right for them in the end. Lionel hurries brazenly across the stage before the curtain, his mouth distorted by a most horrible leer. He evidently has more business yet. And after him Zidella makes a hasty transit, holding up her purple train and smiling in spite of the jeers that greet her.

No Thalia melodrama could exist without this quartette of antiphonal light and darkness. Next in importance are the comedy figures, who bump into each other and everybody else whenever they make their entrance. The melodrama is full of comedy; it is sure to follow every scene of pathos or violence. The posters of a "reigning sensation" announce, "For every smile a tear, for every tear a smile." That strikes the balance, you see. We cannot have Gracie wringing her hands forever: we could not endure the emotional strain. . . .

Maggie is usually a brave and clever little servant, who sings and dances specialties as she goes about her housework, or crosses the noon-day street; she is never hoodwinked by the wiles of the devil, and has a rather large fund of side-splitting humor.

Says she to the villain, "Say, mister, do you know what you look like?"

"No, what?" (He is singularly unsuspecting.)

"An egg when the insides has been et up and the shell trun away."

"Impudent girl," mutters Lionel angrily; but Maggie does not care.

Indeed (in "A Marked Woman") she thinks nothing of walking up to the dowager Empress of China, the great Noa Lu herself, and asking her, "Say, ma'am, where'd ye buy that lid? It ain't the swell thing at all for a lady like you. Why, you ought to o' wore a coal scuttle."

"Do you know who you are addressing, hussey?"

"Sure I do. Why you're the big Chink's mudder-in-law, ain't ye?"

Every one likes Maggie. She is impudent, you cannot deny that, and often wears red stockings and pigtail hair; but she is true blue, and she sticks by Grace through thick and thin.

Messenger-boys, bootblacks, Hebrew peddlers, are all old favorites in the comedy parts. You can't fool them. They're thorough New Yorkers. They stick their hands into their pockets, shuffle through a step or two, and deliver. "Tek me word fer it, missy. That leddy's a-tryin' ter josh ye." And they always hit it right.

The rest of the personages exist simply to fill in gaps. They fall conveniently into two groups: the good and the bad. Among the tools and accomplices of Zidella and Lionel you will find included the following:—

- Prison-wardens
- Frenchmen
- Lady Overseers
- English Lords
- Rich Widows
- Officers of the Gerry Society
- Chinamen
- Saloon-keepers
- Artists
- Italian Peddlers, etc.

Policemen and ministers may be either good or bad; but they tend toward the former. Ministers when they have erred are hypocrites; policemen, brutes.

To attempt to give an account of the plot would be useless. The more you examine it, the less there is. There is an

abundance, an inordinate abundance, of situation; but there lies the distinction. The play is made up of a succession of exciting scenes, punctuated by comic episodes; but when you try to work out interrelations you are doomed to failure. It would take a higher intelligence—perhaps even than the author's—to answer all the hows and whys. In "The Queen of the White Slaves" the fourth act was laid in China, whither the unlucky heroine had been transported by her enemies. It was a garden scene, and very sad, for Gracie wished that she were at home again 'neath George's sheltering care. As she left the stage, dissolved in tears, who should come in from the other side, already in a most pleasing altercation over Chinese customs, but Maggie and her steady. It was a relief to know that they were still on deck, and they cheered one up wonderfully; but the question would arise, how did it happen? There were a few vague hints,—something about a special cruiser which came along just at the right time, something about fooling the guards at the gateway,—but if your mind was sophisticated enough to insist on logic, it was bound to be left in some confusion.

To feel the real spell of the play, you must slough off sophistication and let logic go, allowing yourself to be concerned exclusively in the situation of the moment. Then you will understand the short-drawn breath of the girl in the next seat to you; there will be an unlimited supply of thrills in store, and you will comprehend the eternal popularity of the Thalia type.

The last scene of "Neath the Shadow of the Gallows" illustrated this thrill-producing quality in its most masterly form. It was short,—all over in less than ten minutes; but they were very busy minutes. At the rise of the curtain (Lights down and minor strains from orchestra), the muffled form of the lady villain stole out from the shadow and said, "Ha, ha! At last my designs are accomplished.

There is the jail," — a door marked JAIL stood at one side of the stage, — "here is the gallows," — the gallows held the centre, — "and when yonder clock-hand reaches the hour of five, he dies!"

She had neglected to mention that there was a railroad station at the right of the stage. It was an important oversight. In the background loomed a mountain chasm, bridged twice by trestles, and beyond that wild peaks cut the sky. The dawn was coming on apace, — by jerks. The lady retired.

(The girl in the next seat whispered, "I just hate that woman. I hope she'll get all that's comin' to her!")

The door of the jail opened, and a dismal cortège emerged. The hero was there, prepared for execution. They led him to the scaffold. It lacked five minutes of the hour. They blindfolded him.

"Has the condemned anything to say before his end?" inquired the savage warden with an insolent sneer.

("Yes, but *you* would n't believe him," is the commentary.)

In the distance is heard a faint toot-toot, and at the same time across the farthest trestle puffs a locomotive. It must be miles away, it looks so small; but you feel that there is a glimmer of hope for the hero, — if only the station can be reached in time. You know that Gracie has been harrying the governor for a pardon.

("Gee, look at the train! Ain't it the cutest?")

But it is the hero's cue to speak. "Only this," he says, slowly and with awful distinctness; "I am in-no-cent."

("That's right; he is. He never done it.")

After the applause has subsided Zidella comes forward once more and says, — it seems rash somehow, — "Ha, ha! So they have got you at last where you deserve to be, you *murderer*!"

George starts violently. "That voice —" he cries. "I have heard it before! — where? Ah, it is she, — the fiend who has wrecked my happiness."

("That's right. 'T was all her doin's from the start.")

But at this juncture the locomotive appears again, now on its way across the second trestle. The toot is louder. They are making the miles fairly fly behind them, I guess.

The clock hand jumps forward. It lacks only two minutes of five. Already the finger of the blood-thirsty warden is on the controller. There is a wicked triumph already in the glittering eyes of Zidella.

But hark! the roar of the oncoming train! It whistles like mad. ("Go her, go her for yer life!" whispers the girl, clutching the back of the seat ahead.) The wheels rumble. There is a grinding of brakes, and a monster locomotive rolls impressively out from the wings and comes to a stop just at the foot of the gallows.

Gracie leaps from the cab waving a very official-looking envelope. "Hold!" she cries. "I have brought the pardon."

The clock strikes five.

The warden gnashes his teeth. And Gracie cries, "Officer, arrest that woman. She is the guilty party."

But the lady in the veil confronts them, game to the last. "You shall not lay your hands on Zidella St. Mar. Back, all of you! She has a better way."

So she shoots herself and falls lifeless at the feet of the happily united pair, and with that down comes the curtain.

("Say! but that was a swell show!" sighs the commentator, as she struggles into her thin jacket and prepares reluctantly to leave the house of a thousand wonders.)

You observe that, after all, right is sure to triumph: the melodrama never leaves you in any doubt upon that point. In this loyalty to an immemorial tradition there is something staunch and genuine which you cannot help respecting.

Yet it is clear that this should not be credited so much to the nominal author

of the piece as to the people for whom it is produced. It is they who keep it to its standards. The individuality of the author counts for nothing. The popular melodrama is almost as exclusively the product of the society in which it has established itself as the old folk-ballad. From the nature of things there must be an author somewhere; but to hope to find him in the finished product would be futile.

The play is simply a new combination of various familiar and perfectly reliable situations drawn from a large common stock, a stock draughted with equal inveteracy into the service of the "Nick Carter Library," of the "Buckskin Bess Series," or of the editor of the *New York Journal*. Every melodrama that succeeds does so because it reblends with exceptional skill, and with enough disguise to give them an effect of novelty, a group of situations which the Bowery theatre-public has proved itself perennially eager to see.

There is something engagingly primitive in such a state of affairs. What people have always come first to care for in drama is situation. Interest in character as such and in literary form and in ethical significance comes only at a much later stage of evolution. It was so in the origins of our great English drama. The curious crowds that pushed up to the gilded pageant-wagon in the market-place of York or Chester, on Corpus Christi day, did not care much about the exact Biblical details of Noah's Flood or the Sacrifice of Isaac: they were eager to see something happen; they wanted to have their emotions stirred, their blood quickened.

There was not the least complexity in the characters of that open-air drama, — it would have made them harder to understand; but there was the same strong tendency toward a kind of realistic presentation that we have noted in the melodrama of to-day. The Judean shepherds were countrymen of Yorkshire and spoke its dialect; and they talked about the diseases of their sheep, and complained of

the bitter winter, and played rough local jokes on one another, in a way that must have gone straight to the heart of the shrewd, illiterate, inquisitive peasant, as honestly unashamed of tears and noisy sobbing as of gales of contagious laughter; the mirror may have been only a homely kitchen pan, but it was held up to nature. Noah's wife was an English termagant, her mouth full of round Anglo-Saxon oaths, and sadly addicted she was to the good ale of merry England; and as for Herod the Great, with his terrific assortment of crimes and not one mitigating virtue, surely there is an interesting prototype of the villain in "Fast Life in New York;" and that most startling culmination of his career, when a crew of red devils carried him off bodily to hell, resembles the end of Lionel in something more than an accidental degree.

The desire for vivid sensation was the same then as now, and put the ingenuity of the play-maker to much the same kind of test. Glance at some of the stage directions in the "Sacrament Play," an anonymous dramatic production of the late fifteenth century.

A company of blasphemous Jews have gained possession by guile and bribe of the holy wafer, and have set out to test whether or no it be indeed the veritable body. But they are terribly rebuked by Heaven.

*Here shall the 1111 Jewys pryke ther
daggeris in 1111 quarters of the
Ost, thus sayng . . .*

Here the Ost must blede. . . .

In an agony of fear, the Jews kindle a cauldron of oil, thinking to effect the utter destruction of the sacred thing.

*Here shalle the cawdron boyle, appery-
ing to be as blood.*

Next they cast it into an oven.

*Here the ovyn must rive asunder, &
blede out at the crannys, and an
image appere owt with woundis
bleding.*

This indeed is the climax of terror for the

Jews. "Owt! Owt!" they cry, "here is great wonder! . . . Yea, the ovyn on peacys gynneth to ryve asunder!"

Then the wondrous image speaks to them (in Latin) and tells them the way of salvation; the Jews fall on their knees, turn convertites, and are received into Holy Church.

Forsheersensation — sincere, no doubt, in its purpose; but who shall say that Gracie's rescue by the Landseer dogs is mere stage clap-trap? — it would be hard, I think, to improve much on this old-time "Sacrament Play." And the audience that thrilled to its crude violence was not so very unlike the audience of the *Thalia*, despite the passing of four centuries, and the coming and going of the spacious days of Shakespeare and his compeers in alchemy.

Indeed, as one comes to know more intimately the imaginative, eager, and in many respects childishly ingenuous public to whom the present-day melodrama makes its appeal, the more clearly the curiosities of its structure are accounted for. Its lack of a genuinely climactic plot, for example, is explained by the inability of the audience to remain long under the strain of suspense. Their attention soon flags, their interest becomes jaded. It is worth noting that the only other varieties of dramatic entertainment which are popular with them are the vaudeville (and could anything be more disjointed and scattering in its make-up?) and the penny-in-the-slot Arcades.

Whatever situation is proposed must come to its culmination rapidly, directly, and by means which require no thought in order to be fully grasped. There can be no real plot structure here: only episodes; the situations presented simply become more and more startling as the play nears its conclusion.

Then, too, since the appeal that it makes must be so largely through external means, the melodrama is led into that crude exaggeration which has brought it into its ill-repute. We ought to show some leniency in this matter. If it did

not exaggerate it would run the risk of making no impression at all. Violence, blunderbuss-humor, and sledge-hammer pathos are its stock in trade. It deals with the people and scenes of every-day life, for that is the only kind of life that has much interest for the audience, — that seems to come near to them, to have relevancy; but in order to make this life worth paying one's hard-earned money to see (there's a plenty of real life of a kind for each of us), it becomes necessary to color it up, to provide it with glamour, with mystery, with terror, and with comicality. Realism and wild romance are curiously wedded in the result.

After all there is youth and the promise of youth in it; there is the material for a virile and significant drama. It was on much this same substratum that the glorious and incomparable structure of our Elizabethan drama was raised. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* was one step away, and *Hamlet* — one does not count the steps any longer; but the substratum is there still.

It might indeed be safely predicted that if we were ever again to have a drama of which we might boast, it would bear a nearer kinship to this ridiculed product of the democratic and cosmopolitan Bowery, childish and inchoate as it is, than to that tribe of narrow-chested and anæmic plays which depict with fatiguing perverseness the complications of a fashionable and wholly unrepresentative society.

The boldness of its design, the unconventional freedom in its choice of material, is a striking and not altogether unhealthful contrast. The whole of contemporary life is its province, — the life of the tenements, of the lodging-houses, the dance-halls, the railroads, the parsonage, the demi-monde, the four hundred, the department stores, the street corners, the Subway, the police station, the East-River wharves, — every condition of life which offers dramatic opportunities is freely and unhesitatingly

laid under requisition. Life reaches so far beyond the drawing-room! Within the last few years our playwrights have begun to rediscover that fact — witness “Leah Kleschna,” “The Great Divide,” — even Mr. Belasco’s latest success; and it is a sign of promise. A great play, if one may be pardoned the triteness of the observation, is a play which will not only spontaneously attract the large body of intelligent theatre-goers, thus proving itself to be related somehow to the main currents of popular thought and feeling, but will also reach out of the realities of the hour and join hands with permanent truth.

There are faults enough in the Thalia melodrama, blatant and ridiculous faults; but there is a soul of goodness there as well, which is not without a moral for skeptics. It is like some common, rough-

barked root that creeps persistently along just beneath the surface of the soil: there is nothing here to arouse our admiration, unless it be the sheer persistence with which the creeping is done; but every now and then — please Heaven there may still be sap in it! — it puts up a green shoot: perhaps the world that so likes to wag its head may still find reason to pause before the wonder of a flower. A visit to the Thalia suggests that what our restless and dissatisfied dramatic public is waiting for is the coming of that man who will be able to utilize the material that lies at every man’s door; but that still lies waiting there, because no one has yet shown himself to possess the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and the broad democratic and poetic outlook upon life, which are the inner requirements of the master-workman.

EFFICIENCY IN MAKING BEQUESTS

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

AT the time when a civilized world was trying to decide how it ought to give away the Sage millions, a man in the throes of will-making wrote, — “Will you please send me the names of the most worthy charities in New York City, including hospitals?” Shortly before, a lawyer had inquired if a client’s property one hundred miles away could be used as a fresh-air home; a widow asked how \$100 could perpetuate her husband’s interest in worn-out tenement mothers; another how the savings of a trusted servant — \$20,000 — could be invested in health for infants.

Have you ever worked out details of a plan for using the interest on \$70,000,000 so as to help, not injure, its recipients? When you try to cure insomnia by imagining yourself under obligation to give away \$1000 every morning, do you ever

get beyond the tenth morning? Then you know how great is the need of the prospective will-maker for don’ts, handbooks, and first helps. Volumes have been written to tell relief workers the danger of pauperizing needy families, begging letter-writers, and street mendicants; not enough has been written to show the danger of pauperizing the charity worker, college president, hospital trustee, ladies’ auxiliary, board of aldermen, or posterity.

We have reached the point where it is generally believed that individual mendicancy cannot exist unless the applicant for relief is given that which harms and demoralizes instead of that which cures and elevates. More slowly are we coming to see that pauperism, whether in a man, a church, or a college, consists not in asking for aid on the street or from house to house, but in begging when one

does not need, when one does not intend or is unable to use aid for the purpose advertised, or when one does not give back service proportioned to his receipts. Generous men and women persist in giving poison to sick men because their attention is focused on the giver or recipient instead of on the gift itself, and its history after leaving the giver. Likewise benefactors of institutions do not want to increase the sum total of unhappiness in the world. No mother wants to hurt orphans by her gift to an orphan asylum, or to abet neglect of unsanitary conditions by her hospital gifts. Even when testators give for the sake of the world's applause they would undoubtedly prefer, if shown how, to avoid criticism for having endowed fraud or imposition, and thus having defeated their own purpose.

Because will-making starts with motive, some students fear that it must always be subject to caprice, therefore beyond help from efficiency tests. History has proved, however, that it is possible to attain efficient giving without attempting to improve upon the motives that seem most frequently to prompt public bequests: 1. Desire to perpetuate interest in a work or class of sufferers. 2. Desire to please a friend. 3. Desire to avoid post-mortem censure. 4. Desire to appear public-spirited. 5. Desire to establish a memorial for a relative. 6. Desire to do the fair thing by a society that protected the testator, and furnished opportunity for making his fortune. 7. Desire to help where suffering receives least attention. Whatever the motive, it is human and can be put to uses that will neither defeat the testator's purpose nor put obstacles in the way of human progress. Efficient giving from a selfish motive may give more happiness and do less harm than inefficient giving from an altruistic motive. To pay out money for certain disappointment, to buy censure where one aimed to silence it, to carve a family name on a gold brick, is not efficient giving. In every community are scores of instances which show that giving may be

sadly inefficient. Whether or not it is efficient depends upon what is done with the gift, rather than upon the motive and the confidence of the giver or the worthiness of the recipient. A few instances will show the importance of a testator's desiring to know what will in all probability be done with his bequest.

A banker had heard so much from his family physician of the struggles and economies of a certain hospital that he determined to leave it \$50,000 for a memorial wing. When the wing was finished it bore the tablet, *In Memoriam, Mrs. Grateful Patient*, — and added \$55,000 to the hospital's annual burdens. No corresponding addition was made to the number of friends willing to support it. In fact, several large donations were reduced because it was imagined that the relatives of Mrs. Grateful Patient would give handsomely. The friend in need who had patiently met all former deficits announced that he could not carry the larger load, and after the first year would give \$2000 and no more. There was nothing for the managers to do but to face about and solicit the public subsidy that they believed inimical to private hospitals. The contributing public gradually fell off, mistakenly believing that the city supported the hospital. For ten years every legacy received has gone to meet deficits; wards are repeatedly closed for months for lack of funds; to increase revenue private patients are given all choice windows; a large floating debt is carried — a veritable Minotaur ready to swallow the next legacy and the next forever. For fear of losing its subsidy the hospital managers have declined to take any part in the fight against preventable epidemics due to official neglect.

A society once strong shows signs of age. Love of struggle has given way to love of ease. Work once fitted to a city's need is now calculated to perpetuate that need. Organized to relieve suffering, it lives to-day for itself alone. A large endowment makes it unnecessary to raise more than one tenth of its support from

the public. Two or three more large legacies will remove this necessity. The bequests come. Income is assured. The work is now nobody's business but the Board of Managers', whose contempt for the community injures every other charitable society, inhibits the desire to give, and retards the development of constructive social enterprise. It will not permit vaccination, for it is stocked with lances for bloodletting. It refuses to learn bacteriology, for is it not death on fits?

A college was started to hold high the banner of Methodism in a western state. Inscriptions show that all of the money came from the East, where the president has spent most of his time. It is hardly worth while trying to get support from the Western country which benefits from his college; why bother with hundred-dollar gifts when some mourning parent in Springfield or Boston will give \$10,000 or more? The college has never acclimated itself. The Western Methodists are pauperized, and their children educated with equipment and educational talent inferior to that of the indigenous state university.

Each of the instances cited can be multiplied almost indefinitely. In each the work that testators wished to further has been injured by their gifts. Instead of aid, the three beneficiaries received respectively impoverishment, gout, and pauperization. In emphasizing this fact there is here no intention whatever to criticise the will-makers, but merely to point out that they did not get their money's worth.

Three other instances illustrate the method that leads to efficient giving: Four years ago a retired manufacturer asked the president of his state Board of Health, what kind of help the very poor needed most. Numerous suggestions were made, including the need for leadership in a popular crusade against consumption. Without disclosing his own identity, the possible giver communicated for over one year with a physician thought to be eminently qualified to organize such

a crusade. A hundred units of inquiry were found, — extent of the need, various methods of fighting tuberculosis, world evidence of successful treatment, a detailed plan of procedure, with estimates as to expense of publication, laboratories, dispensaries, administration. Had a steel mill been involved instead of a health crusade, the procedure could not have been more businesslike than that which gave the world the Phipps Institute for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis.

In May, 1906, Mr. Rockefeller sought from several social workers suggestions as to the use of certain vacant property overlooking the East River adjoining the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Playgrounds were the first thought of several. Another mentioned three needs. 1. Farm gardens for crippled children, river breezes on the bluff for those not able to move about; 2. Day nursery; 3. Out-of-door fresh-air camp for very sick "summer complaint" babies and their mothers.

"Which will have the greatest educational results?"

"The camp demonstration that mothers can save their own babies in their own tenement homes if they will give them clean milk, clean air and clean bodies." An itemized estimate was required of cost, method of treating, teaching, and results to be expected. Inside of six weeks Junior Sea Breeze was opened, and throughout the summer led the fight against preventable infant mortality, giving 2050 days' care to 156 babies, 14,389 days' entertainment and instruction to an average of 232 tenement mothers and children, and suggestions for application elsewhere for 274 babies. It was visited by 1025 social workers and physicians.

The widow who wanted to establish a \$100 memorial considered a score of means before finally purchasing two strong invalid revolving chairs. Forty mothers every summer will have ten days at the seashore, moving about among the hundreds of guests who are the living

memorial of her husband's interest in Sea Breeze. Her method was as commendable as that of the two millionaires, not because she had a mite, but because she spent it efficiently.

Efficiency in will-making is obviously more difficult than efficiency in making ante-mortem gifts. It is conceivable, for instance, that three wills drawn within the last four years provided for an educational crusade against tuberculosis, a first babies' camp in the heart of New York City's tenement district, and two rolling chairs for Sea Breeze. If so, the bequests, when available, would be duplicating effort already made, and would in no case fulfill the purpose of the testator. Most wills involving large gifts for public purposes are made when the giver hopes, even if he does not expect, to live many years. Under these circumstances an unelastic plan may, if executed, prove the maximum of inefficiency. Why, then, attempt to fit future resources to present needs? Is it not wiser to trust the spending of the legacy without condition to those whom the testator knows and likes? That depends upon the practice of the individual or agency one aims to help. If the amount of the gift is small, the possible evil that might result from inefficient giving may be so small as to be safely ignored; but if the amount is large enough to change the current of the beneficiary's life, the efficient testator will give in a way that will in all likelihood increase, not decrease, the beneficiary's welfare. The father who wants to keep his fortune in the family, ought to be able to give in such a way that the family will not promptly deprive itself of that fortune; a mother who loves her son so dearly that she cannot disinherit him, ought to be able to avoid encouraging him to disinherit and outlaw himself; a contributor wishing to continue indefinitely his annual gift of \$500 to a trade school, ought to be able to prevent a legacy of \$12,500 being swallowed the first year by deficit. The injunction, "Do not

look a gift horse in the mouth" does not apply to givers.

What a charitable or educational agency will probably do with bequests can be discovered. If its current receipts are regularly below its current expenses there is every reason to believe that a legacy will be used, all at once or gradually, to meet the deficit, unless the interest on the bequest is sufficient to fill in the gap. If deficits are the exception rather than the rule, it is important to learn how former legacies were used: whether for sumptuous offices, Indian festivals during seasons of surplus, much needed additions to equipment, improvements in standards of service, experiments of vast consequence, or merely piling up a sterile surplus. It is probable that future legacies that impose no obligation on the recipient will be treated like the unrestricted legacies of the past. If the efficient will-maker decides that he prefers to share for all time in a society's work, he may stipulate that the principal shall remain intact, the interest only to be used. This often acts like a total abstinence pledge, a reminder in time of weakness of one's past intention when not under temptation. The efficient giver will impose no condition on the use of the interest beyond possibly a period of five or twenty-five years, during which he may reasonably expect that conditions will not have so changed as to make the stipulated work unnecessary. No efficient giver will subsidize a demand for distress, putting bounties on wolf-scalps when all wolves have been exterminated except those especially reared to earn the bounty.

Feeling that most testators have a desire, however vague, to perpetuate their coöperation, some societies provide in by-laws that all legacies, even when unrestricted, shall be placed at once in a reserve or endowment fund. Thus sometimes an unrestricted legacy becomes a restricted legacy by act of the beneficiary society; for example, the James C. Carter Fund, the interest to be used in promoting some distinctly civic effort, such

as securing adequate milk inspection, or proper administration of public baths. The floating or unrestricted fund known as endowment or reserve, made up of legacies or fragments of legacies received during twenty or fifty years, is safer when reserved for emergencies only and protected by by-laws as well as by tradition against hasty action. If a month's notice be required to draw upon the reserve fund other means will often be found of meeting what at first seemed an emergency. If after due consideration an emergency still confronts the society, or an exceptional opportunity to invest a legacy in the kind of happiness the testator wanted his gift to provide, many societies use their reserve. Relief societies, for example, often believe that their deceased benefactors would not wish them to refuse to relieve families in urgent need so long as there is one dollar of the unconditioned legacies left. Many hospitals would feel it an affront to the memory of their benefactors to put surplus revenue in the bank instead of into the fight against conditions that cause sickness and deplete vitality.

Conditioned or restricted legacies are in disfavor with many trustees. To them it seems inconsistent, to be interested enough in a college to leave it \$250,000 and at the same time to distrust its ability to spend the money when and where most needed. But it happens that large gifts are quite as apt to be due to regard for the college name or its past management as for its present directors. It is definite tradition, not an uncertain future, that the alumnus wishes to endow. He intrusts interest only, restricting and perpetuating the principal, not because he lacks confidence in the trustees, but because he would rather give a ninety-nine year lease than a quit-claim deed. Many of us subscribe to a magazine we do not wish to buy outright, and trust a broker to buy stocks selected by us when we would not trust him to select the stock itself. Opposed as they are to gifts with a string tied to them, trustees generally

manage to be sincerely grateful for annuities, but they respectfully petition you not to tie the annuity to any purpose that is not capable of re-definition as time may change needs and resources for meeting needs. A serviceable qualifying clause for restricted bequests would be, — "Whenever the need herein provided for shall have disappeared, or when responsibility for meeting it may be placed on some other agency better equipped to meet it, the annuity may be used for educational purposes in connection with the work conducted at that time by the beneficiary."

Because true affection for a society's name and work accounts for most bequests for public purposes, testators will continue to leave the spending of both interest and principal to the judgment of beneficiaries. Men and women who have themselves as trustees suffered the torments of uncertain income will continue to feel that they qualify their generosity by restricting a legacy, — too much like inviting a private detective to oversee a lunch party. Such loyal friends may safeguard their bequests and the traditions they love against the aggressive, money-spending minority known to be on every board, by asking that for ten, twenty-five, or fifty years the disposition of the capital be explained to friends of the society in successive annual reports. For example:—

C. C. Smith Memorial Fund, — \$50,000 — 1885; intact. Interest used for five Smith Fellowships.

Mary J. Walker Legacy, — \$152,500 — 1903; \$100,000 remaining in General Endowment. \$50,000 consumed in spreading broadcast the knowledge that bone tuberculosis is due to consumption; that it can be prevented; that it can be cured by out-of-door salt air treatment. Fund of \$250,000 raised for the first American Seaside Hospital presented to New York City in 1907.

William Anderson Legacy, — \$75,000; consumed for office building, 1903, that produces no revenue.

Helen Pullman Legacy, — \$300,000; consumed for office building, 1903.

Legacies A — M, aggregating \$37,800; consumed to meet annual deficits.

Legacies N — V, — \$50,000; used for dressing room.

James Read Legacy, — \$1000; used for portrait of giver.

In Memoriam N. D. \$100,000; half consumed to erect laboratory; \$50,000 invested; interest used in publishing facts as to preventable infant mortality.

In addition to the moral support such a restriction would give the trustees in time of need, is the incalculable advantage of compelling a policy of complete frankness between the board of managers and the solicited, prospective will-maker.

The road to efficiency in will-making is smoother when one has not yet made up his mind just what societies to help, and has no personal reasons for making the efficiency test seem out of place. Then most men will be grateful for fair answers to the one definite question in their minds, — "What are the worthy charities?" Unless we break that question up into parts, or unless their lawyer or consulting expert "factors" it, the Goodness Fallacy and Inefficiency will make most wills, and other soup kitchens or bread lines will be started where testators hoped to encourage industry. There is an ever-increasing class of men and women able to make large bequests, and willing to make them if shown how. Accustomed to apply the effectiveness test to investments during life, they come to believe sincerely with Professor Sumner that "the next most pernicious thing to vice is charity in its broad sense." They distrust emotional appeals. They wish to picture to themselves the probable results of their giving, and may be pardoned for preferring something distinctive, expressive of their personality, or at least assurance that their message shall not be misinterpreted, and that no business principle shall be violated. They have a right to expect that societies seeking

their coöperation will welcome business-like questions necessary to insure efficiency in giving. More givers of this class would undoubtedly be forthcoming if societies would anticipate questions, forecast the needs in their own fields, and persistently offer opportunity to buyers.

What then does a business man mean by worthy charity? Among other things he means that which is worth while, not superfluous, well-managed, efficient, an investment that pays no less than the current rate of interest, and declares an occasional special dividend. Besides its practice with regard to endowment, he desires to know — although he may not be familiar enough with details to formulate questions — the extent to which the charity recognizes the partnership of its contributors and the public; whether it studies and learns from its own experience; whether it gladly modifies its policy and technique to fit changing needs; what portion of the community's work it does; whether it can easily be spared; its relative efficiency as compared with other charities doing the same work; what needs its plans for the future disclose. To answer these questions requires study, it is true. Here is a place for the business doctor, or for the prospective giver or his lawyer to turn diagnostician. It rests with societies that pray for bequests to accustom prospective will-makers to demand statements of fact, rather than expressions of personal preference, from those asked for advice. What graft is more reprehensible than that of educational and other benevolent agencies which use a lawyer's influence, rather than his intelligence or their own facts, to get bequests?

In default of reports and diagnosticians the following suggestions may be of service in making bequests for amounts small or large:—

1. Unless one cares, — can give himself with his gift, — leave it to the public treasury, where it will probably do less harm than if left to charity or education.
2. If one cares, let him make sure that

his gift will relieve, not increase, a burden. Do not give an elephant to a peasant, or an automobile to a push-cart merchant.

3. Insert no inelastic condition.

4. If temporary restrictions are to be imposed, give to the least popular or less popular rather than the most popular aspect of the beneficiaries' work. A relief society needs its need for coal quite as much as the coal; to relieve it of the need and the need's appealing power may reduce its total contributions by many times the value of the coal.

5. To specify of a legacy that its income shall not be used for salaries or other expenses of management may invite waste and inefficiency. It requires money to spend money efficiently.

6. To give specifically for salaries and management will often convert an inefficient into an efficient society, and enable it to increase the community's interest in its work; many societies fail for want of a hearing.

7. Accompany unrestricted legacies by a request for an annual accounting for the principal, through the first ten, twenty-five, or fifty years.

8. No society should be encouraged to prefer a surplus to service rendered. A work deficit is infinitely more dangerous and discreditable than a fiscal deficit.

9. The presumption is strongly in favor of a society's dependence upon the public for the major portion of its support. Do not debauch posterity or send a fatted calf to a prodigal son.

10. Endowed brains can readily be adapted to changing needs; brick and mortar cannot.

The large giving of recent years has sought educational opportunities. If the Carnegie libraries seem an exception, it must be remembered that each library is given on condition that books shall be forever accessible. Our universities and colleges are adding to equipment and endowment by leaps and bounds. In this prosperity charitable agencies have not participated largely, owing to the double

conviction that the most efficient giving is for education, and that charitable work and education are mutually exclusive. An agency that is not called a school, college, or university, is not considered educational. The man who teaches outside of school walls is not called an educator. From this confusion of means with purpose it happens that the educational value of teaching done by civic, charitable, and religious organizations is not properly recognized. The new interest awakened by their teaching redounds, not to their own financial benefit, but to that of schools and colleges. As a matter of fact, much work done by colleges and schools is not educational and is charity. Too frequently research finds out nothing and schooling fails to educate, while the charity budgets, including free scholarships not earned but given, of Harvard, Pennsylvania, Vassar, and Smith, are larger than that of any relief society in New York City. The student whose wealthy father pays \$150 for instruction that costs \$500 is no less an object of charity than a woman who is paid \$2 in a relief bureau for making a garment worth only \$1; the mother who does that sewing is taking part in an educational process just as truly as is the college student.

The times call for endowments, not of things and names of things, whether charity, hospital, or college, but of truth.

Whatever the name of its beneficiary, no endowment can be truly educational that does not perpetually facilitate the application of truth to man's environment, in order that obstacles to human happiness shall progressively decrease, and opportunity for development toward happiness progressively increase. Of what avail to care for a few hundred infants at the seashore, if we are to send them back to an unclean milk supply that causes the death of thousands during the summer months. One bequest recently received by a hospital that is known to have a large surplus income might have established a fund for loans on personal credit or

wages, or the after treatment of hospital patients, or financed the national crusades against tuberculosis and child labor or child neglect for one whole year. To correct the evils of ignorance, bad business judgment, and disregard of the rights of tenants to healthful and decent surroundings, the facts learned by one efficient tenement house inspector, properly used, would accomplish more than a block of model tenements. Proper use is incompatible with burying such important facts as "at the present rate it will be over eighty-six years before the work of lighting the interior rooms is completed." One thousand dollars spent in proving the need for official attention to the physical welfare of school children will pay larger dividends than \$1,000,000 spent in a child's hospital. From \$350 to \$500 per school-child is spent during the years from seven to fourteen because we believe in universal education; from the years fourteen to seventy universal education is left to chance, sensationalism, and methods antagonistic to or incompatible with true education and efficient citizenship.

Efficient citizenship, which is, after all, what college presidents and editors mean when they talk of good citizenship, is not

possible without more information than we have to-day. To subsidize instruction in good citizenship and in civilization will accomplish less at this particular time than to subsidize research for facts registering the efficiency of our present civilization. Large endowments are needed to analyze budgets and to advertise community needs, establish fact centres for every group desiring to make to-morrow better than to-day.

A great service would be rendered if some philanthropist, seeking to crystalize our best analysis of past experience, should offer prizes for the best plan for using endowments of fifty thousand, five hundred thousand, and five million. These prizes should be large enough to entice the most capable students, and numerous enough to interest every city and every state. At least one prize should go to every state, for a plan best fitting local and state needs. Two or three or five general prizes might be given for papers superior in principle, as well as in technique of presentation. When local, state, and national needs are placed under observation and criticism, we shall not be so unprepared to dispose efficiently of large and small endowments as we seem to be at present.

LANDLESS MEN

BY E. S. JOHNSON

KLINGEL'S PATCH was bathing, talking, and eating supper. The wooden houses were full of bustle and merriment, and the open windows shared each room's clamor with the street. Men of the night-shift had gone to the shaft an hour ago; they were cutting coal by this time. The day-shift, the foundrymen, the women, and children, sought companionship and the gayety of warm April weather.

Jonas Mauditis, a Lithuanian, farmer

by birth and huckster by his American profession, occupied one of the best houses on the street. Supper was late, and Jonas filled the time with discourse. The agent of whom he rented No. 218 had that day levied upon the furniture for arrears of income. It was a familiar situation, but the subject was one of which the head of the house never tired. Ignatz Marovaikas, the boarder, was away at work; Antonina, her mother, and

two grinning, silent lads in mine-black, made a pleasing audience.

"In Russia," Jonas began, "I paid no rent. I had my house and my fifteen acres. But I would not go for a soldier, nor have my sons soldiers; and anyway, there was not rye enough on my farm to make bread for as many as dwelt in my house. Now here I have no rye, but much money. I came to this country to be better off. Do you think I will pay rent so long as I have a nice cart to carry our things in? Is it what I came to this America for? No, no."

"The police were here to-day, — two of them, because it was two months' rent." Mrs. Mauditis cut the cabbage-head in half with one drive of the knife, and smiled blandly. In her placid, leisurely way she was preparing supper.

"Very good," nodded the head of the family. "This is Friday. Five days from Friday is Tuesday, — it gives all the Sunday to look about in, without wasting time from our jobs."

Joszie and Petrukas ran out into the shed.

"Some day," spoke Antonina from behind the ironing-board, "you will get the beds and tables sold."

"Not for five days can they touch one stick or one kettle."

"But every time the police come they make a list," the girl objected.

"Let them." Mauditis slapped his thigh. "In this country, see, they are of no account, harmless as rabbits. I am not afraid to let the police have lists of all my goods, in America. So long as I have Rasa, old gray Rasa with the cut-off tail, and a wagon for him to pull, my goods remain mine. So long as the nights have their darkness, my goods remain mine. Hoh, the police!"

"Something will come of it yet."

Her father surveyed the sleek brown head and flushed face pityingly.

"As soon as I came to this country, *dukteri*, our people told me about the Laws. One has Rights. Each person has them, and it is in everybody's mouth

that you can hold them away from other people by means of the law. I put myself, see, to wisdom. And by means of the Laws, it is assured to me that if once my furniture is out of one house, and under another roof, it is wholly mine once more, and *that* debt is paid!"

"So you say," his wife put in. She was a short, stout, easy-going woman, and played the part of on-looker in her own family.

"I do not like it!" cried Antonina, jerking a flatiron vehemently up and down the folds of a sheet. "Do others of our people live this way? No. Besides, Ignatz says it is a bad thing. And Ignatz, see, has lived in America nine years."

"Ignatz does not like? Precious, precious! Marije, how can a woman get supper so slowly? — Well, very simple, too. He knows that I make a sweet profit on his board, better than other boarding-bosses, because I have no rent to pay."

"I went to a ball, and a fellow who was drunk mocked at me, and Ignatz had to lick him because he said you were a 'deh biet.' Now I cannot bear those things."

The pretty flushed face over the ironing-board was wet with angry tears. Antonina was small and well-knit, quick in her movements, gray-eyed, blond, and rosy with the freshness of good health at eighteen.

"Trash!" said Jonas. He smiled complacently. "So long as I own a house and farm in one part of the world, shall I pay rent to some other man to let me live in his? Certainly not. I come here to make money."

"Wages," said Mrs. Mauditis, "are grand in this America."

The cabbage was ready; she thrust it into the fish-kettle on the stove.

"I am not a Jew: he need not think I have nowhere to go, nowhere in the world to stay! Maybe he has never owned a farm in his life, while mine has always belonged to my grandfathers, back and back. Hoh! Should I, Jonas Mauditis, pay my money to a thief like that?"

He dashed out into the shed, where the boys were raising an uproar.

Mrs. Maudit stood, iron spoon in hand, arms akimbo, and looked long at the girl. Sympathy, or at least concern, was evident in her face.

"He will not let you marry Ignatz," she said finally.

Antonina shook her head; words did not help matters.

"It will be yes and no, yes and no. It will be off and on and off again. Ignatz is a good boarder. But even Ignatz will lose his patience some time. He will give you up some time."

Antonina sobbed.

"He will get him another girl; no man could stand all this moving and chasing."

"Let him!" flashed Jonas's daughter. "I can get me, maybe, another man. They are ten to one girl in this town, among our people. Let him go!"

"Still, Ignatz, you see, is a good fellow. He would make a kind man for you, and he does not drink. Well, well. — But you will lose him. Your father is only teasing him along."

"Let him go when he likes," Antonina repeated, turning away to hide the stinging tears.

"He has been our boarder fourteen months now, and moved six times."

"I never asked him to," the girl murmured. "He came because he chose to, I suppose."

"Well, a man will do much for a girl, when he is mad to be married with her. But not forever. It wears off."

Antonina spread a starched apron and stretched the snowy hem with care before she answered.

"He says he likes to live with us. He says he likes the food; because a peddler's family often have to eat up all the things that were not sold from the cart, and that gives variety."

"He is not comfortable," returned the mother placidly. "He moves six times; how could a man be comfortable —"

Antonina shrugged. "I do not pity him."

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"Well, I do. But he likes to talk to you in the afternoons, after he has had his sleep. He likes that. Your father is out selling, and Joszie and Petrukas are never seen around the house, even when they are not working in the mine. Other houses are crowded with babies and children all day long."

A slow smile crept about the corners of the girl's lips; a pink flush mantled to her hair. Those quiet afternoons had left their memories with another than Ignatz.

"It is his own affair where he boards."

"You say that, girl. But when he gets another one, and you hear them read off in church on Sunday for the first time, you will be angry. Men are that way, and girls are that way."

"Then I will hurry and forget." The flatiron ploughed up and down, up and down, with more violence than cunning. Presently the muslin stuck with the starch. Antonina shrugged and smote her bare foot upon the floor impatiently. "We move to another town, maybe?"

"If your father tells me where we go I will tell you, and you can whisper it to your man."

"Not whisper," the girl affirmed.

The older woman looked up sharply; she made as if to speak, then, upon second thought, was silent. Family discipline as practiced by the matrons of her world had always seemed beyond her gifts; and it did not now occur to her to undertake her daughter's struggle against destiny.

The next morning was Saturday. Jonas was off with his cart and his old horse Rasa before daylight. Ignatz Marovaikas came home at six, breakfasted, washed, and went to his own room. As by common consent, mother and daughter said nothing about moving.

Saturday passed, and Sunday. Antonina was alone in the house on Sunday evening when Ignatz came in from a stroll. Life looked rather long and dreary to her just then. She had cried a little, and her lashes were still tear-wet. Marovaikas, pleasantly tired after a day of idleness, noticed nothing unusual. He

loafed about in the warm lamplight, hands in pockets, talking commonplaces.

"I cut myself to-day when I shaved," he remarked. He took the bracket lamp from its hoop, and held it low to study his face the more carefully in the square mirror against the cupboard door. "Um, — Well, not so bad as I thought. Still, it shows, see. On Wednesday I will get a good mirror for my room, and nail it up between the windows where there is light."

Ignatz was a good-looking fellow, though undersized. Moreover, his best clothes were made to measure by an Irish tailor on Main Street.

"You will?" the girl repeated. A sob unaccountably came after.

The room was dim, so that Antonina looked pretty when she wept. Ignatz made haste to offer the primal comfort, a wire-hard shoulder to cry upon.

Commonly, Jonas's daughter repulsed such civilities; but to-night she leaned upon him, yielding, clinging with tender fingers, sobbing with a quick little catch of the breath. Antonina was eighteen, good to look at, wholesome to the touch. Dreams that had lain half dreamed in Ignatz's brain woke, and began to stir and dominate his thoughts.

"I supposed, a year ago, that we —"

Antonina listened motionless, breath-holden.

"— that we would be married before this Easter."

The girl sighed.

"And Easter is three weeks gone, now."

It was too true; Antonina could not dispute it.

"Instead of marriage, I — well, I keep finding out where you move to."

"But you know how my father is!" she cried. "He is terrible to persuade; he will not see reason unless he wants to."

"Run away," said Ignatz. His voice sounded hoarse and distant to his own ears.

"But still I remember that he is my father."

"Forget to remember, then."

Yet Jonas's daughter, while clinging to her lover with more vehement affection than ever before, was still true to the old-world notion of a father's rights. To break with Ignatz utterly would break her heart. To leave Ignatz behind without a word, when the midnight flitting should take place, was almost as bad. Nevertheless, Antonina committed herself to nothing. Jonas remained lord paramount in his household, and his word gave the family law.

Monday passed at the Mauditis house without event. Jonas came home at half-past six, singing to old Rasa in his glee over an uncommonly good day's business. Silver jingled in the peddler's pockets as he bent to untie the flap of the tent which served as a stable. He led the old gray carefully up on the raised flooring and removed the harness. Jonas was fond of animals. He scratched the rough head and slapped the scrawny neck, humming a song.

"You 'ungree, 'oss?" he inquired in English. "Much eat, I guess, to-night. To-day much work. Aw-right. I give you lots, because tired, maybe. Very damn ol' you be, Dew'rop. Hoh!"

From a padlocked chest in the yard Jonas produced oats and an armful of hay. The old horse ate, neck stretched, knees bent awkwardly. His master brought a pailful of water and spoke in the Lithuanian language while he waited.

"There are five house-bosses in this town, — only five, see! I have fooled them all; one I have fooled twice. Ninety-four dollars saved on four men!"

Dewdrop munched.

"But there comes an end. Six times the five house-bosses prepare to sell my beds and chairs, and we fooled them, you and I. I hired a good house each time by signing a mark on a paper. But now that we have used up all the house-bosses, what are we to do?"

Dewdrop blew a great breath in the oat-box.

"Hoh! You will learn my language yet, you English horse! Well, I tell you.

We went about all day Sunday till we found a house that was bossed by the owner. We move ourselves. The name of the town is a secret for the present. Naturally, you will have to work to-night. I hope you are not very tired?"

The peddler tramped into the house. His family sat about, waiting for orders. Ignatz, of course, was at work.

"I have a house, a very nice house," Jonas announced, beaming. "Twelve dollars a month, and the water in the kitchen this time."

"Where?" inquired Joszie.

"Five miles only. It is very convenient for the streets where I make my trade."

"New jobs?" suggested Petrukas, cheerfully.

"For you boys, yes. Work for boys is easy to come at."

"*Noru*" (I like), said Joszie.

"*Gerai*," Petrukas assented. The brothers relapsed into their grinning silence.

"We leave Ignatz behind, this time. He has a good chamber now in his mine. It would be bad business to give it up. And our new place would be seven miles from his work. Too far, that. We can get another boarder easily."

"How many rooms? Is there a —"

"Just like a woman! Oh, dear, dear, dear, hear her! Why fuss about it? — And you, girl."

"There comes to me nothing to say," responded Antonina, quite literally.

"Aha! You mourn, that is all. Well, that was a wonderful piece of trading I did about that house. I signed the paper and paid one dollar, but first I talked that priest down, down, from sixteen dollars a month. Anybody can fool a German, — pah! But come, come! Supper first. Then we pack up. Then we place our things in the wagon. Then we move. Haste, hard work, industry, — that's life! Give me some coffee. Yes. Spry, now, all of you!"

On Tuesday morning, Ignatz came home at five o'clock to a house deserted, fireless. The door-key dangled by a string from the knob; the door stood ajar. The

spring dusk showed the kitchen empty. The table was gone, and the chairs and holy pictures. The chimney-hole grinned blackly, and a little dust of soot upon the floor showed where the pipe had come away.

A crumpled newspaper lay in one corner. Ignatz tore strips from it, rolled them into tapers, and mechanically reached to the clock shelf for the match-box. It was not there, but three matches laid carefully end to end met his fingers.

The man sighed. He was tired, and Antonina was a good girl and did not forget. If he could settle her in a home of his own, and dwell in fixity for more than a month, how gentle life would be! He lighted one of the paper strips and looked about him till he found the candle end. Antonina always left a light for him in these movings; it had happened before.

By the winking flame, the miner searched the four rooms and the shed. Usually there were signs and messages concerning things Jonas wanted done, business transactions, and the like.

To-day, an empty milk bottle, three tickets, and six cents, were upon the kitchen window ledge. That meant the payment of arrears to the milkman; for Jonas was honest, in his way.

Upstairs, Ignatz found his clothing undisturbed. In the pocket of his Sunday coat jingled some silver, — a dollar and eighty-five cents. The boarder counted it twice before its import dawned upon him. Jonas was going farther afield than usual, and did not expect to carry his lodger with him; hence the credit balance was to be refunded. A scrap of paper dangling from his waistcoat button supplemented the message: it bore the name Dolgorski, and the Dolgorskis lived four doors down the alley.

Tub there was none, nor soap, nor hot water. Ignatz removed his sooty shirt and scrubbed off at the hydrant in the yard, shivering in the April chill. Thrifty housewives were astir in neighboring back yards, and Mrs. Szaltas amiably offered a snowy towel over the line fence.

Mrs. Szaltas also leaned upon the chicken coop, asked questions, and offered sympathy, while Ignatz mopped head and torso.

"They left me four times already, just like this," the homeless one concluded; "and twice, other times, they told me where to come after them. Sometimes two months in one house, sometimes three. Then I go board in some other place again till I find them. Then I go back. Then once more they skip with the furniture by night. And it is all to do over. I have been in seven houses with them in one year."

"God, how much work it makes, to clean seven new houses a year!" breathed Mrs. Szaltas, awe-stricken.

"They always pick out good houses," sighed the abandoned member of the family. "But I, myself, would rather have a cheaper house, and pay, and stop going. They do not feel it so; they put the money in the bank, and are full of strength, and change, change. Nothing can stop them. I suppose I shall have a great fuss to find them, too."

"Let them go," advised the matron practically. "Stay at any house you like. Why should you chase after them?"

"She is my girl," Ignatz smiled and shook his head. "She can write, but she will not. She says if I do not find her it is all the same; she will get another man, and I can get me another girl. But I do not choose to be forgotten."

"God, God, what an idea!" The brown face of the older woman wrinkled with sly laughter. "What a witch!"

Ignatz shrugged.

"She leads you by the whiskers, does n't she? Oh, these girls in America!"

Ignatz caressed his upper lip. "Right. But my time will come. And when it comes, then I command and she listens. She is a good little one, that of mine. She says she is worth some trouble to a man, and myself I think so."

"I wash to-day," said the matron, extending a thick arm for the towel. "Go and get some clothes on your chest; it is

cold in the dew. I will give you a breakfast, but you can't board with me because my house is full already. Dolgorskis, though, have a place for one man."

Marovaikas went in and dressed himself in clean clothing. There were no beds left, and he had done a laborer's work besides his own the past night. He threw himself upon the clean boards of his bedroom and slept till noon.

For the rest of the week, Ignatz lived at the Dolgorski house. He was as cheerful as ever, and laughed with the neighborhood over his predicament. None the less, an upright furrow deepened between his brows, as noon by noon he clad himself in second-best, and went out to walk the streets.

For a long time he had no clue. Marovaikas reckoned the chances wearily, and summed up twenty towns and "patches" within easy driving distance of the peddler's customers. It was a long quest. The country was so thickly settled, the "patches" took so little account of one family more or less, that Jonas Mauditis might move and move again before one could overtake him.

In one particular only did the young man systematize his search. The twenty towns had among them eight Lithuanian churches. Ignatz himself went to church on Christmas and Easter, or occasionally between times. But with the Christian certainty that Antonina never missed mass, the young man began to address himself to weekly religion in good earnest.

What with eight-o'clock mass, ten-o'clock mass, Benediction at half past three, Ignatz spent four hours of his first Sunday actually inside the doors of a church, and time unmeasured in traveling twice to Slaterville and back. Of course he had chosen the wrong town. Evening found him cross and resolute. It was a dreadful bore for a worldling; but sooner or later he would find Antonina by her infernal habit of church-going.

On the sixth Sunday, and with the sixth church, the abandoned lover expe-

rienced a distinct loss of courage. The weary hour between first and second mass must be yawned through on the steps of a closed store, among strangers, with the emptiness of a strange street in a strange town drawn out east and west before him. Ignatz had come home from the mine at two o'clock that morning, and Mrs. Dolgorski had called him at six in order that he might get an early train. Perching there upon the sill of Miliauckas's Shoe Parlors, his trouser legs drawn prudently upward to save the creases at the knees, the young man questioned whether girls were worth while.

Then—the world changed. Antonina Mauditis, with Joszie and Petrukas half a step behind her, turned into the long street. She was pale and a little worn. She carried a prayer-book, and beads that were wound into a ball inside her handkerchief; she was going to second mass.

The night-shift does not work on Sunday evenings, and by ten o'clock Marovaikas had moved for the eighth time, and established himself and his trunk in the latest Mauditis domicile. The family were unfeignedly glad to see him. Antonina bloomed and dimpled ravishingly, though her welcome was of an extreme reserve. Life settled comfortably into its old groove.

Sixteen days later, Ignatz walked up the hill from the trolley line in the dewy coolness of a June morning to find confusion and dismay on Rock Street. Some old mine workings, long since abandoned, had begun to cave during the night, and had disturbed the surface in places. The German priest's property was affected; a small funnel-shaped cave-hole had appeared in the gravel behind the kitchen shed, and a four-inch crevice cleft a corner of the yard.

The house itself was undamaged; it was no more endangered than at any time since it was built. Nevertheless, Jonas Mauditis and his wife had taken the catastrophe very seriously. Their fur-

niture was marshaled in the dooryard. Mrs. Mauditis, with bitter tears and imprecations, was packing a trunkful of clothes. Jonas strode up and down the path to the gate, calling his neighbors to witness the danger in which he stood, and firmly avowing his intention to leave without paying the German priest any rent.

Ignatz shouldered his way through between spectators and bedsteads, and went into the kitchen. Antonina was there, beside the fireless stove. Forgetful of his sooty clothes, she sprang to meet him, and clung sobbing.

"I would not go away, not till you came! I told them I would not. I kept the stove hot as long as there was any wood left, and they could not load it. They did n't know why it stayed hot so long. Oh, Ignatz, Ignatz, at least you are here. You can move with us this time, can't you?"

"A cave is nothing," Marovaikas assured her. "Lots of people do not mind a cave. There is no danger, if you put the fire out so the house will not catch."

"Oh, but I am so tired, so tired! And I am afraid to stay."

"Maybe it will never cave again. And if it begins, pretty one, there is lots of time. If you worked in the mines you would know that a cave on the surface is just nothing. It can't kill you."

"But my father is frightened! Even he, see. He says he will move all the time rather than fall through the ground. He will move to —"

The front door of the house opened rudely. Heavy footsteps, and breathing, like that of men who carry loads, sounded through the hall. Two policemen of the city force tramped in, bearing the kitchen table. A man in brown clothes with a constable's shield on his waistcoat thrust a patent rocking-chair into the corner. A stout man in Roman collar and clerical black stood in the hall and rumbled orders to three Germans, brawny fellows, who passed dismembered bedsteads in at second-story windows.

"What's de matter?" Ignatz inquired of the bluecoat, in his best English.

The intonation was frankly Irish-American, and the girl was pretty; the officer replied with more civility than he usually accorded to "for'ners," —

"You dares n't move to-day, that's all. Father Rinkstein says you dares n't."

"I ain't anxious to," Marovaikas responded, grinning wickedly, with a flash of white teeth sharp against the blackness of his face. He tightened an arm aggressively about Antonina's waist. "I'm fixed pretty good for the day, I guess."

The officer guessed so. Antonina blushed exceedingly, but made no effort to go free. The constable retreated. The other policeman spoke haltingly: —

"It's the rent."

"Well, I ain't the man that owes it. You want to see *him* about it. Youse get outer here, please: I want to talk to this here lady."

The intruders withdrew. While they were busied in other parts of the house, the boarder opened his great subject.

"This is once too many, Antonina. See, I want to get married."

"I am only eighteen now," she sighed. "Wait three years. Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"But I am not willing to wait," Ignatz pronounced. "And as for moving to another house, I said before and I say now that this was the last time. Here we stay. Here we have the wedding. Or I go to British Columbia and end the affair."

"I should be sorry," Antonina admitted, studying the floor.

"There is no reason why your father should not listen to me. Only he has made up his mind that he can keep me always by means of you. And that has come to an end."

"We treat you badly, Ignatz."

"Yes. So now it has got to stop."

"You mean — Oh, but I wish there were no laws in this country. Without a license the priest cannot marry us, and you know *he* went to the government long ago, and told them not to give us that pa-

per because I was too young. You know how it was when we tried, Ignatz; I remember. They laughed so, all those men. Oh, the wretched day! So how can I do anything but wait to grow older?"

"It can be done if you will show courage, though. Not without."

"To run away? But no priest will marry you without a letter from your own priest."

Ignatz laughed. "So! Were you finding out, eh? You asked, maybe?"

"The priest told me so, my last confession, without asking. I guess my father had been after him too, for it was a dreadful scolding!"

"Jonas is a fox," the suitor admitted, shaking his head in grudging admiration. "All law, law; since he came to America he is always hunting after some law or other, and making it serve him."

A few great tears gathered and rolled down Antonina's cheeks. Ignatz threw an arm across her shoulders and kissed her.

"The mayor marries people. So does a squire," he said persuasively.

Jonas's daughter drew back with a jerk.

"There! There!" she cried. "What marriage is that? A deadly sin. You are no good Catholic, Ignatz Marovaikas, to dare think of such wickedness."

"Well, no," the wooer agreed. "Maybe I am not, though I have been to church a good deal lately. What I want is to be married; and if the priest won't earn his pay by doing it for me, I look around for a man who will. Very reasonable."

"No, no, no!" cried the girl vehemently, and smote away his hands.

The man laughed, then sighed.

"Very well," he assented. "It will be a waste of money, a very wicked waste of money. There is one other way. I can afford it if I have to. I have been expecting this trouble. I have been finding out what I could do for a whole week. Listen, you."

And then, with whispers and due caution, and many glances backward at the

open windows of the house, Ignatz discoursed high treason, law, and strategy to Jonas Mauditis's daughter. Their plan was made.

The koszes stood hot and waiting upon the fire that evening when Jonas came home, at seven o'clock. He fed Dewdrop, then bustled into the house, all confidence and self-gratulation.

"Precious, precious! A priest is not harder to fool in business than any other man, for all the robes look so fine, and send the cold chills down your back when you see him sailing about in them in the altar Sundays. God, a priest's only a common man when it comes to money questions. If anything, I say he is easier to cheat than wicked people because he supposes we all respect him too much to dare try it. But I'm a match for him, I, Jonas!"

"The police were here again this afternoon," Mrs. Mauditis contributed.

"They wrote down everything in the house, even the frying-pans and the cups," piped Joszie, removing a black rye-crust from his mouth to speak. "They never did that before. Maybe these police are smarter than any of those others."

"They looked smarter," Antonina added, a curious glint in her usually mild eyes.

But Jonas was above all warnings. He waved aside all doubts.

"Let us eat and have done with it," he said. "I have found another house, not so very far off. It is better than this, too, and not caving into the mines. Eat a good supper; then we will take out the fire a second time and let the stove cool, and begin to pack."

A step sounded in the shed. The door opened, and Ignatz came in. Jonas looked at him with cunning amusement.

"Hoh! You have no job to-night, boy? Why are you not at work?"

"I am not lazy, Jonas. You will find that I can do plenty, if it is necessary."

"God, he is not going to be left behind, cat-fashion, another time! The boy is smart, a keen fellow! Your health could not stand another spell of church-going, Ignatz. It would be terribly hard on you. Hoh, Ignatz chasing to three masses on Sunday, the pirate!"

"Sit down and eat with us," spoke Jonas's daughter, eyes downcast.

"I ate what was in my can. I am not hungry."

"Well, I am," bubbled Jonas, all eagerness. "I have a right to be, too. I have saved two months' rent on the priest, and all the kindling-wood that lay in the shed into the bargain. I'm glad to move, now that the place is falling into the mines. Good, holy man, Christ save him! I'll teach him how to be a house-boss. I'll move every match and button out of the place before daylight, see."

"Do you think so?" questioned Ignatz composedly.

"Nothing will happen. I know the laws. He will not come here and sit and watch the things from now till selling time. Maybe, if he was a sharp man, he might guess the plan I have made, and watch, and have me sent to jail for cheating. But no. He sleeps on the deepest feather tick in town. No danger."

The meal drew on, Mauditis himself talking continuously. Ignatz sat in the rocking-chair by the window. The women's conversation turned forebodingly upon soap powders and insecticides.

"Jonas, why don't you let me get married on your girl, there?" demanded the boarder suddenly, in English.

Mauditis stopped in mid-flow; his mouth fell open.

"I want her. She wants me. Now I want to fix it up in a hurry."

"Yes," said Mrs. Mauditis. "Better talk our language, though."

"She is young, young. Three or four years yet."

"I won't wait."

"Neither will I!" cried Antonina.

"Mother of God! Does a girl talk that way to me when I have given her

her living free all these years? Is n't it time she worked and earned me some money? Well, well! God, she is impudent to her old father!"

"Forty-six years old last Christmas," supplemented his wife.

"That is all talk," Ignatz told him squarely.

"No such thing. No, no! I need her this moment. Antonina, wash these dishes. Then carry the chairs out to my wagon. You hear? Be spry. I will move out of here before midnight."

"Not move!"

"Yes, I say!"

"You will not move. Alone, you can go if you choose. The things you brought here are held for two months' rent, twenty-three dollars; you paid one dollar at the beginning."

Jonas sputtered. "Me? Me not go? Why? Who will stop me? Hoh!"

"The house-boss will stop you," said Marovaikas very quietly. He got to his feet, and stood ready. Jonas was a heavier man than he.

"The priest? Oh, *that* is the game, is it, my little spy, my dirt-sucking Russian Jew? You'll help the smart police, will you, and save the priest his money, so as to get him on your side? Very pretty! Dear, dear!"

"It needs no police. I am not an informer. And you know if you are looking at me that I am a good enough fighter to lick you, single!"

Combat was the very elixir of life to Jonas. He came up heavily, eyes wild, arm unready from surprise at the turn affairs had taken, breath all devoted to stupendous oaths in mixed languages.

No sooner was he afoot than his prospective son-in-law felled him with a crashing blow on the mouth. Mauditis fell backwards, and struggled with his chair-legs, so that a few seconds elapsed before he was ready to continue the struggle.

The odds, curiously enough, had lengthened during those few seconds. Jonas apprehended the change in a

glance. Ignatz was armed with a mining-needle, a rapier-like rod of steel set in a wooden handle; moreover, he meant to use the tool. And behind, standing eight feet distant, with a short, shiny revolver leveled full at him, menaced his daughter, Antonina.

"I shoot you if you hit my fellow!" quavered the girl's voice in English.

"Heh?"

"Don't you hit him!"

Mauditis returned to the attack vocally, but his feet and hands unaccountably failed to assist his effort.

"Be careful, girl," warned Ignatz. "Your hand shakes; if you shoot, try to shoot low and take him in the knees. Otherwise you might kill him."

"Then you would be hung!" Jonas added briskly. "That is the law in this country, and it will happen to you. I know!"

"Come on, Jonas. Fight if you are going to."

"What was it about?" parried the huckster cannily, his glance on the mining-needle.

"Do not quarrel about a house-boss," put in Mrs. Mauditis. "We don't know him."

"Yes we do!" cried Antonina.

"I tell you I *will* move, too!" shouted Mauditis, getting his grievance again in a rush. "I *will* pack in an hour! I *will* pack in a minute! And I will put you, tied, in the bottom of the first load, you cat-spawn!"

"You will not!"

To it they flew again, fighting savagely. At the end of a minute the elder man was down, bruised and bloody, beaten, while the conqueror sat on his neck and rubbed his chin on the flooring.

"Listen," panted Ignatz. "You will not move the things away till the house-boss gets his rent. See, I am your house-boss now! I bought the house off the priest, debts and all."

"True! It is true! I saw the paper!" shrilled Antonina, bending over the disordered supper-table.

"I have — the — papers," Ignatz repeated, rhythmically enforcing his words. "I bought — this house — with my — money. Pay me — the rent. Pay —"

"How much?" cried the peddler, cruelly overwhelmed all at once. "How much did you give for it? This lot is caving into the mines."

"It was very cheap," Ignatz returned. "He was in a hurry to sell. I beat him down, too."

A hollow groan was all Jonas could utter.

"I can move the house. Or I can go to law against the coal company for damages."

"God!" screamed the victim. "I might have done it myself! I could have made much money. And I never thought of it, because I already possess one house of my own, back in the old country! Ah, a fool can make more money than a sensible man can save in a lifetime!"

"Will you — say you will — pay me?" inquired the new house-boss. The mining-needle fell with emphasis across Jonas's legs between words.

"The debt, yes. But I can never do it again. Twelve dollars a month, Ignatz, is an awful price, a cannibal's price. I will pay up, and move away, and you can rent the house to some one else."

"You will — not. You have — to stay. One year. You signed — the — lease. You stay — and you — pay. Yes, you — do. It is — the law. You — know what — law is — in America."

"Let me get up! Oh, Ignatz, my good boy, come to your senses and let me get to the doctor, quick!"

"One other thing, first."

"Yes, yes. Quickly."

"You let your girl get married on me. Hoh? You will?"

"You are the man I should pick for

her. The very man!" Jonas swore devoutly.

"Right. So it is settled?"

"Settled," cried the father.

"And the wedding will be this month, eh?"

"Settled also."

"Very good! You improve, Jonas. Now here is a fine offer for you: you live in my twelve-dollar-a-month house, and pay me no rent: I marry your girl and live in my house and pay you no board any longer. How is that?"

"Very good. Yes, Ignatz. Does that mean the two months' rent also? Or not?"

"No, that is separate. You consent?"

"Yes, I consent. Oh, my bones are sore! Marry her as soon as you like, boy. You will have a pretty wife, too. Oh, make her put down that pistol, can't you, son-in-law? Women with guns are so uncertain, — dear, dear! Yes, that's better. Oh, my poor bones, my old bones! Poor Rasa will live beyond his master, I should n't wonder."

Careless of possible reprisals, the successful wooer dropped his mining-needle. He strode over to the girl's side, put an arm around her, and gently took the pistol from her cold fingers.

"It is all right," he observed, smiling down at her. "The moving has stopped; we will live in one house now and have peace. If there is anything moved at all now, it will be the whole house on rollers, and very likely that will not happen. Kiss me, Antonina. Your father says that he will let you take me, and you can be married by the priest, after all."

But Antonina, blushing, brought out her little confession.

"I know. Still, I was going to tell you, — If he licked you — the alderman — would do about as well."

HYMN OF THE DESERT

BY M'CREADY SYKES

I

LONG have I waited their coming, the Men of the far-lying Mist-Hills
Gathered about their fires and under the kindly rains.
Not to the blazing sweep of thy Desert, oh Lord, have they turned them;
Evermore back to the Mist-Hills, back to the rain-kissed plains.

Long through the ages I waited the children of men, but they came not:
Only God's silent centuries holding their watch sublime.
Gaunt and wrinkled and gray was the withering face of thy Desert:
All in thine own good time; O Lord, in thine own good time.

II

Lo! thou hast spoken the word, and thy children come bringing the waters
Loosed from their mountain keep in the thrall of each sentinel hill.
Lord, thou hast made me young and fair at thine own waters' healing.
Pleasing and fair to mankind in the flood of thy bountiful will.

Wherefore in joy now thy children come, flying exultant and eager;
Now is thine ancient Earth remade by thy powerful word.
Lord, unto thee be the glory! Thine is the bloom of the Desert.
Hasten, oh Men of the Mist-Hills! Welcome, ye Sons of the Lord!

THE YEAR IN MEXICO

BY FREDERIC R. GUERNSEY

IN 1906, as during recent years in Mexico, all conditions, political and economic, favored the growth of the new middle class upon whom so directly depends the future welfare of the country. Indeed, the rise to a position of influence in public affairs of this new class must be a guarantee of peace and order to foreign investors, who cannot but be benefited by the existence of a fairly prosperous and comfortable, and always growing, section of the community, placed above the poorer social strata, and just below the lords of the soil and the great native cap-

italists. It is with much interest that public men in Mexico regard the emergence of this intermediate social group, destined to exert a powerfully conservative influence upon the politics of the nation.

This slowly evolving middle class has been benefited not only by the political tranquillity, the "long peace," which has prevailed since General Porfirio Diaz came into power, more than thirty years ago, but, during the past two years, by the stabilizing of the currency under the operation of the new monetary system, which has given steadiness to prices and

certainty to calculations, and thus favored the modest householder in preparing his budget, as well as the great capitalist in promoting undertakings which afford new avenues of employment to capable and ambitious young men.

All is changing in Mexico by reason of the progressiveness of the national administration,—a remarkable example of patriotic paternalism,—and also because of the presence of men of various nationalities who have introduced new methods in mining, manufacturing, tropical cultures, transportation, etc. The contagion of these examples of enterprise has begun to affect even the great landed proprietors, formerly for the most part types of an ultra-conservatism, who now take a broader view of their lives and opportunities, and do not remain haughtily apart from the general business movement.

The telegraph, the telephone, and the railway, now penetrating so many once remote corners of the land, make it possible for the owner of huge estates to reside practically the year through at the state capitals or the City of Mexico. Thus has come about a somewhat intimate contact of the great territorial lords with the modern life of the cities. No longer looking on land as the one thing worthy of a gentleman's heed, the modern *hacendado* becomes a director in a bank, or sits on the board of direction of an industrial company. He also comes into relations with the clever lawyers of the cities, with noted engineers, financiers, and other people of the modern sort, who are accomplishing much in twentieth-century Mexico.

The ownership of land will long be the ambition of all classes of Mexicans, from the *ranchero* to the well-to-do urban resident. Men of the new middle class, when they have acquired capital, often buy estates in the country. Thus they often come into touch with the old landed families, and the result is beneficial to the nation through the more general mingling of classes, of the new with the old. From the "arrived" middle-class man of

intelligence and enterprise, perhaps also of technical knowledge, the descendant of a long line of lords of the soil acquires information, comes to see that money can be invested in other ways than in mortgages and usurious loans, and learns that modern industrial undertakings have their special fascinations.

These matters have a direct bearing on the near political future of Mexico, for never before in the history of the republic have there been so many men interested in the conservation of public order. The new middle-class people have their "stake in the country," and the great landed proprietors have capital invested in undertakings which, ten or fifteen years ago, would have been regarded as out of the scope of a *hacendado's* legitimate activities.

The stability of Mexican institutions, the continued peaceful progress of the nation, are bound up with the new economic conditions and the broadening ideas of the wealthy landowners, as also with the easily understood desire of the middle-class people that there be no violent and ruinous changes.

So it is apparent that the Mexico of to-day must be considered in another light than the Mexico of the turbulent past. There are more elements that make for peace, a broader basis for a higher national edifice, room for more varied activities, a path open to talent, and the beginnings of thrift, which is a conservative force in all lands.

On Saturday, February 3, 1906, President Diaz, accompanied by Vice-President Corral, other officials of the government, and members of the diplomatic corps, as well as by Mrs. Diaz and a party of ladies, departed from the capital for Veracruz, en route to Yucatan, there to visit the recently reëlected governor, Lic. Olegario Molina. Important public edifices had just been completed at Merida, the capital of the State of Yucatan, and it was formally to inaugurate them that President Diaz was invited to visit

the Peninsula. As there is as yet no all-rail communication between Mexico City and Yucatan, President Diaz at Veracruz went aboard the national man-of-war *Bravo*. Most of the other guests sailed in the *Fürst Bismarck* of the Hamburg-Amerika Line. The stay of President Diaz in Yucatan was the occasion for a brilliant round of festivities, and elicited a grand demonstration of goodwill towards him, and of loyalty to the Mexican Union.

In by-gone times the people of Yucatan, owing in part to their isolation from the rest of the country, and in part to their economic independence,—due to the extensive and profitable commerce which their large output of henequen or sisal hemp has always enabled them to conduct with foreign parts,—were rather lukewarm in their devotion to the Mexican nationality, and at one time developed strong separatist tendencies. Again, at the time of the French intervention the Yucatecos were pronouncedly imperialistic.

These facts being borne in mind, the enthusiastic reception of President Diaz in Yucatan, and the outburst of patriotism which it elicited, take on added significance. It is not the least of the glories of his administration that his efficiency and popularity have effaced all regional lines, and knit all classes and sections of the Mexican people in a common effort for the advancement of the grand ideals of national solidarity.

The President returned to the capital on Sunday, February 11.

On March 21, 1906, Mexico celebrated the centenary of the birth of Benito Juarez, the champion of the Liberal party in its chronic struggle with the Church. Juarez was born on March 21, 1806, in the little village of San Pablo Guelatao, in the state of Oaxaca. His parents, who were full-blooded Zapoteca Indians, died while he was very young, and he was left to the care of an uncle who employed him to tend a flock of sheep. One day the shepherd lad, who was much given to

self-communing, neglected and lost his flock, and fearing chastisement at the hands of his uncle, fled to the city of Oaxaca. At that time he was almost twelve, but did not speak a word of Spanish or of any other tongue than his native Zapoteca. Young Juarez at the city of Oaxaca was befriended by a Franciscan friar, and to priests he owed his first education. But in the mind of Juarez an evolution was in progress, leading him away from sacerdotal influences, and preparing him for the task of dislodging the Church from the historical position which it had held in Mexico.

The fame of Juarez has been rudely attacked in recent times in Mexico, not so much by the clerical party, which naturally is unalterably opposed to the principles which he incarnated, as by publicists of the Liberal school. But if Juarez had done nothing else than frame the law of 1855, which abolished the odious *fueros*, or immunities and privileges of the military and ecclesiastical classes, he would still have rendered an incalculable service to his country. This law he framed as Minister of Justice in the cabinet of General Juan Alvarez, and it is necessary to know the almost unbounded power and prestige which the Church and the army enjoyed in Mexico at that time to do adequate justice to the intellectual independence and moral courage of the statesman who first took effective measures to limit the extraordinary privileges of those institutions.

The other legislation against the Church with which the name of Juarez is identified, will continue to be discussed, as will also his conduct of national affairs during the French intervention and the ephemeral empire of Maximilian, not excluding his unrelenting attitude to that ill-advised and unfortunate prince. But certainly no one can deny to Juarez the praise of patriotic intentions, and of inflexible firmness and perseverance in the attainment of any object which he had set before himself. Maximilian himself paid a tribute to these latter qualities of

Juarez, in the last communication which he addressed to him, on the morning of his execution.

It has been said that the name of Juarez is identified with other legislation against the Church besides the abolition of the *fueros*. But though Juarez is generally credited with the paternity of the laws generically known as the Reform Laws, and although he undoubtedly was the life and soul of the secularizing movement of his day, it is worthy of note that he had no formal participation in the chief measures aimed against the Church, other than that already mentioned. He was not a signatory of the Constitution of 1857, which first attacked the existence of the religious orders; the law for the confiscation of church property was framed by Miguel Lerdo de Tejada, the Finance Minister of President Comonfort (1856); and the constitutional amendments which definitely established the separation of Church and State, instituted civil marriage, placed monastic communities outside the pale of the law, and forbade open-air religious services, were not enacted until 1873 and 1874, after the death of Juarez, and during the presidency of Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada.

March 21, 1906, was, by a decree of Congress, observed as a general holiday in Mexico. Pilgrimages to the tomb of Juarez took place in the morning; commemorative tablets were unveiled in the afternoon, and at night General Diaz, surrounded by his cabinet, presided in the Arbeau Theatre at an apotheosis of Juarez, during which the career and character of the reforming president were extolled in an eloquent oration by Hon. Justo Sierra, Minister of Public Instruction. On the stage with the President during these exercises were the son and other surviving descendants of Juarez, who are numerous.

Curiously enough, a question involving the interpretation of the Reform Laws arose soon after the celebration of the Juarez centenary. The ministers of all denominations in Mexico had been

accustomed to conduct a service at the graveside in connection with the burial of the dead. It was generally held that this practice did not conflict with Article 5 of the Law of December 14, 1874, forbidding all forms of religious service other than those held inside the churches. But in May, 1906, the Interior Department issued a circular declaring open-air burial services conducted in the cemeteries to be illegal. This ruling has led to the erection of mortuary chapels in the cemeteries which previously were unprovided with them, and the burial services are held inside these chapels.

While this episode shows that there is no intention on the part of the governmental authorities of Mexico to relax one iota of the laws which curtailed the power of the Church, it is worthy of note that there is no serious religious conflict in Mexico at the present time; and, under laws which are probably as restrictive as those recently enacted in France, which have so agitated that country, Church and State in the Mexican Republic move smoothly in their separate orbits, with conciliatory, if not cordial, sentiments towards each other.

Some irresponsible persons started the rumor that an anti-foreign sentiment had taken hold of the masses in Mexico, particularly the working class, and that overt acts of violence against foreign residents were being planned for the national holiday on September 16. Unfortunately various circumstances concurred to give color to this baseless rumor. On June 1 last, somewhat serious riots, growing out of a strike on the part of Mexican laborers, occurred at the property of the Greene Consolidated Copper Company at Cananea, in the State of Sonora, just across the boundary from Arizona. During these riots both Mexicans and Americans were killed, and the authorities of the State of Sonora had to act with great vigor and promptitude in order to quell the disturbance. But there was no anti-foreign or anti-American motive in the Cananea occurrences. It was a strike

degenerating into a riot, and it happened that the employers of the discontented labor were Americans.

During the course of the year there were numerous evidences of a sense of growing power on the part of the working class in Mexico, who have become more and more numerous as a consequence of the industrial development of the country, and who, reading in the penny papers of the power of organized labor in other lands, have been stimulated to get together for the defense of their common interests. Never before in the history of Mexico have there been so many strikes as at the present time, some of them incipient, others overt and protracted; some pacific, and others turbulent. On more than one occasion President Diaz, owing to his personal prestige and the confidence felt in his fairness by employers and employed, has by their common consent been selected as arbiter of their disputes, and has adjusted them in a manner eminently satisfactory to both sides.

It must be observed that a great many, though by no means all, the employers of mechanical labor in Mexico, are foreigners, and, therefore, it was easy for ill-intentioned persons to represent the new movement of Mexican labor as prompted by a spirit of xenophobia. But in reality it is nothing but a token of changing social and economical conditions.

It is needless to add that the celebration of the national holiday on September 16 passed off quietly and harmoniously, the foreign colonies as usual taking a hearty part in the rejoicings.

President Diaz has also played the part of a peacemaker on an international scale. His prestige in the other Latin-American republics is very great, and when, during the course of the summer, war broke out between some of the Central-American republics, and notably between those traditional enemies, Guatemala and Salvador, Presidents Roosevelt and Diaz coöperated in the restoration of peace, the chief share in that happy re-

sult belonging to the Executive of Mexico, as Mr. Roosevelt himself has made a point of acknowledging. On the other hand, during the revolutionary troubles in Guatemala the Mexican government acted with exemplary propriety, preventing the use of its territory as a base for the operations of the disaffected, and detaining General Barillas, the Guatemalan revolutionary leader, as he was about to penetrate into Guatemala from Mexico with a band of his followers.

The correctness of Mexico's attitude at this conjuncture was the more creditable, in that the Cabrera régime is not popular in Mexico, and that, whereas in the past Mexico has sometimes had occasion to complain of unfriendly acts on the part of the Guatemalan authorities, General Barillas proclaimed as one of the salient features of his policy, in the event of the success of his movement, the cultivation of intimate and cordial relations with Mexico. The Mexican government however, was not to be thus enticed into an attitude of disregard for its international obligations.

Last year was Mexico's first full year under the new monetary régime, established by law of March 25, 1905. On the first day of January of the past year a party of bankers and business men, at the invitation of Finance Minister Limantour and Mr. Pablo Macedo, chairman of the Exchange and Currency Commission, met at the National Bank of Mexico to listen to statements from those gentlemen as to the working of the new currency system, and to inspect the gold which, beginning on November 10, 1905, had accumulated in the vaults of the Commission and the Bank to the amount of about \$13,500,000. In making his annual budget statement to Congress, on December 14, 1906, Minister Limantour was able to give a more extended review of the effects of the monetary reform. He showed that Mexican gold coins of \$5 and \$10 had been struck under the new currency system, up to November 30 last,

to a total amount of \$51,606,500. Of these coins, \$30,000,000 were minted at Philadelphia, by the courtesy of the American government, and the remainder at the Mexico City mint. In addition, subsidiary silver coins, largely derived from remintage of the old subsidiary coins, had been issued to the amount of \$9,729,000, nickel coins to the amount of \$601,728, and bronze coins totaling \$803,950, giving a grand total of \$62,741,178 of the new currency put into circulation.

The fact that silver, for some time past, has been at a price which is higher than the legal parity adopted by Mexico, has put the new monetary system of the country to a very severe test. The profit in exporting pesos is so great that not only the banks, but business firms, and even private individuals, have been tempted to engage in the operation, with the result that between July 1, 1905, and October 31, 1906, \$55,600,000 in silver pesos had been shipped from Mexico, — a very serious drain on the circulating medium. It is true that the silver pesos had been to a large extent replaced by gold; but, even so, the dislodgment of so considerable an amount of the current coin could not fail to cause much inconvenience, owing to the scarcity which it produced of silver money for minor every-day transactions. The gold coins are largely absorbed by the banks, and are held by them as part of the legal stock of cash serving as the basis for their note circulation. But whether the gold actually circulates or becomes the basis of note issues by the banks, the result, so far as small transactions are concerned, is the same; for the banks issue no note of a lower denomination than five dollars, and the smallest gold coin is of the same value.

The Mexican government purposes to remedy the situation by a pretty plentiful mintage of silver fifty-cent pieces. Its reason for preferring this step to the other measure which some financial advisers have urged upon it, namely, the mintage of a new peso, is an important one, affording, as it does, an indication of the trend

of Mexico's monetary policy. That reason, as stated by Minister Limantour himself, is the reluctance of the government to commit itself to any action in monetary matters that may retard the country from reaching the goal at which it now aims, namely, the adoption of the gold standard to the exclusion of any other legal-tender currency.

At present Mexico has what has been called the limping standard, both gold and the silver peso (but not the subsidiary silver coins) being unlimited legal tender, and silver still being retained for currency purposes, but at a fixed exchange relation with gold. But Minister Limantour's declaration foreshadows the complete demonetization of silver by Mexico at no very distant date. In the meantime, as there has undoubtedly been of late a larger exportation of silver pesos than can be accounted for by the importations of gold, the government considered it necessary to check this movement, and at its request Congress, in November last, placed an export tax of 10 per cent on pesos shipped out of the country, without proof being furnished that the shipment was being made for the specific purpose of procuring gold in exchange.

In other respects, the monetary reform has fully realized the expectations formed of it. One of the strongest arguments for giving the country a currency of fixed value was that it would attract foreign capital to Mexico for investment. This prediction has been amply fulfilled. During the last fiscal year foreign capital is known to have entered the country and been placed in banks, industrial concerns, mines, land, and railways, to the amount of \$86,500,000. This is not an exhaustive statement of foreign capital invested in Mexico during the year ended June 30 last, but only represents the money involved in a few well-known transactions. If we argue from the known to the unknown, and take into account the investments made by corporations or individuals, as to which no public statement has

been made, and the large influx of money due to the growing demand abroad for the government's bonds and other kinds of securities, the result becomes still more gratifying. Canada has been very much to the fore in Mexican investments for some time past, and last April Canadian capitalists purchased from Wernher, Beit & Co., of London, the Mexico City and Federal District system of electric tramways. The amount involved in the transaction was \$11,250,000, gold.

Governmental finances in Mexico continue in a prosperous condition. In making his annual Budget statement to Congress, in December last, Minister Limantour was able to announce that the last fiscal year had been wound up with a surplus of \$22,500,000, equal to more than 50 per cent of the entire revenue of the Republic no longer than eleven years ago.

Taking advantage of the plethoric condition of the exchequer, the government asked Congress to pass laws suppressing or reducing various taxes, and increasing the salaries of some of the civil and military servants of the nation. The measure in question received prompt legislative sanction. One of the most interesting of the proposed reductions in taxation is that of the Federal Contribution. This tax is the special contribution of the states to the expenditure of the Federation. Originally it was 25 per cent on all payments made in the states of the Mexican Union for local taxes of every kind. When the great slump of silver occurred through the closure of the Indian mints, some thirteen years ago, the Mexican government was brought face to face with a serious crisis, which happened to be aggravated by bad harvests in the cereal-growing regions of Mexico. The administration at that time had to have recourse to special measures in order to meet the situation, and among those measures was the raising of the Federal Contribution from 25 per cent to 30 per cent. But in 1902 the situation of the exchequer had so far improved that it was deemed pos-

sible to reëstablish the old rate of 25 per cent. This restoration proved one of the most popular moves of the Diaz régime. Now, the government is prepared to go further in the same direction, and by the terms of the law which passed Congress at its initiative, the Federal Contribution, after July 1 next, will be only 20 per cent of the local taxes in the states. Other fiscal changes to be made, as a consequence of the prosperous situation of the exchequer, aim at cheapening staple food-stuffs in the Federal District, particularly at the capital, where they have been getting beyond the reach of the needy.

The other feature of the government's financial programme, namely, the raising of the pay of several classes of civil and military employees, is dictated by a spirit of equity, in view of the increased cost of living at the capital and other great centres of population.

The political horizon of Mexico continued serene.

On January 4, 1906, Hon. Blas Escontria, Minister of Fomento in the cabinet of General Diaz, succumbed to a protracted illness, causing a vacancy in the official family of the President, which had not been filled, up to the close of the year, though it is believed that Lic. Olegario Molina, governor of the State of Yucatan, will ultimately be called to take the portfolio, which is a very important one, embracing as it does mining, agriculture, commerce, and industry.

On October 12 President Diaz accepted the resignation of Lic. Joaquin D. Casasús as Ambassador of Mexico at Washington. Mr. Casasús had filled this post to the entire satisfaction of his government, and was recognized as one of the ablest members of the foreign diplomatic corps at Washington. His share in preparing the programme for the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro won for him considerable reputation for foresight and political acumen, and though he did not attend the Conference as one of Mexico's delegates, as had been

originally intended, the skill of his preliminary work proved a great factor in expediting and facilitating the deliberations of the assembly and obviating the intrusion of vexatious side-issues. The motive of Mr. Casasús for resigning the ambassadorship was persistent ill-health, due to excessive intellectual labor and to a very active career as a corporation lawyer and public man. Mr. Casasús is now enjoying a period of complete rest in Europe. In the middle of December, Enrique C. Creel was appointed to succeed Mr. Casasús as Mexican Ambassador at Washington. Mr. Creel's family is of American extraction, settled many years ago in the State of Chihuahua. The new ambassador is a son-in-law of General Luis Terrazas, one of the wealthiest and most influential landed proprietors in northern Mexico, and until his recent appointment was governor of his native state.

So much is said by the chauvinists of Mexico about the Americanization of the country, that it is a fact of no small interest that the son of a Kentuckian (for Governor Creel's father was from the Blue Grass State) goes to Washington as the accredited representative of his adopted land. Mr. Creel is an admirer of the United States, but is a patriotic Mexican, and belongs to the group of progressive public men who have done so much to promote the material and intellectual development of Mexico.

On March 3, a new American ambassador arrived in Mexico City in the person of E. H. Thompson.

General Diaz was the recipient during the year, from King Edward, of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. All other European sovereigns had conferred high decorations on the Mexican President, which he has accepted with the permission of Congress, a necessary formality according to the terms of the Federal Constitution. But Mexicans were particularly gratified by the fact that a high distinction of this character was at last forthcoming from Great Britain, which

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is known to be much more conservative than other European countries in the distribution of such honors. The insignia of the Order were delivered to General Diaz in the Hall of Ambassadors of the National Palace, in the presence of high officers of state, and a large concourse of the general public, on September 29, by Reginald Thomas Tower, the British Minister to Mexico.

On November 7 General and Mrs. Diaz quietly celebrated their silver wedding anniversary. Mrs. Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz, the President's wife, is the daughter of the late Don Manuel Romero Rubio, who, until his death in October, 1895, was Minister of the Interior. Mrs. Diaz, by her active philanthropy and unflinching tact, has added to the popularity of her husband's administration.

Mexico, in September last, entertained the Tenth International Geological Congress. The sessions were formally opened by General Diaz on September 6, and in addition to their scientific discussions the geologists of the world were given an opportunity to visit Mexico's chief points of interest, and were handsomely entertained.

1906 was a year of railway consolidations in Mexico. In March last, the National Railway of Mexico bought the Hidalgo Railway, which starts from the capital, passes through the important mining camp of Pachuca, and will ultimately reach the port of Tuxpam on the Gulf of Mexico. But by far the most important operation of the year along these lines was announced by Finance Minister Limantour on December 14. The Minister, in an address to Congress, informed that body that the negotiations, which for some time past had been in progress, for the reorganization of the finances of the Mexican Central Railway, had culminated in a plan for the consolidation of that property with the Mexican National, and the incorporation of a new company, with headquarters in

the City of Mexico, to own and operate the merged system. Moreover, the Minister informed the legislature that the Mexican government, which had owned a controlling interest in the Mexican National, would hold an absolute majority of the stock of the new corporation.

The transaction is an important one, as by it the Mexican government gains unquestioned control of the transportation system of the Republic. The properties in which it acquires a controlling interest are the two trunk lines connecting Mexico City with the United States; the International, once the property of the late C. P. Huntington, extending from Eagle Pass to the city of Durango; the Monterey and Mexican Gulf, extending from Reata on the International through Monterey to the city of Tampico; the Central's branches, from Aguascalientes to Tampico and from Irapuato to Guadalajara, and the extension of the latter towards the Pacific; the National's branch into the fertile state of Michoacan; the road connecting Mexico City with Cuernavaca, the favorite residence of Cortés and Maximilian, and thence extending through the sugar plantations of the state of Morelos into the great mineral belt of Guerrero; the Hidalgo Railway; and the Interoceanic, connecting the port of Veracruz with the capital, and also having a branch which penetrates the rich semitropical state of Morelos. In all, the system in which the government thus acquires a controlling interest aggregates 6732 miles.

It must also be remembered that, altogether aside from this transaction, the Mexican government is the sole owner of the Tehuantepec National Railway (193 miles), the new transcontinental route which is about to be formally opened to the traffic of the world, though it has admitted the English firm of S. Pearson & Son, Limited, to the position of its partner for the operation of the road for fifty-one years; and that the nation also owns a controlling interest in the Veracruz and Pacific (265 miles), which constitutes

the link between the general railway system of the country and the Tehuantepec National. It will thus be perceived how far-reaching and comprehensive is the government's hold on the transportation situation of Mexico, seeing that out of a total mileage of 10,900 it owns or controls 7190.

In his statement to Congress, on December 14 last, Minister Limantour explained that the government had acquired a preponderating interest in the new corporation without any pecuniary sacrifice whatever, as it would get part of its controlling share of the new stock in exchange for its present holdings of securities of the Mexican National, and the remainder in consideration of its guaranteeing interest and sinking fund on the second mortgage bonds to be issued by the new company; and inasmuch as the net earnings of the Mexican Central and the Mexican National are even now sufficient to meet the liability thus assumed, the government's guarantee is rather nominal than real.

A group of New York financiers has co-operated with the Mexican government in carrying through this transaction. The list includes such firms as Speyer & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Ladenburg, Thallman & Co., and Hallgarten & Co.

Minister Limantour informed Congress that the main object of the government's railway policy had been to avoid the absorption of the railways of Mexico by corporations owning connecting lines in the United States, which would have constituted a menace to the economic development of Mexico, and would have placed the transportation interests of the country in a position of subservience to those of its powerful neighbor.

The subsidiary motives of the government were to prevent friction and injurious competition between rival lines and to bring about a more scientific and economical "routing" of freight.

The necrological record of the year in Mexico was a heavy one. Blas Escontria,

Minister of Fomento in the cabinet of General Diaz, died on January 4. Trinidad Garcia, a public man of prominence, who was Minister of the Interior during the first presidency of General Diaz, died on February 18. Lic. Genaro Raigosa, who was chairman of the Pan-American Conference, held in Mexico City in the winter of 1901-1902, and who was a jurist and publicist of note, died on September 1. Lic. Alfredo Chavero, statesman, author, and archæologist, died on October 24. He was followed to the grave next day by Lic. Emilio Velasco, former Min-

ister of Mexico to Italy and France, and the chief author of the railway legislation of Mexico. A link with the past was severed by the death of General Ignacio Mejia on December 2, at the advanced age of ninety-three. General Mejia was Minister of War for President Juarez. The ranks of the American colony in Mexico were thinned by the death of Major R. B. Gorsuch, who had resided in the country for over fifty years. The English colony suffered the loss of George Foot, also an old-time resident, and chief engineer of the Veracruz Railway.

THE HELPMATE¹

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IX

It was Anne's birthday. It shone in mid-May like the front of June. Anne's bedroom was over Edith's, and looked out on the garden. A little rain had fallen over night. Through the open window the day greeted her with a breath of flowers and earth; a day that came to her all golden, ripe, and sweet from the south.

Her dressing-table was placed sideways from the window. Anne, fresh from her cold bath, in a white muslin gown, with her thick, sleek hair coiled and burnished, sat before the looking-glass.

There was a knock at the door, not Nanna's bold awakening summons, but a shy and gentle sound. Her heart shook her voice as she responded.

"Is it permitted?" said Majendie.

"If you like," she answered quietly.

He presented his customary morning sacrifice of flowers. Hitherto he had not presumed so far as to bring it to her room. It waited for her decorously at breakfast time, beside her plate.

She took the flowers from him, acknowledged their fragrance by a quiver of her delicate nostrils, thanked him, and laid them on the dressing-table.

He seated himself on the window-sill, where he could see her with the day upon her. She noticed that he had brought with him, beside the flowers, a small oblong wooden box. He laid the box on his knee and covered it with his hand. He sat very still, looking at her as her firm white hands caressed her coiled hair into shape. Once she moved his flowers to find her comb, and laid them down again.

"Are n't you going to wear them?" he inquired anxiously.

Her upper lip lifted an instant, caught up, in its fashion, by the pretty play of the little sensitive amber mole. Two small white teeth showed, and were hidden again. It was as if she had been about to smile, or to speak, and had thought better of it.

She took up the flowers and tried them, now at her breast, and now at her waist.

"Where shall I put them?" said she.

"Here? Or here?"

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"Just there."

She let them stay there in the hollow of her breast.

He laid the box on the dressing-table, close to her hand where it searched for pins.

"I've brought you this," he said gently.

She smiled that divine and virgin smile of hers. Anne was big, but her smile was small and close and shy.

"You remembered my birthday?"

"Did you think I should forget?"

She opened the lid with cool, unhurried fingers. Under the wrappings of tissue paper and cotton wool, a shape struck clear and firm and familiar to her touch. A sacred thrill ran through her as she felt there the presence of the holy thing, the symbol so dear and so desired that it was divined before seen.

She lifted from the box an old silver crucifix. It must have been the work of some craftsman whose art was pure and fine as the silver he had wrought in. But that was not what Anne saw. She had always found something painful and repellent in those crucifixes of wood which distort and deepen the lines of agony, or of ivory which gives again the very pallor of human death. But the precious metal had somehow eternalized the symbol of the crucified body. She saw more than the torture, the exhaustion, the attenuation. Surely, on the closed eyelids there rested the glory and the peace of divine accomplishment?

She stood still, holding it in her hand and looking at it. Majendie stood still, also, looking at her. He was not quite sure whether she were going to accept that gift, whether she would hesitate to take from his profane hands a thing so sacred and so supreme. He was aware that his fate somehow hung on her acceptance, and he waited in silence, lest a word should destroy the work of love in her.

Anne, too (when she could detach her mind from the crucifix), felt that the moment was decisive. To accept that

gift, of all gifts, was to lay her spirit under obligation to him. It was more than a surrender of body, heart, or mind. It was to admit him to association with the unspeakably sacred acts of prayer and adoration.

If it were possible that that had been his desire; if he had meant his gift as tribute, not to her only, but to the spirit of holiness in her; if, in short, he had been serious, then, indeed, she could not hesitate. For, if it were so, her prayer was answered.

She laid down the crucifix and turned to him. They searched each other with their eyes. She saw, without wholly understanding, the pain in his. He saw, also unintelligently, the austerity in hers.

"Are you not going to take it, then?" he said.

"I don't know. Do you realize that you are giving me a very sacred thing?"

"I do."

"And that I can't treat it as I would an ordinary present?"

He lowered his eyelids. "I didn't think you'd want to wear it in your hair, dear."

She was about to ask him what he did mean then; but some instinct held her, told her not to press the sign of grace too hard. She looked at him still more intently. His eyes had disconcerted and baffled her, but now she was sheltered by their lowered lids. Then she noticed for the first time that his face showed the marks of suffering. It was as if it had dropped suddenly the brilliant mask it wore for her, and given up its secret unaware. He had suffered so that he had not slept. It was plain to her in the droop of his eyelids, and in the drawn lines about his eyes and mouth and nostrils. She was touched with tenderness and pity, and a certain unintelligible awe. And she knew her hour. She knew that if she closed her heart now, it would never open to him. She knew that it was his hour as well as hers. She felt, reverently, that it was, above all, God's hour.

She laid her hand on her husband's

gift, saying to herself that if she took that crucifix she would be taking him with it into the holy places of her heart.

"I will take it." Her voice came shy and inarticulate as a marriage vow.

"Thank you," he said.

He wondered if she would turn to him with some sign of tenderness; whether she would stoop to him and touch him with her hand or her lips; or whether she looked to him to offer the first caress.

She did nothing. It was as if her intentness, her concentration upon her holy purpose held her. While her soul did but turn to him in the darkness, it kept and would keep their hands and lips apart.

He divined that she was only half won. But, though her body yet moved in its charmed inviolate circle, he felt dimly that the spiritual barrier was down.

She turned from him and went slowly to the door. He opened it and followed her. On the stair she parted from him and went alone into his sister's bedroom.

Edith's spine had been hurting her in the night. She lay flat and exhausted, and the embrace of her loving arms was slow and frail.

Edith was what she called "dressed," and waiting for her sister-in-law. The little table by her bed was strewn with the presents she had bought and made for Anne. A birthday was a very serious affair for Edith. She was not content to buy (buying was nothing; anybody could buy); she must also make, and make beautifully. "I may n't have any legs that can carry me," said Edith; "but I've hands and I *will* use them. If it was n't for my hands I'd be nothing but a great lumbering, lazy mass of palpitating heart." But her making had become every year more and more expensive. Her beautiful, pitiful embroideries were paid for in sleepless nights. And at six o'clock that morning she had given her little dismal cry: "Oh Nanna, Nanna, my beast of a spine is going to bother me to-day, and it's Anne's birthday!"

"And what else," said Nanna severely, "do you expect, Miss Edith?"

"I did n't expect this. I do believe it's getting worse."

"Worse?" Nanna was contemptuous.

"It was worse on Master Walter's birthday last year."

(Last year she had made a waistcoat.)

"I can't think," moaned Edith, "why it's always bad on birthdays."

But however badly "it" might behave in the night, it was never permitted to destroy the spirit of the day.

Anne looked anxiously at the collapsed, exhausted figure in the bed.

"Yes," said Edith, having smiled at her sister-in-law with magnificent mendacity, "you may well look at me. You could n't make yourself as flat as I am if you tried. There are two books for you, and a thingummy-jig, and a handkerchief to blow your dear nose with."

"Edie —"

"Do you like them?"

"Like them? Oh, you dear —"

"Why don't you have a birthday oftener? It makes you look so pretty, dear."

Anne's heart leaped. Edie's ways, her very moods sometimes were like Walter's.

"Has Walter seen you?"

Anne's face became instantly solemn, but it was not sad.

"Edie," she said, "do you know what he has given me?"

"Yes," said Edith. Her eyes searched Anne's eyes, with pain in them that was somehow akin to Walter's pain.

"She knows everything," thought Anne, "and it was her idea then, not his."

"Edith," said she, "was it you who thought of it, or he?"

"I? Never. He did n't say a word about it. He just went and got it. He thought it all out by himself, poor dear."

"Can you think why he thought of it?"

"Yes," said Edith gravely. "I can. Can't you?"

Anne was silent.

"It's very simple. He wants you to trust him a little more, that's all."

Anne's mouth trembled, and she tightened it.

"Are you afraid of him?"

"Yes," she said. "I am."

"Because you think he is n't very spiritual?"

"Perhaps."

"Oh, but he's on his way there," said Edith. "He's human. You've got to be human before you can be spiritual. It's a most important part of the process. Don't you omit it."

"Have I omitted it?"

She stroked one of the thin hands that were outstretched towards her on the coverlet, and the other closed on her caress. The touch brought the tears into her eyes. She raised her head to keep them from falling.

"Dear," said Edith in answer to her question, and paused and reiterated, "dear, you have all the great things that I have n't. You're splendid. There is only one thing I want for you. If you could only see how divinely sacred the human part of us is — and how pathetic."

Anne looked at her as she lay there, bright and brave, untroubled by her own mortal pathos. In her, humanity, woman's humanity, was reduced to its simplest expression of spiritual loving and bodily suffering. Anne was a child in her ignorance of the things that had been revealed to Edith lying there.

Looking at her, Anne's tears grew heavy and fell.

"It's your birthday," said Edith softly.

And as she heard Majendie's foot on the stairs Anne dried her eyes on the birthday handkerchief.

"Here she is," said Edith as he entered. "What are you going to do with her? She does n't have a birthday every day."

"I'm going," he said, "to take her down to breakfast."

Their meals so abounded in occasions for courtesy that they had become profoundly formal. This morning Anne's courtesy was colored by some emotion

that defied analysis. She wore her new mood like a soft veil that heightened her attraction in obscuring it.

He watched her with a baffled preoccupation that kept him unusually quiet. His quietness did him good service with Anne in her new mood.

When the meal was over she rose and went to the window. The sedate Georgian street was full of the day that shone soberly here from the cool, clear north.

"What are you thinking of?" said he.

"I'm thinking what a beautiful day it is."

"Yes, is n't it a jolly day?"

"If it's beautiful here what must it be in the country?"

"The country?" A thought struck him. "I say, would you like to go there?"

"Do you mean to-day?"

Her upper lip lifted, and the two teeth showed again on the pale rose of its twin. In spite of the dignity of her proportions, Anne had the look of a child contemplating some hardly permissible delight.

"Now, this minute. There's a train to Westleydale at nine fifty."

"It would be very nice. But — how about business?"

"Business be —"

"No, no, *not* that word."

"But it is, you know; it can't help itself. There's a devil in all the offices in Scale at this time of the year."

"Would *you* like it?"

"I? Rather. I'm on!"

"But — Edith — Oh, no, we can't."

She turned with a sudden gesture of renunciation, so that she faced him where he stood smiling at her. His face grew grave for her.

"Look here," he said, "You must n't be morbid about Edith. It is n't necessary. All the time we're gone, she'll lie there, in perfect bliss with simply thinking of the good time *we're* having."

"But her back's bad to-day."

"Then she'll be glad that we're not there to feel it. Her back will add to her happiness, if anything."

She drew in a sharp breath, as if he had hurt her.

"Oh, Walter, how can you?"

He replied with emphasis: "How can I? I can, not because I'm a brute as you seem to suppose, but because she's a saint and an angel. I take off my hat and go down on my knees when I think of her. Go and put *your* hat on."

She felt herself diminished, humbled, and in two ways. It was as if he had said, "You are not the saint that Edith is, nor yet the connoisseur in saintship that I am."

She knew that she was not the one; but to the other distinction she certainly fancied that she had the superior claim. And she had never yet come behind him in appreciation of Edith. Besides, she was hurt at being spoken to in that way on her birthday.

Her resentment faded when she found him standing at the foot of the stairs by Edith's door, waiting for her. He looked up at her as she descended, and his eyes brightened with pleasure at the sight.

Edith was charmed with their plan. It might have been conceived as an exquisite favor to herself, by the fine style in which she handled it.

They set out, Majendie carrying the luncheon basket and Anne's coat. He had changed, and appeared in the Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, and cap he had worn at Scarby. The pang that struck her at the sight of them was softened by her practical perception of their fitness for the adventure. They became him, too, and she had memory of the charm he had once worn for her with that open-air attire.

An hour's journey by rail brought them to the little wayside station. They turned off the high road, walked for ten minutes across an upland field, and came to the bridle path that led down into the beech-woods of Westleydale, in the heart of the hills.

They followed a mossy trail. The shade fell, thin, warm, and colored,

from leaves so tender that the light passed through their half-transparent panes. Overhead there was the delicate scent of green things and of sap, and underfoot the deep smell of moss and moistened earth.

Anne drew the long breath of delight. She took off her hat and gloves, and moved forward a few steps to a spot where the wood opened and the vivid light received her. Majendie hung back to look at her. She turned and stood before him, superb and still, shrined in a crescent of tall beech stems, column by column, with the light descending on the fine gold of her hair. Nothing in Anne even remotely suggested a sylvan and primeval creature; but, as she stood there in her temperate and alien beauty, she seemed to him to have yielded to a brief enchantment. She threw back her head, as if her white throat drank the sweet air like wine. She held out her white hands, and let the warmth play over them palpably as a touch.

And Majendie longed to take her by those white hands and draw her to him. If he could have trusted her— but some instinct plucked him backward, saying to him, "Not yet."

A mossy rise under a beech-tree offered itself to Anne as a suitable throne for the regal woman that she was. He spread out her coat, and she made room for him beside her. He sat for a long time without speaking. The powers which were working that day for Majendie gave to him that subtle silence. He had at most times an inexhaustible capacity for keeping still.

Above them, just discernible through the treetops, veiled by a gauze of dazzling air, the hill brooded in its majestic dream. Its green arms, plunging to the valley, gathered them and shut them in.

Majendie's figure was not diminished by the background. The smallest nervous moment on his part would have undone him, but he did not move. His profound stillness, suggesting an inter-

minable patience, gave him a beautiful immensity of his own.

Anne, left in her charmed, inviolate circle, surrendered sweetly to the spirit of Westleydale.

The place was peace folded upon the breast of peace.

Presently she spoke, calling his name, as if out of the far-off unutterable peace.

"Walter, it was kind of you to bring me here."

"I am so glad if you like it."

"I do, indeed."

He tried to say more, but his heart choked him.

She closed her eyes, and the peace poured over her and sank in. Her heart beat quietly.

She opened her eyes and turned them on her husband. She knew that it was his gaze that had compelled them to open. She smiled to herself, like a young girl, shyly but happily aware of him, and turned from him to her contemplation of the woods.

Anne had always rather prided herself on her susceptibility to the beauty of nature, but it had never before reached her with this poignant touch. Hitherto she had drawn it in with her eyes only; now it penetrated her through every nerve. She was vaguely but deliciously aware of her own body as a part of it, and of her husband's joy in contemplating her.

"He thinks me good-looking," she said to herself; and the thought came to her as a revelation.

Then her young memory woke again and thrust at her.

"He thinks me good-looking. That's why he married me."

She longed to find out if it were so.

"Walter," said she, "I want to ask you a question."

"Well — if it's an easy one."

"It is n't — very. What made you want to marry me?"

He paused a moment, searching for the truth.

"Your goodness."

"Is that really true?"

"To the best of my belief, madam, it is."

"But there are so many other women better than me."

"Possibly. I have n't been happy enough to meet them."

"And if you had met them?"

"As far as I can make out, I should n't have fallen in love with them. I should n't have fallen in love with *you*, if it had n't been for your goodness. But I should n't have fallen in love with your goodness in any other woman."

"Have you known many other women?"

"One way and another, in the course of my life — yes. And what I liked so much about you was your difference from those other women. You gave me rest from them and their ways. They bored me even when I was half in love with them, and made me restless for them even when I was n't a little bit. It was as if they were always expecting something from me, — I could n't for the life of me tell what, — always on the look-out, don't you know, for some mysterious moment that never arrived."

She thought she knew. She felt that he was describing vaguely and with incomparable innocence the approaches of the ladies who had once designed to marry him. He had never seen through them; they (and they must have been so obvious, those ladies) had remained for him inscrutable, mysterious. He could deal competently with effects, but he was not clever at assigning causes.

He seemed conscious of her reflections. "They were quite nice, don't you know. Only they could n't let you alone. You let me alone so perfectly. Being with you was peace."

"I see," she said quietly. "It was peace. That was all."

"Oh, was it? That was only the beginning, if you must know how it began."

"It began," she murmured, "in peace. That was what struck you most in me. I must have seemed to you at peace, then."

"You did — you did. Were n't you?"

"I must have been. But I've forgotten. It's so long ago. There's peace here, though. Why did n't we choose this place instead of Scarby?"

"I wish we had. I say — are you never going to forget that?"

"I've forgiven it. I might forget it if I could only understand."

"Understand *what*?"

"How you could be capable of caring for me — like that — and yet —"

"But the two things are so entirely different. It's impossible to explain to you how different. Heaven forbid that you should understand the difference."

"I understand enough to know —"

"You understand enough to know nothing. You must simply take my word for it. Besides, the one thing's an old thing, over and done with."

"Over and done with. But, if the two things are so different, how can you be sure?"

"That sounds awfully clever of you, but I'm hanged if I know what you mean."

"I mean, how can you tell that it — the old thing — never would come back?"

It *was* clever of her. He realized that he had to deal now with a more complete and complex creature than Anne had been.

"How could it?" he said.

"If *she* came back —"

"Never. And, if it did —"

"Ah, if it did —"

"It could n't, in this case — my case — your case —"

"Her case," she whispered.

"Her case? She has n't got one. She simply does n't exist. She might come back as much as she pleased, and still she would n't exist. Is *that* what you've been afraid of all the time?"

"I was never really afraid till now."

"What you're afraid of could n't happen. You can put that out of your head forever. If I could mention you in the same sentence as that woman, you should

know why I am so certain. As it is, I must ask you again to take my word for it."

He paused.

"But, since you have raised the question — and it's interesting too — I knew a man once — not a 'bad' man — to whom that very thing did happen. And it did n't mean that he'd left off caring for his wife. On the contrary, he was still insanely fond of her."

"What did it mean, then?"

"That she'd left off showing that she cared for him. And he cared more for her, that man, after having left her, than he did before. In its way it was a sort of test."

"I pray heaven —" said Anne; but she was too greatly shocked by the anecdote to shape her prayer.

Majendie, feeling that the time, the place, and her mood were propitious for the exposition, went on.

"There's another man I know. He was very fond of Edie. He's fond of her still. He'll come and sit for hours playing backgammon with her. And yet all his fondness for her has n't kept him entirely straight. But he'd have been as straight as anybody if he could have married her."

"But what does all this prove?"

"It proves nothing," he said almost passionately, "except that these two things, just because they're different, are not so incompatible as you seem to think."

"Did Edie care for that man?"

"I believe so."

"Ah, don't you see? There's the difference. What made Edie a saint made him a sinner."

"I doubt if Edie would look on it quite in that light. She thinks it was uncommonly hard on him."

"Does she know?"

"Oh, there's no end to the things that Edie knows."

"And she loves him in spite of it?"

"Yes. I suppose there's no end to that either."

No end to her loving. That was the secret, then, of Edie's peace.

Anne meditated upon that, and when she spoke again her voice rang on its vibrating, sub-passionate note.

"And you said that I gave you rest. You were different."

He made as if he would draw nearer to her, and refrained. The kind heart of Nature was in league with his. Nature, having foreknowledge of her own hour, warned him that his hour was not yet.

And so he waited, while Nature, mindful of her purpose, began in Anne Majendie her holy, beneficent work. The soul of the place was charged with memories, with presciences, with prophecies. A thousand woodland influences, tender timidities, shy assurances, wooed her from her soul. They pleaded sweetly, persistently, till Anne's brooding face wore the flush of surrender to the mysteries of earth.

The spell was broken by a squirrel's scurrying flight in the boughs above them. Anne looked up, and laughed, and their moment passed them by.

X

"Are you tired?" he asked.

They had walked about the wood, made themselves hungry, and lunched like laborers at high noon.

"No, I'm only thirsty. Do you think there's a cottage anywhere where you could get me some water?"

"Yes, there's one somewhere about. I'll try and find it if you'll sit here and rest till I come back."

She waited. He came back, but without the water. His eyes sparkled with some mysterious, irrepressible delight.

"Can't you find it?"

"Rather. I say, do come and look. There's such a pretty sight."

She rose and went with him. Up a turning in the dell, about fifty yards from their tree, a long grassy way cut sheer through a sheet of wild hyacinths. It

ran as if between two twin borders of blue mist, that hemmed it in and closed it by the illusion of their approach. On either side the blue mist spread, and drifted away through the inlets of the wood, and became a rarer and rarer atmosphere, torn by the tree-trunks and the fern. The path led to a small circular clearing, a shaft that sucked the daylight down. It was as if the sunshine were being poured in one stream from a flooded sky, and danced in the dark cup earth held for it. The trees grew close and tall round the clearing. Light dripped from their leaves and streamed down their stems, turning their gray to silver. The bottom of the cup was a level floor of grass that had soaked in light till it shone like emerald. A stone cottage faced the path; so small that a laburnum brushed its roof, and a may-tree laid a crimson face against the gray gable of its side. The patch of garden in front was stuffed with wall-flowers and violets. The sun lay warm on them; their breath stirred in the cup, like the rich sweet fragrance of the wine of day.

Majendie grasped Anne's arm and led her forward.

In the middle of the green circle, under the streaming sun, cradled in warm grass, a girl baby sat, laughing and fondling her naked feet. She laughed as she lay on her back and opened one folded, wrinkled foot to the sun; she laughed as she threw herself forward and beat her knees with the outspread palms of her hands; she laughed as she rocked her soft body to and fro from her rosy hips; then she stopped laughing suddenly, and began crooning to herself a delicious, unintelligible song.

"Look," said Majendie, "that's what I wanted to show you."

"Oh — oh — oh —" said Anne, and looked, and stood stock still.

The beatitude of that adorable little figure possessed the scene. Green earth and blue sky were so much shelter and illumination to its pure and solitary joy.

"Did you ever see anything so heart-

rending?" said Majendie. "That anything could be so young!"

Anne shook her head, dumb with the fascination.

As they approached again, the little creature rolled on its waist, and crawled over the grass to her feet.

"The little lamb — " said she, and stooped, and lifted it.

It turned to her, cuddling. Through the thin muslin of her bodice she could feel the pressure of its tender palms.

Majendie stood close to her, and tried gently to detach and possess himself of the delicate fingers. But his eyes were upon Anne's eyes. They drew her; she looked up, her eyes flashed to the meeting-point; his widened in one long penetrating gaze.

A sudden pricking pain went through her, there where the pink and flaxen thing lay sun-warm and life-warm to her breast.

At first she did not heed it. She stood hushed, attentive to the prescience that woke in her; surrendered to the secret, with desire that veiled itself to meet its unveiled destiny.

Then the veil fell.

The eyes that looked at her grew tender, and before their tenderness the veil, the veil of her desire that had hidden him from her, fell.

Her face burned, and she hid it against the child's face as it burrowed into the softness of her breast. When she would have parted the child from her, it clung.

She laughed: "Release me." And he undid the clinging arms, and took the child from her, and laid it again in the cradling grass.

"It's conceived a violent passion for you," said he.

"They always do," said she serenely.

The door of the cottage was open. The mother stood on the threshold, shading her eyes and wondering at them. She gave Anne water, hospitably, in an old china cup.

When Anne had drunk she handed the cup to her husband. He drank with

his eyes fixed on her over the brim, and gave it to her again. He wondered whether she would drink from it after him (Anne was excessively fastidious). To his intense satisfaction, she drank, draining the last drop.

They went back together to their tree. On the way he stopped to gather wild hyacinths for her. He gathered slowly, in a grave and happy passion of preoccupation. Anne stood erect in the path and watched him, and laughed the girl's laugh that he longed to hear.

It was as if she saw him for the first time through Edith's eyes, with so tender an intelligence did she take in his attitude, the absurd, the infantile intentness of his stooping figure, the still more absurdly infantile emotion of his hands. It was the same attitude which had melted Edith, that unhappy day when they had watched him as he walked disconsolate in the garden, and she, his wife, had hardened her heart against him. She remembered Edith's words to her not two hours ago: "If you could only see how unspeakably sacred the human part of us is — and how pathetic." Surely she saw.

The deep feeling and enchantment of the woods was upon her. He was sacred to her; and for pathos, it seemed to her that there was poured upon his stooping body all the pathos of all the living creatures of God.

She saw deeper. In the illumination that rested on him there, she saw the significance of that carelessness, that happiness of his which once troubled her. It was simply that his experience, his detestable experience, had had no power to harm his soul. Through it all he had preserved, or, by some miracle of God, recovered, an incorruptible innocence. She said to herself, "Why should I not love him? His heart must be as pure as the heart of that little blessed child."

The warning voice of the wisdom she had learnt from him whispered, "And it rests with you to keep him so."

He led her to the tree, where she seated

herself regally as before. He poured his sheaves of hyacinths as tribute into her lap. As his hands touched hers her cold face flushed again and softened. He stretched himself beside her, and love stirred in her heart, unforbidden as in a happy dream. He watched the movements of her delicate fingers as they played with the tangled hyacinth bells. Her hands were wet with the thick streaming juice of the torn stalks; she stretched them out to him helplessly. He knelt before her, and spread his handkerchief on his knees, and took her hands and wiped them. She let them rest in his for a moment, and, with a low panting cry, he bowed his head and covered them with kisses.

At his cry her lips parted. And as her soul had called to him across the spiritual ramparts, so her eyes said to him, "Come;" and he knew that with all her body and her soul she yearned to him and consented.

He held her tight by the wrists and drew her to him; and she laid her arms lightly on his neck and kissed him.

"I'm glad now," she whispered, "that Edith did n't tell me. She knew you. Oh, my dear, she knew."

And to herself she said proudly, "It rests with me."

XI

It was October, five months after Anne's birthday.

She was not to know again the mood that determined her complete surrender. Supreme moods can never be recaptured or repeated. The passion that inspires them is unique, self-sacrificial, immortal only through fruition; doomed to pass and perish in its exaltation. She would know tenderness, but never just that tenderness; gladness, but never that gladness; peace, but never the peace that possessed her in the woods at Westleydale.

The new soul in her moved steadily to a rhythm which lacked the diviner

thrill of the impulse which had given it birth. It was but seldom that the moment revived in memory. If Anne had accounted to herself for that day, she would have said that they had taken the nine-fifty train to Westleydale, that they had had a nice luncheon, that the weather was exceptionally fine, and that,—well, yes, certainly, that day had been the beginning of their entirely satisfactory relations. Anne's mind had a tendency to lapse into the commonplace when not greatly stirred. Happily for her, she had a refuge from it in her communion with the Unseen.

Only at times was she conscious of a certain foiled expectancy. For the greater while it seemed to her that she had attained an indestructible spiritual content.

She conceived a profound affection for her home. The house in Prior Street became the centre of her earthward thoughts, and she seldom left it for very long. Her health remained magnificent; her nature being adapted to an undisturbed routine, appeased by the well-ordered, even passage of her days.

She had made a household religion for herself, and would have suffered in departing from it. To be always down before her husband for eight o'clock breakfast; to sit with Edith from twelve till luncheon time, and in the early afternoon; to spend her evenings with her husband, reading aloud or talking, or sitting silent when silence soothed him; these things were as sacred and imperative as her punctual attendance at St. Saviour's. Indeed, she had left off going to the week-day services, because they were appointed for five o'clock.

For, above all, she had made a point of always being at home in time for Majendie's return from his office. At five o'clock she was ready for him, beside her tea-table, irreproachably dressed. Her friends complained that they had lost sight of her. Regularly at a quarter to five she would forsake the drawing-rooms of Thurston Square. However

absorbing Mrs. Elliott's conversation, towards the quarter, the tender abstraction of Anne's manner showed plainly that her spirit had surrendered to another charm. Mrs. Elliott, in letting her go, had the air of a person serenely sane, indulgent to a persistent and punctual obsession. Anne divided her friends into those who understood, and those who did n't. Fanny Elliott would never understand. But little Mrs. Gardner, through the immortality of her bridal spirit, understood completely. And for Anne Mrs. Gardner's understanding of her amounted to an understanding of her husband. Anne's heart went out to Mrs. Gardner.

Not that she saw much of her, either. She had grown impatient of interests that lay outside her home. Once she had decided to give herself up to her husband, other people's claims appeared as an impertinence beside that perfection of possession.

She was less vividly aware of her own perfect possession of him. Majendie was hardly aware of it himself. His happiness was so profound that he had not yet measured it. He, too, had slipped into the same imperturbable routine. It was seldom that he kept her waiting past five o'clock. He hated the people who made business appointments with him for that hour. His old associates saw little of him, and his club knew him no more. He preferred Anne's society to that of any other person. They had no more fear of each other. He saw that she was beginning to forget.

In one thing only was he disappointed. The trembling woman who had held him in her arms at Westleydale had never shown herself to him again. She had been called, created, for an end beyond herself. The woman he had married again was pure from passion, and of an uncomfortable reluctance in the giving and taking of caresses. He forced himself to respect her reluctance. He had simply to accept this emotional parsimony as one of the many curious facts about

Anne. He no longer went to Edith for an explanation of them; for the Anne he had known in Westleydale was too sacred to be spoken of. An immense reverence possessed him when he thought of her. As for the actual, present Anne, loyalty was part of the large simplicity of his nature, and he could not criticise her. Remembering Westleydale, he told himself that her blanched susceptibility was tenderness at white heat. If she said little, he argued that (like himself) she felt the more. And at times she could say perfect things.

"I wonder, Nancy," he once said to her, "if you know how divinely sweet your voice is?"

"I shall begin to think it is, if you think so," said she.

"And would you think yourself beautiful, if I thought so?"

"Very beautiful. At any rate, as beautiful as I want to be."

He could not control the demonstration provoked by that admission, and she asked him if he were coming to church with her to-morrow?

His Anne chose her moments strangely.

But not for worlds would he have admitted that she was deficient in a sense of humor. She had her small hilarities that passed for it. Keenness in that direction would have done violence to the repose and sweetness of her blessed presence. The peace of it remained with him during his hours of business.

Anne did not like his business. But in spite of it, she was proud of him, of his appearance, his charm, his distinction, his entire superiority to even the aristocracy of Scale.

She no longer resented his indifference to her friends in Thurston Square, since it meant that he desired to have her to himself. Of his own friends he had seen little, and she nothing. If she had not pressed Fanny Elliott on him, he had spared her Mrs. Lawson Hannay and Mrs. Dick Ransome. She had been fortunate enough to find both those ladies

out when she returned their calls. And Majendie had spoken of his most intimate friend, Charlie Gorst, as absent on a holiday in Norway.

It was, therefore, in a mood of more than usual concession that she proposed to return, now in October, the second advance made to her by Mrs. Hannay, in July.

Majendie was relieved to think that he would no longer be compelled to perjure himself on Anne's account. The Hannays had frequently reproached him with his wife's unreadiness in response, and, as he had told her, he had exhausted all acceptable explanations of her conduct. He had "worked" her headaches "for all they were worth" with Hannay; for weeks he had kept Hannay's wife from calling, by the fiction, discreetly presented, of a severe facial neuralgia; and his last shameless intimation, that Anne was "rather shy, you know," had been received with a respectful incredulity that left him with nothing more to say.

Mrs. Hannay was not at home when Anne called, for Anne had deliberately avoided her "day." But Mrs. Hannay was irrepressibly forgiving, and Anne found herself invited to dine at the Hannays' with her husband early in the following week. It was hardly an hour since she had left Mrs. Hannay's doorstep when the pressing, the almost alarmingly affectionate little note came hurrying after her.

"I'll go, dear, if you really want me to," said she.

"Well — I think, if you don't mind. The Hannays have been awfully good to me."

So they went.

"Don't snub the poor little woman too unmercifully," was Edith's parting charge.

"I promise you I'll not snub her at all," said Anne.

"You can't," said Majendie. "She's like a soft sofa cushion with lots of frills on. You can sit on her, as you sit on a

sofa cushion, and she's as plump, and soft, and accommodating as ever the next day."

The Hannays lived in the Park.

Majendie talked a great deal on the way there. His supporting and attentive manner was not quite the stimulant he had meant it to be. Anne gathered that the ordeal would be trying, — he was so eager to make it appear otherwise.

"Once you're there, it won't be bad, you know, at all. The Hannays are really all right. They'll ask the very nicest people they know to meet you. They think you're doing them a tremendous honor, you know, and they'll rise to it. You'll see how they'll rise."

Mrs. Hannay had every appearance of having risen to it. Anne's entrance (she was impressive in her entrances) set the standard high; yet Mrs. Hannay rose. When agreeably excited, Mrs. Hannay was accustomed to move from one end of her drawing-room to the other with the pleasing and impalpable velocity of all soft round bodies inspired by gayety. So exuberant was the softness of the little lady, and so voluminous her flying frills, that at these moments her descent upon her guests appeared positively winged, like the descent of cherubim. To-night she advanced slowly from her hearthrug, with no more than the very slightest swaying and rolling of all her softness, the very faintest tremor of her downy wings. Mrs. Hannay's face was the round face of innocence, the face of a cherub with blown cheeks and lips shaped for the trumpet.

"My dear Mrs. Majendie — at last." She retained Mrs. Majendie's hand for the moment of presenting her to her husband. By this gesture she appropriated Mrs. Majendie, taking her under her small cherubic wing. "Wallie, how d'you do?" Her left hand furtively appropriated Mrs. Majendie's husband. Anne marked the familiarity with dismay. It was evident that at the Hannays' Walter was in the warm lap of intimacy.

It was evident, too, that Mr. Hannay

had married considerably beneath him. Anne owned that he had a certain dignity, and that there was something rather pleasing in his loose, clean-shaven face. The sharp slenderness of youth was now vanishing in a rosy corpulence, — corpulence to which Mr. Hannay resigned himself without a struggle. But above it the delicate arch of his nose attested the original refinement of his type. His mouth was not without sweetness, Mr. Hannay being as indulgent to other people as he was to himself.

He received Anne with a benign air; he assured her of his delight in making her acquaintance, and refrained from allusions to the long delay of his delight.

Little Mrs. Hannay was rolling softly in another direction.

"Canon Wharton, let me present you to Mrs. Walter Majendie."

She had risen to Canon Wharton. For she had said to her husband, "You must get the canon. She can't think us such a shocking bad lot if we have him." Her face expressed triumph in the capture of Canon Wharton, triumph in the capture of Mrs. Walter Majendie, triumph in the introduction. Owing to the Hannays' determination to rise to it, the dinner-party, in being rigidly select, was of necessity extremely small.

"Miss Mildred Wharton — Sir Rigley Barker — Mr. Gorst. Now you all know each other."

The last person to be introduced had lingered with a certain charming diffidence at Mrs. Majendie's side. He was a man of about her husband's age, or a little younger, fair and slender, with a restless, flushed face and brilliant eyes.

"I can't tell you what a pleasure this is, Mrs. Majendie."

He had an engaging voice and a still more engaging smile.

"You may have heard about me from your husband. I was awfully sorry to miss you when I called before I went to Norway. I only came back this morning, but I *made* Hannay invite me."

Anne murmured some suitable polite-

ness. She said afterwards that her instinct had warned her against Mr. Gorst, with his restlessness and brilliance; but, as a matter of fact, her instinct had done nothing of the sort, and his manners had prejudiced her in his favor. Fanny Elliott had told her that he belonged to a very old Lincolnshire family. There was a distinction about him. And he really had a particularly engaging smile.

So she received him amiably; so amiably that Majendie, who had been observing their encounter with an intent and rather anxious interest, appeared finally reassured. He joined them, releasing himself adroitly from Sir Rigley Barker.

"How's Edith?" said Mr. Gorst.

His use of the name and something in his intonation made Anne attentive.

"She's better," said Majendie. "Come and see her soon."

"Oh, rather. I'll come round to-morrow. If," he added, "Mrs. Majendie will permit me."

"Mrs. Majendie," said her husband, "will be delighted."

Anne smiled assent. Her amiability extended even to Mrs. Hannay, who had risen to it, so far, well.

During dinner Anne gave her attention to her right-hand neighbor, Canon Wharton; and Mrs. Hannay, looking down from her end of the table, saw her selection justified. In rising to the canon she had risen her highest; for the ex-member hardly counted: he was a fallen star. But Canon Wharton, the vicar of All Souls, stood on an eminence, social and spiritual, in Scale. He had built himself a church in the new quarter of the town, and had filled it to overflowing by the power of his eloquence. Lawson Hannay, in a moment of unkind insight, had described the canon as "a speculative builder;" but he lent him money for his building, and liked him none the less.

Out of the pulpit the vicar of All Souls was all things to all men. In the pulpit he was nothing but the vicar of All Souls.

He stood there for a great light in Scale, "holding," as he said, "the light, carrying the light, battling for light in that capital of commerce, that stronghold of materialism, founded on money, built up in money, cemented with money!" He snarled out the word "money" and flung it in the face of his fashionable congregation; he gnashed his teeth over it; he shook his fist at them; and they rose to his mood, delighting in little Tommy Wharton's pluck in "giving it them hot." He was always giving it them hot, warming himself at his own fire. And then little Tommy Wharton slipped out of his little surplice and his little cassock, and into the Hannays' house for whisky and soda. He'd drink peg for peg with Lawson Hannay, without turning a hair; while poor Lawson turned many hairs, till his little wife ran in and hid the whisky, and shook her handkerchief at the little canon, and "shooed" him merrily away. And Lawson, big, good-natured Lawson, would lend him more money to build his church with.

So the vicar of All Souls, who aspired to be all things to all men, was hand in glove with the Lawson Hannays. He had occasionally been known to provide for the tables of the poor, but he dearly loved to sit at the tables of the rich; and he justified his predilection by the highest example.

Anne, who knew the canon by his spiritual reputation only, turned to him with interest. Her eye, keen to discern these differences, saw at once that he was a man of the people. He had the unfinished features, the stunted form of an artisan; his body sacrificed, his admirers said, to the energies of his mighty brain. His face was a heavy, powerful oval, bilious-colored, scarred with deep lines, and cleft by the wide mouth of an orator, a mouth that had acquired the appearance of strength through the canon's habit of bringing his lips together with a snap at the close of his periods. His eyes were a strange opaque gray, but the clever canon made them

seem almost uncomfortably penetrating by simply knitting his eyebrows in a savage pent-house over them. They now looked forth at Anne as if the canon knew very well that her soul had a secret, and that it would not long be hidden from him.

They talked about the Eliotts, for the canon's catholicity bridged the gulf between Thurston Square and vociferous, high-living, fashionable Scale. He had lately succeeded (by the power of his eloquence) in winning over Mrs. Elliott from St. Saviour's to All Souls. He hoped also to win over Mrs. Elliott's distinguished friend. For the canon was mortal. He had yielded to the unspiritual seduction of filling All Souls by emptying other men's churches. Lawson Hannay smiled on the parson's success, hoping (he said) to see his money back again.

Money, or no money, he left him a clear field with Mrs. Majendie. Ladies, when they were pretty, appealed to Lawson as part of the appropriate decoration of a table; but, much as he loved their charming society, he loved his dinner more. He loved it with a certain pure extravagance, illuminated by thought and imagination. Mrs. Hannay was one with him in this affection. Her heart shared it; her fancy ministered to it, rising higher and higher in unwearying flights. It was a link between them; almost (so fine was the passion) an intellectual tie. But reticence was not in Hannay's nature; and his emotion affected Anne very unpleasantly. She missed the high lyric note in it. All epicurean pleasures, even so delicate and fantastic a joy as Hannay's in his dinner, appeared gross to Anne.

Majendie at the other end of the table caught sight of her detached, unhappy look, and became detached and unhappy himself, till Mrs. Hannay rallied him on his abstraction.

"If you *are* in love, my dear Wallie," she whispered, "you need n't show it so much. It's barely decent."

"Is n't it? Anyhow, I hope it's quite decently bare," he answered, tempted by her folly. They were gay at Mrs. Hannay's end of the table. But Anne, who watched her husband intently, looked in vain for the brilliance which had distinguished him when he dined in Thurston Square. These Hannays made him dull.

Now, though Anne did n't in the least want to talk to Mr. Hannay, Mr. Hannay displeased her by not wanting to talk more to her. Not that he talked very much to anybody. Now and then the canon's niece, Mildred Wharton, the pretty girl on his left, moved him to a high irrelevance, in those rare moments when she was not absorbed in Mr. Gorst. Pretty Mildred and Mr. Gorst were flirting unabashed behind the roses, and it struck Anne that the canon kept an alarmed and watchful eye upon their intercourse.

To Anne the dinner was intolerably long. She tried to be patient with it, judging that its length was a measure of the height her hosts had risen to. There she did them an injustice; for in the matter of a menu the Hannays could not rise; for they lived habitually on a noble elevation.

At the other end of the table Mrs. Hannay called gayly on her guests to eat and drink. But, when the wine went round, Anne noticed that she whispered to the butler, and, after that, the butler only made a feint of filling his master's glass, and turned a politely deaf ear to his protests. And then her voice rose:—

"Lawson, that pineapple ice is delicious. Gould, hand the pineapple ice again to Mr. Hannay. I adore pineapple ice," said Mrs. Hannay. "Wallie, you're drinking nothing. Fill Mr. Majendie's glass, Gould, fill it — fill it." She was the immortal soul of hospitality, was Mrs. Hannay.

In the drawing-room Mrs. Hannay again took possession of Anne, and led her to the sofa. She fairly enthroned her there; she hovered round her; she

put cushions at her head, and more cushions under her feet; for Mrs. Hannay liked to be comfortable herself and to see every one comfortable about her.

"You come," said she, "and sit down by me on this sofa, and let's have a cosy talk. That's it. Only you want another cushion. No? Do! Won't you really? Then it's four for me," said Mrs. Hannay, supporting herself in various postures of experimental comfort, "one for my back, two for my fat sides, and one for my head. Now I'm comfy. I adore cushions, don't you? My husband says I'm a little down cushion myself, so I suppose that's why."

Anne in her mood had crushed many innocent vulgarities before now; but she owned that she could no more have snubbed Mrs. Hannay than you could snub a little down cushion. It would be impossible, she thought, to make any impression at all on that yielding surface. Impossible to take any impression from her, to say where her gayety ended and her vulgarity began.

"Is n't it funny?" the little lady went on, unconscious of Mrs. Majendie's attitude. "My husband's your husband's oldest friend. So I think you and I ought to be friends too."

Anne's face intimated that she hardly considered the chain of reasoning unbreakable; but Mrs. Hannay continued to play cheerful elaborations on the theme of friendship, till her husband appeared with the other three men. He had his hand on Majendie's shoulder, and Mrs. Hannay's soft smile drew Mrs. Majendie's attention to this manifestation of intimacy. And it dawned on Anne that Mrs. Hannay's gayety would not end here; though it was here, with the mixing of the company, that her vulgarity would begin.

"Did you ever see such a pair? I tell Lawson he's fonder of Wallie than he is of me. I believe he'd go down on his knees and black his boots for nothing, if he asked him. I'd do it myself; only

you must n't tell Lawson I said so." She paused. "I think Lawson wants to come and have a little talk with you."

Hannay approached heavily, and his wife gave up her place to him, cushions and all. He seated himself heavily. His eyes wandered heavily to the other side of the room, following Majendie. And as they rested on his friend there was a light in them that redeemed their heaviness.

He had come to Mrs. Majendie prepared for weighty utterance.

"That man," said Hannay, "is the best man I know. You've married, dear lady, my dearest and most intimate friend. He's a saint — a Bayard." He flung the name at her defiantly, and with a gesture he emphasized the crescendo of his thought. "*A preux chevalier; sans peur,*" said Mr. Hannay, "*et sans reproche.*"

Having delivered his soul, he sat, still heavily, in silence.

Anne repressed the rising of her indignation. To her it was as if he had been defending her husband against some accusation brought by his wife.

And so, indeed, he was. Poor Hannay had been conscious of her attitude, conscious, under her pure and austere eyes, of his own shortcomings, and it struck him that Majendie needed some defense against her judgment of his taste in friendship.

When the door closed behind the Majendies, Mr. Gorst was left the last lingering guest.

"Poor Wallie," said Mrs. Hannay.

"Poor Wallie," said Mr. Hannay, and sighed.

"What do you think of her?" said the lady to Mr. Gorst.

"Oh, I think she's magnificent."

"Do you think he'll be able to live up to it?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Gorst cheerfully.

"Well, it was n't very gay for him before he married, and I don't imagine it's going to be any gayer now."

"Now," said Mr. Hannay, "I understand what's meant by the solemnization of holy matrimony. That woman would solemnize a farce at the Vaudeville, with Gwen Richards on."

"She very nearly solemnized my dinner," said Mrs. Hannay.

"She does n't know," said Mr. Hannay, "what a dinner is. She's got no appetite herself, and she tried to take mine away from me. A regular dog-in-the-manger of a woman."

"Oh come, you know," said Gorst. "She can't be as bad as all that. Edith's awfully fond of her."

"And *that's* good enough for you?" said Mrs. Hannay.

"Yes. *That's* good enough for me. I like her," said Gorst stoutly; and Mrs. Hannay hid in her pocket-handkerchief a face quivering with mirth.

But Gorst, as he departed, turned on the doorstep and repeated, "Honestly, I like her."

"Well, honestly," said Mr. Hannay, "I don't." And, lost in gloomy forebodings for his friend, he sought consolation in whisky and soda.

Mrs. Hannay took a seat beside him.

"And what did you think of the dinner?" said she.

"It was a dead failure, Pussy."

"You old stupid, I mean the dinner, not the dinner-party."

Mrs. Hannay rubbed her soft cherubic face against his sleeve, and as she did so, she gently removed the whisky from his field of vision. She was a woman of exquisite tact.

"Oh, the dinner, my plump Pussycat, was a dream — a happy dream."

XII

"There are moments, I admit," said Majendie, "when Hannay saddens me."

Anne had drawn him into discussing at breakfast time their host and hostess of the night before.

"Shall you have to see very much of them?" She had made up her mind that

she would see very little, or nothing, of the Hannays.

"Well, I haven't, lately, have I?" said he, and she owned that he had not.

"How you ever could —" she began, but he stopped her.

"Oh well, we need n't go into that."

It seemed to her that there was something dark and undesirable behind those words, something into which she could well conceive he would not wish to go. It never struck her that he merely wished to put an end to the discussion.

She brooded over it and became dejected. The great tide of her trouble had long ago ebbed out of her sight. Now it was as if it had turned, somewhere on the edge of the invisible, and was creeping back again. She wished she had never seen or heard of the Hannays — detestable people.

She betrayed something of this feeling to Edith, who was impatient for an account of the evening. (It was thus that Edith entered vicariously into life.)

"Did you expect me to enjoy it?" she replied to the first eager question.

"No, I don't know that I did. I should have enjoyed it very much indeed."

"I don't believe you."

"Was there anybody there that you disliked so much?"

"The Hannays were there. It was enough."

"You liked Mr. Gorst?"

"Yes. He was different."

"Poor Charlie. I'm glad you liked him."

"I don't like him any better for meeting him there, my dear."

"Don't say that to Walter, Nancy."

"I have said it. How Walter can care for those people is a mystery to me."

"He ought to be ashamed of himself if he did n't. Lawson Hannay has been a good friend to him."

"Do you mean that he's under any obligation to him?"

"Yes. Obligations, my dear, that none of us can ever repay."

"It's intolerable —" said Anne.

"Is it? Wait till you know what the obligations are. That man you dislike so much stood by Walter when your friends, the Eliotts, my child, turned their virtuous backs on him — when none of his own people, even, would lend him a helping hand. It was Lawson Hannay who saved him."

"Saved him?"

"Saved him. Moved heaven and earth to get him out of that woman's clutches."

Anne shook her head, and put her hands over her eyes to dispel her vision of him. Edith laughed.

"You can't see Mr. Hannay moving heaven?"

"No, really, I can't."

"Well, I saw him. At least, if he did n't move heaven, he moved earth. When nothing else could shake her hold, he bought her off."

"Bought — her — off?"

"Yes, bought her — paid her money to go. And she went."

"He owes him money, then?"

"Money, and a great many other things besides. You don't like it?"

"I can't bear it."

"Of course you can't. It hurts your pride. It hurt mine badly. But my pride has had to go down in the dust before Lawson Hannay."

Anne raised her head as if she refused to lower her pride an inch to him. She was trying to put the whole episode behind her, as it had come before her. She had nothing whatever to do with it. Edith, of course, had to be grateful. She was not bound by the same obligation. But she was determined that they should be quit of the Hannays. She would make Walter pay back that money.

Meanwhile Edith's eyes filled with tears at the recollection. "Lawson Hannay may not have been a very good man himself — I believe at one time he was n't. But he loved his friend, and he did n't want to see him going the same way."

"The same way? That means that, if it had n't been for Mr. Hannay, he would never have met her."

"Mr. Hannay did his best to prevent his meeting her. He knew what she was, and Walter did n't. He took him off in his yacht for weeks at a time, to get him out of her way. When she followed him he brought him back. When she persecuted him — well, I've told you what he did."

Anne lifted her hand in supplication, and rose and went to the open window, as if, after that recital, she thirsted for fresh air. Edith smiled, in spite of herself, at her sister-in-law's repudiation of the subject.

"Poor Mr. Hannay," said she, "the worst you can say of him now is that he eats and drinks a little more than's good for him."

"And that he's married a wife who sets him the example," said Anne, returning from the window-sill refreshed.

"She keeps him straight, dear."

"Edith! I shall never understand you. You're angelically good. But it's horrible, the things you take for granted. 'She keeps him straight'!"

"You think I take for granted a natural tendency to crookedness? I don't, I don't. What I take for granted is a natural tendency to straightness, when it gets its way. — It does n't always get it, though, especially in a town like Scale."

"I wish we were out of it."

"So did I, dear, once; but I don't now. We must make the best of it."

"Has Walter paid any of that money back to Mr. Hannay?"

Edith looked up at her sister-in-law, startled by the hardness in her voice. She had meant to spare Anne's pride the worst blow, but something in her question stirred the fire that slept in Edith.

"No," she said, "he has n't. He was going to, but Mr. Hannay cancelled the debt, in order that he might marry. — That he might marry you."

Anne drew back as if Edith had struck her bodily. She, then, had been bought, too, with Mr. Hannay's money. Without

it, Walter could not have afforded to marry her; for she was poor.

She sat silent, until her self-appointed hour with Edith ended; and then, still silently, she left the room.

And Edith turned her cheek on her cushions and sobbed weakly to herself. "Walter would never forgive me if he knew I'd told her that. It was awful of me. But Anne would have provoked the patience of a saint."

Anne owned that Edith was a saint, and that the provocation was extreme.

In the afternoon, Edith, at her own request, was forgiven, and Anne, by way of proving and demonstrating her forgiveness, announced her amiable intention of calling on Mrs. Hannay on her "day."

The day fell within a week of the dinner. It was agreed that Majendie was to meet his wife at the Hannays', and to take her home. There was a good mile between Prior Street and the Park, and Anne was a leisurely walker; so it happened that she was late, and that Majendie had arrived a few minutes before her. She did not notice him there all at once. Mrs. Hannay was a sociable little lady; the radius of her circle was rapidly increasing, and her "day" drew crowds. The lamps were not yet lit, and as Anne entered the room, it was dim to her after the daylight of the open air. She had counted on an inconspicuous entrance, and was astonished to find that the announcement of her name caused a curious disturbance and division in the assembly. A finer ear than Anne's might have detected an ominous sound, something like the rustling of leaves before a storm. But Anne's self-possession rendered her at times insensible to changes in the social atmosphere. In any case the slight commotion was no more than she had come prepared for, in a whole roomful of ill-bred persons.

"Pussy," said a lady who stood near Mrs. Hannay. Mrs. Hannay had her back to the doorway. The lady's voice rang on a low note of warning, and she

brought her mouth close to Mrs. Hannay's ear.

The hostess started, turned, and came at once towards Mrs. Majendie, rolling deftly between the persons who obstructed her perturbed and precipitate way. The perfect round of her cheeks had dropped a little; it was the face of a poor cherub in vexation and dismay.

"Dear Mrs. Majendie —" her voice, once so triumphant, had dropped, too, almost to a husky whisper — "how very good of you."

She led her to a sofa, the seat of intimacy, set back a little from the central throng. Majendie could be seen fairly immersed in the turmoil, struggling desperately through it, with a plate in his hand.

Mrs. Hannay was followed by her husband, by the other lady, and by Gorst. She introduced the other lady as Mrs. Ransome, and they seated themselves, one on each side of Anne. The two men drew up in front of the sofa, and began to talk very fast, in loud tones and with an unnatural gayety. The women, too, closed in upon her somewhat with their knees; they were both a little confused, both more than a little frightened, and the manner of both was mysteriously apologetic.

Anne, with her deep insulating sense of superiority, had no doubt as to the secret of the situation. She felt herself suitably protected, guarded from contact, screened from view, distinguished very properly from persons to whom it was manifestly impossible, even for Mrs. Hannay, to introduce her. She was very sorry for poor Mrs. Hannay, she tried to make it less difficult for her, by ignoring the elements of confusion and fright. But poor Mrs. Hannay kept on being frightened; she refused to part with her panic and be natural. So terrified was she that she hardly seemed to take in what Mrs. Majendie was saying.

Anne however conversed with the utmost amiability, while her thoughts ran

thus: "Dear lady, why this agitation? You cannot help being vulgar. As for your friends, what do you think I expected?"

The other lady, Mrs. Dick Ransome, could not be held accountable for anything but her own private vulgarity; and it struck Anne as odd that Mrs. Dick Ransome, who was not responsible for Mrs. Hannay, seemed, if anything, more terrified than Mrs. Hannay, who was responsible for *her*.

Mrs. Dick Ransome did not, at the first blush, inspire confidence. She was a woman with a great deal of blonde hair, and a fresh-colored, conspicuously unspiritual face; coarse-grained, thick-necked, ruminantly animal; but kind; kind to Mrs. Hannay, kind to Anne, — kinder even than Mrs. Hannay, who was responsible for all the kindness.

Charlie Gorst hurried away to get Mrs. Majendie some tea, and Lawson Hannay's large form moved into the gap thus made, blocking Anne's view of the room. He stood looking down upon her with an extraordinary smile of mingled apology and protection. Gorst's return was followed by Majendie, wandering uneasily with his plate. He smiled at Anne, too, and his smile conveyed the same suggestion of desperation and distress. It was as if he said to her, "I'm sorry for letting you in for such a crew, but how can I help it?"

She smiled back at him brightly, as much as to say, "Don't mind. It amuses me. I'm taking it all in."

He wandered away, and Anne felt that the women exchanged looks across her shoulders.

"I think I'll be going, Pussy dear," said Mrs. Ransome, nodding some secret intelligence. She elbowed her way gently across the room, and came back again, shaking her head hopelessly and helplessly. "She says I can go if I like, but she'll stay," said Mrs. Ransome under her breath.

"Oh — h-h," said Mrs. Hannay under hers.

"What am I to do?" said Mrs. Ransome, flurried into audible speech.

"Stay — stay. It's much better." She plucked her husband by the sleeve, and he lowered an attentive ear. Mrs. Ransome covered the confidence with a high-pitched babble.

"You find Scale a very sociable place, don't you, Mrs. Majendie?" said Mrs. Ransome.

"Go," said Mrs. Hannay, "and take her off into the conservatory, or somewhere."

"More sociable in the winter-time, of course." Mrs. Ransome in her agitation almost screamed it.

"I can't take her off anywhere, if she won't go," said Mr. Hannay in a thick but penetrating whisper. He collapsed into a chair in front of Anne, where he seemed to spread himself, sheltering her with his supine, benignant gaze.

Mrs. Hannay was beside herself, beholding his invertebrate behavior. "Don't sit down, stupid. Do something — anything."

He went to do it, but evidently, whatever it was, he had no heart for it.

A maid came in and lit a lamp. There was a simultaneous movement of departure among the nearer guests.

"Oh Heavens," said Mrs. Hannay, "don't tell me they're all going!"

Anne, serenely contemplating these provincial manners, was bewildered by the horror in Mrs. Hannay's tone. There was no accounting for provincial manners, or she would have supposed that Mrs. Hannay, mortified by the presence of her most undesirable acquaintance, would have rejoiced to see them go.

Their dispersal cleared a space down the middle of the room to the bay window, and disclosed a figure, a woman's figure, which occupied, majestically, a settee. The settee, set far back in the bay of the window, was in a direct line with Anne's sofa. That part of the room was still unlighted, and the figure, sitting a little sideways, remained obscure.

A servant went round lighting lamps.

The first lamp to be lit stood beside Anne's sofa. The effect of the illumination was to make the lady in the window turn on her settee. Across the space between, her eyes, obscure lights in a face still undefined, swept with the turning of her body, and fastened upon Anne's face, bared for the first time to their view. They remained fixed, as if Anne's face had a peculiar fascination for them.

"Who is the lady sitting in the window?" asked Anne.

"It's my sister." Mrs. Ransome blinked as she answered, and her blood ran scarlet to the roots of her blonde hair.

A cherub, discovering a horrible taste in his trumpet, would have looked like Mrs. Hannay.

"Do let me give you some more tea, Mrs. Majendie?" said she, while Mrs. Ransome signaled to her husband. "Here, Dick, come and make yourself useful."

Mr. Ransome, a little stout man with a bald head, a pale puffy face, a twinkling eye and a severe mustache, was obedient to her summons.

"Let me see," said she; "have you met Mrs. Majendie?"

"I have not had that pleasure," said Mr. Ransome, and bowed profoundly. He waited assiduously on Mrs. Majendie. The Ransomes might have been responsible for the whole occasion, they so rallied round and supported her.

Hannay and Gorst, Ransome and another man, were gathered together in communion with the lady of the settee. There was a general lull, and her voice, a voice of sweet but somewhat penetrating quality, was heard.

"Don't talk to me," said she, "about women being jealous of each other. Do you suppose I mind another woman being handsome? I don't care how handsome she is, so long as she is n't handsome in my style. Of course, I don't say I could stand it if she was the very moral of me."

"I say, supposing Toodles met the very moral of herself?"

"Could Toodles have a moral? I doubt it."

"I want to know what she'd do with it."

"Yes, by Jove, what *would* you do?"

"Do? I should do my worst. I should make her sit somewhere with a good strong light on her."

"Hold hard there," said her brother-in-law (the man who called her Toodles). "Lady Cayley does n't want that lamp lit just yet."

In the silence of the rest, the name seemed to leap straight across the room to Anne.

The two women beside her heard it, and looked at each other and at her. Anne sickened under their eyes, struck suddenly by the meaning of their protection and their sympathy. She longed to rise, to sweep them aside and go. But she was kept motionless by some superior instinct of disdain.

Outwardly she appeared in no way concerned by this revelation of the presence of Lady Cayley. She might never have heard of her, for any knowledge that her face betrayed.

Majendie, not far from the settee in the window, was handing cucumber sandwiches to an old lady.

And Lady Cayley had taken the matches from the maid, and was lighting the lamp herself, and was saying, "I'm not afraid of the light yet, I assure you. There — look at me."

Everybody looked at her, and she looked at everybody as she sat in the lamplight, and let it pour over her. She seemed to be offering herself lavishly, recklessly, triumphantly, to the light.

Lady Cayley was a large woman of thirty-seven, who had been a slender and a pretty woman at thirty. She would have been pretty still if she had been a shade less large. She had tiny upward-tilted features in her large white face; but the lines of her jaw and her little round prominent chin were already vanishing

in a soft enveloping fold, flushed through its whiteness with a bloom that was a sleeping color. Her forehead and eyelids were exceedingly white, so white that against them her black eyebrows and blue eyes were vivid and emphatic. Her head carried high a Gainsborough hat of white felt, with black plumes and a black line round its rim. Under its upward and its downward curve her light brown hair was tossed up, and curled, and waved, and puffed into an appearance of great exuberance and volume. Exuberance and volume were the note of this lady, a note subdued a little by the art of her dressmaker. A gown of smooth black cloth clung to her vast form without a wrinkle, sombre, severe, giving her a kind of slenderness in stoutness. She wore a white lace vest, and any quantity of lace ruffles, any number of little black velvet lines and points set with paste buttons. And every ruffle, every line, every point and button was an accent, emphasizing some beauty of her person.

And Anne looked at Lady Cayley once and no more.

It was enough. The trouble that she put from her came again upon her, no longer in its merciful immensity, faceless and formless (for she had shrunk from picturing Lady Cayley), but boldly, abominably defined. She grasped it now, the atrocious tragedy, made visible and terrible for her in the body of Lady Cayley, the phantom of her own horror made flesh.

A terrible comprehension fell on her of that body, of its power, its secret and its sin.

For the first moment, when she looked from it to her husband, her mind refused to associate him with that degradation. Reverence held her, and a sudden memory of her passion in the woods at Westleydale. Mercifully they veiled her intelligence, and made it impossible for her to realize that he should have sunk so low.

Then she remembered. She had known

that it was, that it would be so, that sooner or later the woman would come back. Her brain conceived a curious twofold intuition of the fact.

It was all foreappointed and fore-known, that she should come to this hateful house, and should sit there, and that her eyes should be opened and that she should see.

And the woman's voice rose again. "Do I see cucumber sandwiches?" said Lady Cayley. "Dick, go and tell Mr. Majendie that, if he does n't want all those sandwiches himself, I'll have one."

Ransome gave the message, and Majendie turned to the lady of the settee, presenting the plate with the finest air of abstraction. Her large arm hovered in selection long enough for her to shoot out one low, quick speech.

"I only wanted to see if you'd cut me, Wallie. Topsie bet me two to ten you would n't."

"Why on earth should I?"

"Oh, on earth, I know you would n't. But did n't I hear just now you'd married and gone to heaven?"

"Gone to —?"

"Sh—sh—sh—I'm sure she does n't let you use those naughty words. You need n't say you're not in heaven, for I can see you are. You did n't expect to meet me there, did you?"

"I certainly did n't expect to meet you here."

"How can you be so rude. Dick, take that tiresome plate from him; he does n't know what to do with it. Yes, I'll have another before it goes away forever."

Majendie had given up the plate before he realized that he was parting with the link that bound him to the outer world. He turned instantly to follow it there; but she saw his intention and frustrated it.

"Butter? Ugh! You might hold my cup for me while I take my gloves off."

She peeled two skin-tight gloves from her plump hands, so carefully that the operation gave her all the time she wanted.

"I believe you're still afraid of me?" said she.

He was doing his best to look over her head; but she smiled a smile so flashing that it drew his eyes to her involuntarily; he felt it as positively illuminating their end of the room.

"You're not? Well, prove it."

"Is it possible to prove anything to you?"

Again he was about to break from her impatiently. Nothing, he had told himself, would induce him to stay and talk to her. But he saw Anne's face across the room; it was pale and hard, fixed in an expression of implacable repulsion. And she was looking, not at Lady Cayley, but at him.

"You can prove it," said Lady Cayley, "to me and everybody else—they're all looking at you—by sitting down quietly for one moment, and trying to look a little less as if we compromised each other."

He stayed, to prove his innocence before Anne; and he stood, to prove his independence before Lady Cayley. He had longed to get away from the woman, to stand by his wife's side; to take her out of the room, out of the house, into the open air. And now the perversity that was in him kept him where he hated to be.

"That's right. Thank heaven one of us has got some presence of mind."

"Presence of mind?"

"Yes. You don't seem to think of *me*," she added softly.

"Why should I?" he replied with a brutality that surprised himself.

She looked at him with blue eyes softly suffused, and the curve of a red mouth sweet and tremulous. "Why?" her whisper echoed him. "Because I'm a woman."

Her eyelids dropped ever so little; but their dark lashes (following the upward trend of her features) curled to such a degree that the veil was ineffectual. He saw a large slit of the wonderful, indomitable blue.

"I'm a woman, and you're a man, you see; and the world's on your side, my friend, not mine."

She said it sweetly. If she had been bitter she would have (as she expressed it) "choked him off;" but Lady Cayley knew better than to be bitter now, at thirty-seven. She had learnt that her power was in her sweetness.

His face softened (from the other end of the room Anne saw it soften), and Lady Cayley pursued with soundless feet her fugitive advantage.

"Poor Wallie, you need n't look so frightened. I'm quite safe now, or soon will be. Did n't I tell you I was going there too. I'm going to be married."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said he stiffly.

"To a perfect angel," said she.

"Really? If you're going up to heaven, he, I take it, is not coming down to earth?"

"Nothing is settled," said Lady Cayley, with such monstrous gravity that his stiffness melted and he laughed outright.

(Anne heard him.)

"Who, if I may ask, is this celestial, this transcendent being?"

She shook her head. "I can't tell you, yet."

"What, is n't even that settled?"

Majendie was so genuinely diverted at that moment that he would not have left her if he could.

She took the sting of it and flushed dumbly. Remorse seized him, and he sought to soothe her.

"My dear lady, I had a vision of heavenly hosts standing round you in such quantities that it might be difficult to make a selection, you know."

She rallied finely under the reviving compliment. "My dear, it's a case of quality, not quantity—" Her past was so present to them both that he almost understood her to say "this time."

"I see," he said. "The wings. But nothing's settled?"

"It's settled right enough," said she,

by which he understood her to imply that the "angel's" case was. She had settled him. Majendie could see her doing it. His imagination played lightly with the preposterous idea. He conceived her in the act of bringing down her bird of heaven, actually "winging him."

"But it's not given out yet."

"I see."

"You're the first I've told, except Topsy. Topsy knows it. So you must n't tell anybody else."

"I never tell anybody anything," said he.

He gathered that it was not quite so settled as she wished him to suppose, and that Lady Cayley anticipated some possible dashing of the cup of matrimony from her lips.

"So I'm not to have panics, in the night, and palpitations, every time I think of it?"

"Certainly not, if it rests with me."

"I wanted you to know. But it's so precious, I'm afraid of losing it. Nothing," said Lady Cayley, "can make up for the loss of a good man's love. Except," she added, "a good woman's."

"Quite so," he assented coldly, with horror at his perception of her drift.

His coldness riled her.

"Who," said she with emphasis, "is the lady who keeps making those awful eyes at us over Pussy's topknot?"

"That lady," said Majendie, "as it happens, is my wife."

"Why did n't you tell me that before? That's what comes, you see, of not introducing people. I'll tell you one thing. Wallie. She's awfully handsome. But you always had good taste. Br—r—r, there's a draught cutting my head off. You might shut that window, there's a dear."

He shut it.

"And put my cup down."

He put it down.

(Anne saw him. She had seen everything.)

"And help me on with my cape."

He lifted the heavy sable thing with

two fingers and helped her gingerly. A scent, horrid and thick, and profuse with memories, was shaken from her as she turned her shoulder. He hoped she was going. But she was not going; not she. Her body swayed towards him sinuously, from hips obstinately immobile, weighted, literally, with her unshakable determination to sit on.

She rewarded him with a smile which seemed to him, if anything, more atrociously luminous than the last. "I must keep you up to the mark," said she, as she turned with it. "Your wife's looking at you, and I feel responsible for your good behavior. Don't keep her

waiting. Can't you see she wants to go?"

"And I want to go, too," said he savagely. And he went.

And as she watched Mrs. Walter Majendie's departure, Lady Cayley smiled softly to herself, tasting the first delicious flavor of success.

She had made Mrs. Walter Majendie betray herself; she had made her furious; she had made her go.

She had sat Mrs. Walter Majendie out.

If the town of Scale, the mayor and the aldermen, had risen up and given her an ovation, she could not have celebrated more triumphantly her return.

(To be continued.)

ON ARRANGING A BOWL OF VIOLETS

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

I DIP my hands in April among your faces tender,
O woven of blue air and ecstasies of light!
Breathed words of the Earth-Mother — although it is November —
You wing my soul with memories adorable and white.
I hear you call each other:

"Ah, Sweet, do you remember

The garden that we haunted — its spaces of delight?
The sound of running water — the day's long lapse of splendor —
The winds that begged our fragrance and loved us in the night?"

THE CENTENARY OF LONGFELLOW

BY BLISS PERRY

WE allow the centenaries of our men of letters to pass without general observance. The one hundredth anniversaries of the births of Poe, of Hawthorne, and of Emerson, were duly celebrated at Charlottesville and at Brunswick, at Salem, Concord, and Boston. But these were exercises of local piety, the expression of a laudable provincial pride. A wide, national recognition of such anniversaries does not yet come easily to us; "they order this matter better in France," with a more spontaneous clashing of the cymbals, a more graceful processional to the shrine. It is possible that the anniversary of Longfellow's birth — on February 27, 1807 — may be more generally and tenderly remembered than that of other American authors of his time. Multitudes of his countrymen to whom Hawthorne and Poe were mere necromancers, and Emerson a shining seraph announcing unintelligible things, thought of Longfellow as a familiar friend. But twenty-five years have already elapsed since his death. To a busy republic, swift to forget even its best servants, a quarter of a century is a long period, and the startling political and social changes which have been brought about within that interval make it seem even longer still. Longfellow's noble life and work have indeed kept him in remembrance; but apparently it is only Lincoln, among all the figures of that generation, who has grown steadily in popular fame.

It is inevitable that there should be some reaction against the extraordinary popularity which Longfellow's poetry enjoyed during his lifetime. Nor should his most loyal admirers quarrel with the spirit which to-day seeks to scrutinize the causes of such a popularity. To the true lover of books, the quality of a poet is

everything; the counting of the heads of the poet's audience is but an idle occupation. It is difficult for Colonel Higginson to write otherwise than delightfully, but I wish that he had not begun his *Life of Longfellow* by giving the British Museum statistics of the demand for Longfellow's writings, and the editions in the various languages of the world. Do not even the publicans and the historical novelists the same? Such figures — unless they cover more than a single generation — raise more doubts than they allay. Nowhere is a little wise distrust of the popular judgment more sanative than in the field of poetry. The literary mass-meeting settles nothing. If it records an enormous majority for some candidate to-day, it is likely to-morrow to vote his name wearisomely familiar, imitating that illogical but very human and likable Athenian who petulantly marked his ballot against Aristides.

Yet if a little skepticism as to the wisdom of the general contemporary verdict is wholesome, a complete skepticism is rash. I know a shrewd and slightly cynical publisher who insists that the popularity of a piece of literature is always in an inverse ratio to its excellence. This is a pleasing and easily-remembered formula. It collapses, however, when you say "Hamlet." And I think it collapses when you say "Evangeline." The presumption may be, and for certain fastidious minds it always will be, that a popular poem cannot have a high literary rating. But it is one of the most unsafe presumptions upon which a critic can put out to sea. There is, to be sure, a natural commonplaceness which forms a solidarity of sympathy between certain authors and their public. I once asked a poet: "How does our friend Blank, the novelist, man-

age to hit the average vulgar taste with such wonderful accuracy?" "He does n't *hit* it," said the poet gloomily, "he *is* it." But this complete identity of author and audience must be sharply distinguished from that exquisite gift possessed by a few men of essential distinction,—like Gray, like Goethe, like Longfellow,—of giving perfect expression to certain feelings which are

"in widest commonalty spread."

Both of these classes of writers may produce a widely popular poem or book. But the difference in the result is that which separates *David Harum* from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *The Old Oaken Bucket* from the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. Longfellow, it is true, sometimes allowed himself to print rather commonplace pieces. Like most poets, and like every American poet of his generation except Poe, he published too much. He had a sympathetic perception of the moods of unsophisticated people, and he usually preferred to interpret such feelings rather than the more recondite aspects of human experience. He felt, as we all feel, that the rain is beautiful, and he did not hesitate to say in verse,—

"How beautiful is the rain!"

That he ran a certain risk in thus carrying simplicity to the verge of guilelessness he must have been aware, through the early and constant parodies upon this vein of his poetry. But he knew his course. He gained and held his great circle of readers by precisely this obedience to his instinct. His contemporaries felt what Emerson (with perhaps a touch of unconscious patronage) wrote about *Hiawatha*: "I have always one foremost satisfaction in reading your books, that I am safe." To speak safely to one generation is to speak with some hazard to the generations following, and Longfellow's beautiful work has already paid a penalty for his overwhelming immediate success.

In one other respect, too, we must note a sort of whispered reservation that is sometimes made when Longfellow's

name is spoken. One need not fear to utter it, even in the magazine to which he was such a friendly and honored contributor. Was he, after all, a great poet? Mr. Longfellow himself, with his delicate sense of literary values, would have respected the scruple which prompts such a question. One may easily imagine what he would have replied. He was once showing the Craigie House, with his unmatched courtesy, to one of those ignorant bores whom he patiently allowed to ravage his golden hours. The stranger asked if Shakespeare did not live somewhere about there. "I told him," said Mr. Longfellow, "I knew no such person in this neighborhood." Exactly. No such person as Shakespeare has ever been in the Cambridge Directory. But what of it? Why should size be snatched at as the chief criterion of poetic performance? The nightingale, type and symbol of all poets, is but a small brown bird.

How Longfellow himself regarded an indubitably great poet may be seen in his incomparable sonnets upon the *Divina Commedia*. Dante's poem is there likened to a cathedral, within whose doors the tumult of the time dies away,—

"While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Old agonies and exultations haunt these shadows; here are echoes of tragedies and of celestial voices. The windows are ablaze with saints and martyrs; the organ sounds; the unseen choirs sing the Latin hymns; and the head is bowed in the presence of the ineffable mysteries of the Faith. Nothing built by human hands has the dark grandeur of such a minster. There is only one other place that may be as sacred,—and that is the home. To open Dante is like passing within the solemn portal of a cathedral; to read Longfellow is like entering the Craigie House. The fine dignity of the vanished eighteenth century is here. From the doorway stretches a gentle landscape, with its winding river and low hills. All around there is a quiet beauty, with lilacs and elms and green lawns sweet with child-

ren's voices; within the old mansion wait hospitality, and gracious courtesy, and the savor of worn books, and the sanctities of long, intimate converse with all lovely and honorable things. It is a friend's roof, and it welcomes us in hours when the cathedral oppresses or appalls.

It is no wonder that men and women of New England blood are loyal to Longfellow. His stock was of the finest of our sifted wheat. John Alden, the young lover in his most perfect narrative poem, — the "bunch of May-flowers from the Plymouth woods," — was his maternal ancestor. Among his forbears were men distinguished for gallantry in the country's service, and for stainless integrity of private character. His boyhood in Portland was typical of the time and section, in its moral sweetness, its intellectual hunger and fine ambition. He had the look of his family, — the slim straight figure, the waving brown hair, the blue eyes, the quickly flushed cheeks. He read in his father's library the sound English classics of the eighteenth century, but the first book to fascinate his imagination was Irving's *Sketch-Book*. "I was a schoolboy when it was published," he wrote forty years afterward, "and read each succeeding number with ever increasing wonder and delight, spell-bound by its pleasant humor, its melancholy tenderness, its atmosphere of reverie, — nay, even by its gray-brown covers, the shaded letters of its titles, and the fair, clear type, which seemed an outward symbol of its style." Such was the boy of whom — at the ripe age of six — his schoolmaster had testified that "his conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable," and of whom a classmate at Bowdoin — in that famous class of 1825 — said, "It appeared easy for him to avoid the unworthy."

One is reminded of the remark made by Puvis de Chavannes in the hour of his long-deferred triumph as an artist. "Who was your master?" he was asked. "I never had any master," said the painter,

thinking perhaps of his restless, friendless journeys from one atelier to another; "my master has been a horror of certain things." That fineness of nature which made it seem easy for Longfellow, as for his classmate Hawthorne, to avoid the unworthy, was perfected by the firm intellectual discipline and the clear flame of aspiration that characterized the years spent in the struggling country college. Typical of that period was his unashamed acknowledgment of his heart's ambition, revealed in a well-known letter to his father: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it." How charming it is, this boyish ardor! Longfellow's was but one of hundreds of such voices rising from every home of learning in New England, three quarters of a century ago. We hear them still, in the fresh tones of this eager, generous, high-minded youth, who had the good fortune to realize his dream.

It was fulfilled, as most dreams are, in unforeseen ways. Through the range and the quality of Longfellow's life-work he was enabled to perform a spiritual service for his countrymen. He was to become a national, rather than a merely provincial figure. In our imaginations, indeed, he lingers as a lovely flowering of all that was most fair in the New England temperament and training, in that long blossoming season which began with Emerson's *Nature* and ended — no one knows just when or how — within a decade or two after the close of the Civil War. There is but too much truth in Mr. Oliver Herford's witty description of the present-day New England as the abandoned farm of literature. Apparently the soil must lie fallow for a while, or someone must plough deeper than our melancholy short-story writers seem to go. But when the old orchard was bearing, what bloom and fruitage were hers!

Yet Longfellow was far more than a melodious voice of that New England springtime. It became his privilege to

interpret to his generation the hitherto alien treasures of European culture. He brought Spain and Italy, France and Germany and the shadowy northern races, into the consciousness of his countrymen. While Irving and Bryant were the pioneers in this adventure, it was through Longfellow, more than any other man, that the poetry of the Old World — the romance of town and tower and storied stream, the figures of monk and saint and man-at-arms, of troubadour and minnesinger, of artist and builder and dreamer — became the familiar possession of the New.

This immense service was made possible through Longfellow's scholarship. When he was graduated from Bowdoin, at the age of eighteen, he had a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, and a fair amount of French. Receiving the promise of a professorship of modern languages at his alma mater, upon the condition that he should prepare himself by European study, he sailed in 1826 for a three years' absence. After two years and a half he was able to write to his father, "I know you cannot be dissatisfied with the progress I have made in my studies. I speak honestly, not boastfully. With the French and Spanish languages I am familiarly conversant, so as to speak them correctly, and write them with as much ease and fluency as I do the English. The Portuguese I read without difficulty. And with regard to my proficiency in the Italian, I have only to say that all at the hotel where I lodge took me for an Italian until I told them I was an American." He then proceeded to master German, and in subsequent years familiarized himself with several other languages of northern Europe. During the five or six years of his Bowdoin professorship, and for eighteen years at Harvard, he gave careful and competent instruction in these languages, lecturing regularly upon various foreign literatures, and superintending the work of the picturesque and often extremely difficult foreign gentlemen (the "four-in-hand of outlandish

animals all pulling the wrong way, except one") who acted as his assistants. Of the extent and accuracy of his linguistic attainments his published translations from no less than nine languages are a sufficient proof. His college tasks left him scanty leisure; his eyesight was early impaired; and he gave himself freely to the claims of hospitality; and yet in spite of these drawbacks his acquaintance with the literatures of mediæval and modern Europe became extraordinary. He made no pretense, however, to strictly philological erudition, and he would probably have regarded with mild surprise the formidable apparatus of learning which our contemporary scholars love to concentrate — like the irresistible wedge of close football formation — upon the weakest points in their opponent's line. One may even venture to think that Longfellow would have found such philological contests rather dull. He played by preference the open game, moving with a delightful swiftness and ease from folklore and drinking-song to missal and codex. His prose volumes, *Hyperion* and *Outre-Mer*, reflect something of the variety of his reading, and his natural sympathy with that European Romantic movement which was still occupied, in the thirties, with revivifying the past and lending an emotional coloring to the present. For years after his return from his first long sojourn in Europe this seemed to be his calling: to give a few American boys some bright glimpses of those illuminated pages which had fascinated his own fancy.

Then, after a decade of teaching, came the revelation of his true power. He discovered that he was himself a poet. He had written boyish verses, such as we all write, and the constant practice in metrical translation had perfected his sense of poetical form. But here was a new impulse. His Journal notes [Dec. 6, 1838]: "A beautiful holy morning within me. I was softly excited, I knew not why; and wrote with peace in my heart and not without tears in my eyes, *The Reaper and*

the *Flowers*, a *Psalm of Death*. I have had an idea of this kind in my mind for a long time, without finding any expression for it in words. This morning it seemed to crystallize at once, without any effort of my own." How familiar that "soft excitement" is to those who listen to the confidences of the poets; and how inadequate an explanation, after all, of the miracle by which a poem comes into being!

Longfellow was now in his thirties. He had been called from Brunswick to Cambridge. The wife of his youth was dead in a foreign land, and he had returned from that melancholy second visit to Europe, to live with books and a few friends. His youthful ambition for eminence had deepened into a love of the beautiful and a desire to speak truth. "Fame must be looked upon only as an accessory," he wrote, in a heart-searching letter to his friend Greene. "If it has ever been a principal object with me — which I doubt — it is so no more." Like Hawthorne, he found fame when he ceased to seek it. *The Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Skeleton in Armor*, *The Rainy Day*, *Maidenhood*, *Excelsior*, followed one another as thrushes follow one another in the deep woods at dawn, with melodies effortless and pure. Everybody listened. Two of these poems, *The Psalm of Life* and *Excelsior*, have indeed paid the price of a too apt adjustment to the ethical mood of that "earnest" moment in America. They were not so much poems as calls to action, and now that two generations have passed, those trumpets rust upon the wall. It is enough that they had their glorious hour.

To appeal through verse to the national as well as to the individual conscience was not for Longfellow, as it was for Whittier and Lowell, a natural instinct. His path lay for the most part outside the field of political poetry. Yet by his anti-slavery poems of 1842 he placed himself unmistakably on record against the most gigantic evil of his day; and in his anti-militaristic poem, *The Arsenal*

at Springfield, he protested against the most widespread evil of our own. History loves to be ironical. Longfellow lived to see those very Springfield rifles help to end slavery in the United States; he lived to see "Enceladus arise" and shake off by force of arms the shackles of Italy; but he did not live long enough to hear his "holy melodies" of international love succeed to the diapasons of war. The high priests of the present dispensation assure us that his vision of universal disarmament is only a dream, and a dangerous dream. Yet there are and will be others to dream it until they make the dream come true.

The happiness of an assured recognition by the public was now followed by the deeper joy of a new home, but his habitation still remained the Craigie House. Friends multiplied, although a chosen few, like Felton and Sumner, had still their privileged place. Longfellow began to build in fancy a great poem, dealing with no less vast a theme than "the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle and Modern Ages." For thirty years it was to occupy his mind. The second portion, *The Golden Legend*, was finished first: a lovely, full-blown rose of learning, of sympathetic insight, of imagination. The third part, *The New England Tragedies*, followed after nearly a score of years, and *The Divine Tragedy*, which now introduces the completed poem, was written last. Thus the poet's task was ultimately finished; whether it was truly accomplished, according to the measure of his aspiration, who can say? He was not by nature a tragic poet. The New England dramas, faithfully as they reproduce the colonial atmosphere, seem but a provincial conclusion for the poet's comprehensive scheme. The sacred theme of *The Divine Tragedy*, and the scrupulous fidelity with which Longfellow weaves the words of the Scripture into his pattern, tend to remove the poem from the unimpeded scrutiny of criticism. We know that it possessed a deep signifi-

cance to the author, that more is meant than meets the ear, completely as the ear is charmed. It is one of the instances, not rare in the history of letters, where a poet's greatest work — as conceived by himself — has been relatively unregarded by his public.

For it is unquestionable that to his contemporaries, both here and abroad, Longfellow was recognized as the author of tender lyrics, and of *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. These narrative poems have become so secure a national possession that criticism seems an intrusion: it is like carrying a rifle into a national park. And it is to be suspected that the most formidably armed critic would return from his unlawful excursion with a rather empty bag. He would discover, no doubt, a few weak hexameters in *Evangeline*, an occasional thinness of tone in *Hiawatha*. He would point out the essentially bookish origin of all three poems, or in other words — what is true enough — that Longfellow loved to enter the House of Life by the library door. Very possibly there might never have been an *Evangeline* if there had not been a *Hermann and Dorothea* first. Very probably Felton and T. W. Parsons and other scholarly friends of Longfellow were right in their feeling that the dactylic measure of *Evangeline* is less suited to our English speech-rhythms than the iambic. Certainly the hexameters of *Miles Standish*, with their frequent iambic substitutions, are more supple and racy than those of the earlier poem. But this does not take us very far. We are no nearer the heart of the mystery of poetry for knowing that the rhythm of *Hiawatha* was borrowed from the Finnish *Kalevala*, and that the legends were taken, with due acknowledgments, from Schoolcraft. After all, the crucial question about *Hiawatha*'s canoe was not where he got his materials, but whether the finished craft would float; and it is enough to say of the poem, as of the gayly colored canoe itself, —

And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Evangeline had been finished on the poet's fortieth birthday, and *The Courtship of Miles Standish* was written when he was fifty-one. That decade, so rich in poetic productiveness, was the happiest of Longfellow's life. He had been granted what Southey, another library poet, had craved for himself, —

"Books, children, leisure, all the heart desires."

Success — a ghastly calamity for some writers — did not spoil the simplicity of his nature and the sincerity of his art. As the years went by, he discovered that college teaching, which had been pleasant enough at first, grew wearisome. His journal is full of half humorous, half plaintive references to the "treadmill" and the "yoke;" he likens himself to a miller, his hair white with meal, trying to sing amid the din and clatter; he finds it hard to lecture on so delicate a subject as Petrarch "in this harsh climate, in a college lecture-room, by broad daylight." In 1854 he surrendered his college chair to Lowell, and gave himself henceforward wholly to his true vocation. He could not, indeed, summon the ungracious courage to protect himself from the merciless demands of callers, correspondents, and admirers of every sort. In one week he wrote nothing but letters; in one forenoon he entertained fourteen callers, thirteen of them English. But aside from these intrusions, which are the unavoidable impost-tax upon popularity, he was enabled, in almost as full a degree as Tennyson after 1850, to ripen upon the sunny side of the wall. The sheltered life was best, no doubt, for that delicate nature of his, disliking to strive and cry in the streets, and finding, as he confesses in his journal, "life and its ways and ends prosaic in this country to the last degree."

He was too true a poet not to feel the possibility of a poetic inspiration in the dominant chords of that competitive civilization which was already vibrating all about him. He notes in a morning walk: "I see the red dawn encircling the horizon, and hear the thundering railway trains, radiating in various directions from the city along their sounding bars, like the bass of some great anthem, — our national anthem." But he never — save possibly in *The Building of the Ship* — tried to set that anthem to music of his own. One is reminded of that other sensitive and withdrawn person, Nathaniel Hawthorne, who said regretfully of the rude life which he witnessed upon the wharves of Boston, "A better book than I shall ever write was there." Yet it would not be strange if both Hawthorne and Longfellow were to outlast the author of "McAndrew's Hymn."

In fact, the last decade — which has ordered its writers to serve up life in the raw, to write with their eye upon the object, and to sacrifice beauty to the thrilling sense of contact with actual experience — has been hardly fair to the Cambridge and Concord men. It is undeniable that there was a transient phase of "softness" in the forties, which Longfellow did not escape. He thought it "exquisite to read good novels in bed with waxlights in silver candlesticks," and exclaimed, after reading Frémont's account of the Rocky Mountain expedition of 1842, "But, ah, the discomforts!" He remained in life-long unacquaintance with the physical aspects of his own country. Yet we forget how quickly the bookish man, provided he have the search-light of imagination upon his desk, can dispense with first-hand observation of scenery. Coleridge wrote the *Hymn to Mont Blanc* and *The Ancient Mariner* without having seen the Vale of Chamounix and the tropic ocean. The northwestern and southwestern American landscapes in *Hiwatha* and *Evangeline* are no less "true to nature" than the realistic picture of the rainy morning in Sudbury, in the *Tales*
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of a *Wayside Inn*. The misfortune of the home-keeping poets lies not so much in any artistic limitation, as in our own lurking sense that some bolder and more enfranchising spiritual adventures might have been theirs if they had more often, as it were, gone down to the sea in ships and done business in great waters.

Yet we know but little, either from his Journal or his poems, of Longfellow's inner life. When his hour of dreadful trial came, in 1861, he met it with a gentleman's silent courage. In the years that followed he turned again for solace to his translation of Dante, begun long before. He found also, in his device of the *Wayside Inn*, a happy mode of linking together many a mellow story which he still wished to tell. The various *Interludes* reveal, to a fuller degree than any previous work of his, the ease of the finished artist, playful and adroit. The stories are for the most part Old World tales, — of Arabia and the East, of Sicily and Tuscany, of the green Alsatian hills and the gray Baltic, — but here too are *Paul Revere's Ride* and *Lady Wentworth*. It is inevitable that in such a rich collection there should be some tales in which Longfellow's masters in the story-telling art would have surpassed him; stories to which Boccaccio would have imparted a gayer drollery, or Chaucer a more robust breath of the highroad. But we who have loved these stories in youth rarely tire of them, and the most brilliant, I think, are those that are most completely the product of Longfellow's own fancy, —

an invention of the Jew,
Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,
And of the same bright scarlet thread
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

With the completion of *The Divine Tragedy*, the trilogy now published under the title *Christus: A Mystery* was finished. Longfellow began almost immediately another long dramatic poem, *Michael Angelo*, which was found in his desk after his death. It is difficult to characterize it fitly, or to realize all the subtle bonds of affinity which drew the thoughts

of the aging Longfellow to the last survivor of the greatest artistic period of Italy. Mr. Horace Scudder, one of the most sympathetic and best equipped critics of American verse, used to consider this poem as Longfellow's *apologia pro vita sua*, wherein the reader is always aware of Longfellow's presence, "wise, calm, reflective, musing over the large thoughts of life and art." I confess that I cannot see so clearly as this beneath the smooth, shadowed surface of the poem. It is Longfellow's most finished blank verse, — a verse that sings, mourns, and aspires, but never quite laughs; indeed, this was no time for laughter, after the sack of Rome. In lieu of action, there is a succession of charming or grave conversations, woven together out of the gossipy pages of Cellini, Vasari, and many another chronicler; to read them is to see again the yellowing travertine, the broken arches, and the stone pines against the Roman sky; it is to feel the pathos of unfulfilled dreams, of a titanic, unavailing struggle against a petty world; in a word, it is to watch the red melancholy sunset of the Renaissance. But it is a strange *apologia* for the American poet.

Although the last two decades of Longfellow's life produced these longer poems, with a deeper symbolism that may escape the casual reader, they also gave to the world some of his best known and most characteristic work. The range of his poetic faculty and the ripeness of his technical skill were exhibited in lyrics fully as lovely and varied as the old: in descriptive pieces like *Keramos* and *The Hanging of the Crane*; in such personal and "occasional" verses as *The Herons of Elmwood* and the noble *Morituri Salutamus*; and finally in sonnets, — like those upon Chaucer, Milton, the *Divina Commedia*, *A Nameless Grave*, Felton, Sumner, *Nature*, *My Books*, — which are already secure among the imperishable treasures of the English language.

There is no formula which adequately explains and comments upon such a career. It is apparent that Longfellow pos-

sessed, to a very notable degree, an instinctive literary tact. He knew, by a gift of nature, how to comport himself with moods and words, with forms of prose and verse, with the traditions, conventions, unspoken wishes of his readers. Literary tact, like social tact, is more easy to feel than to define. It does not depend upon learning, for professional scholars conspicuously lack it. Nor does it turn upon mental power, or moral quality. Poe, who could not live among men without making enemies, moved in and out of the borderland of prose and verse with the inerrant grace of a wild creature, sure-footed and quick-eyed. Lowell, whose social tact could be so perfect, sometimes allowed himself, out of sheer exuberance of spirits, to play a boyish leap-frog with the literary proprieties. The beautiful genius of Emerson often stood tongue-tied and awkward, confusing and confused, before problems of literary behavior which to the facile talent of Dr. Holmes were as simple as talking across a dinner-table. But Longfellow's literary tact was always impeccable: he divined what could and could not be said and done under the circumstances; he escorted the Muses to the banquet hall without stepping on their robes; he met the unspoken thought with the desired word, and — a greater gift than this — he knew when to be silent.

It is possible to misjudge this fineness of artistic instinct, this professional dexterity. Browning, who analyzed, and perhaps overanalyzed, Andrea del Sarto as the "faultless painter," has, by dint of forcing us to consider what Andrea lacked, made us too forgetful of what he really possessed. Once made aware of the Florentine's limitations in passion and imagination, we tend, under the spell of Browning's genius, to give him insufficient credit even for his grace in composition, his pleasant coloring, his suave facility. And it is true that the greatest painters have something which Andrea somehow missed. No doubt the most masterful poets have certain qualities

which we do not find in Longfellow. But that is no reason for failing to recognize the qualities which he did command in well-nigh flawless perfection. There are candid readers, unquestionably, who feel that they have outgrown him. But for one, I can never hear such a confession without a sort of pain. It may be that these readers are naturally passing on from room to room of the endless palace of poetry. It may be that they seek a ruder, more athletic exercise of the mind than Longfellow offers them, and that they find this stimulus in Browning or Whitman or Lucretius. Concerning such instinctive preferences there can be no debate; the world of letters is fortunately very wide. But sometimes, it is to be feared, a loss of enjoyment in Longfellow is the symbol of a lessening love for what is simple, graceful, and refined.

These characteristics of Longfellow's art were rooted in his nature. Here is an entry from his Journal, on August 4, 1836: "A day of quiet and true enjoyment, travelling from Thun to Entlebuch on our way to Lucerne. The time glided too swiftly away. We read the *Genevieve* of Coleridge and the *Christabel* and many scraps of song, and little German ballads of Uhland, simple and strange. At noon we stopped at Langnau, and walked into the fields, and sat down by a stream of pure water that turned a mill; and a little girl came out of the mill and brought us cherries; and the shadow of the trees was pleasant, and my soul was filled with peace and gladness." Nowadays many a tourist motors through Switzerland without ever discovering the valley of Langnau; or, whirling past it, has no desire to rest under the shadow of the trees by that stream of pure water. Indeed, it would be foolish for the hurrying tourist to tarry there. He would not find in himself, as Longfellow did, a new peace and gladness; and besides, he might miss his dinner in Lucerne.

A clear transparency of spirit, an *anima candida* like Virgil's, an unvarying gentleness and dignity of behavior: these

were the traits which endeared Longfellow to those who knew him. The delicacy of his literary tact was one secret of his welcome, but the deeper secret — though this too was an open one — lay in the beauty of his character. There could be no better illustration of this than the familiar story of the pathetic but perfect tribute paid by Emerson, who, broken by age, and with a memory that had almost lapsed, attended Longfellow's funeral. They had been friends for nearly forty years. "I do not remember the name of the gentleman whose funeral we have attended," he said; "but he had a beautiful soul."

Those of us who once begged for Mr. Longfellow's autograph, or besieged, shyly or brazenly, the always open door of his home, can do no more than transmit our own impression of his personality. The coming generations will select their own poets, in obedience to some instinct which cannot be divined by us. For myself, I have no doubt that Americans, in a far distant future, will look back to the author of *Evangeline* and *Hiawatha* as we look back to his favorite Walter von der Vogelweide, a Meistersinger of a golden age. Now and again, very likely, he may be neglected. He is already thought negligible by some clever young men of over-educated mind and under-educated heart, who borrow their ethics from the cave-men, their philosophy from the raft-men, and who, in the presence of the same material from which Longfellow wrought delightful poetry, — the same landscape, the same rich past and ardent present and all the "long thoughts" of youth, — are themselves impotent to produce a single line.

But Longfellow's reputation may be trusted to safer hands than theirs. There can be no happier fortune than that which has made him the children's poet. These wise little people know so well what they like! They are untroubled with scruples and hesitations. With how sure an instinct do they feel — without com-

prehending or analyzing — the note of true poetry! Will Stevenson be one of the enduring writers? I look at his twenty-five volumes in shining red and gold, and cannot tell; but when I hear a child murmuring *My Shadow*, I think I know. If there were a language for such childish secrets, the sweet voices that recite with delicious solemnity *The Children's Hour* might tell us more about Longfellow than we professional critics — with our meticulous pedantry, our scrutiny of "sources," our ears so trained to detect over-tones that we lose the melody — shall ever learn.

The children go to the heart of the matter. And so do many of those larger children — the men and women of simple soul who keep an unsophisticated way of looking at the world. There are some very highly organized persons who amuse themselves with poetry as they would with chess, or Comparative Religion, or *The Shaving of Shagpat*. They can criticise and expound verses, and invent theories of poetics, and compile anthologies. But these valuable members of the intellectual community are not the real readers of poetry. To find the true audience of a Heine, a Tennyson, a Longfellow, you are not to look in the Social Register. You must seek out the shy boy and girl who live on side streets and hill roads, — no matter where, so long as the road to dreamland leads from their gate; you must seek the working-girls and shopkeepers, the "schoolteachers and country ministers" who put and kept Longfellow's friend Sumner in the Senate; you must make a census of the lonely, uncounted souls who possess the treasures of the humble. These readers are sadly ignorant of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Fogazzaro; but when the conversation shifts to Shakespeare they brighten up.

They know their Shakespeare, and they know Longfellow. They are sometimes described as the intellectual "middle class;" but a poet may well say, as a President of the United States once said of a camp-meeting at Ocean Grove, "Give me the support of those people, and I can snap my fingers at the rest."

It is folly to worship numbers. But it is a deeper folly not to perceive that among the uncritical masses there may be a right instinct for the essence of poetry. It is glory enough for Longfellow that he is read by the same persons who still read Robert Burns and the Plays of Shakespeare and the English Bible. Until simplicity and reverence go wholly out of fashion he will continue to be read. In that quaint Flemish city which Longfellow's verses have helped to make famous there is a tiny room, in the Hospital of St. John, in which are treasured some of the loveliest pictures of Hans Memling. The years come and go, in Bruges; the streets and canals grow quieter here, noisier there, than they used to be; the belfry that Longfellow admired looks down to-day on advertisements of Sunlight Soap and American Petroleum. Yet in that hushed room in the inner courtyard of the Hospital, visitors still linger entranced, as of old, over Memling's Marriage of St. Catherine, his Adoration of the Magi, and his Shrine of St. Ursula. Purity of color and of line are there, delicate brush-work, a charming fancy, a clear serenity of spirit; they are masterpieces of a born painter whose nature was also that of the dreamer, the story-teller, the devotee. There are Venetian and Roman painters far greater than Hans Memling. And there are poets whose strength of wing and fiery energy of imagination are beyond Longfellow's. But no truer poet ever lived.

RODERICK EATON'S CHILDREN

BY CLARE BENEDICT

RODERICK EATON did not, as a rule, leave town so early; but then, to-day was not like other days; it was, in fact, his fortieth birthday, and he had promised to celebrate the event. He did not, it is true, feel much like celebrations; he was not a celebrating man; having lost — eight years before — his one great treasure, he could not see the sense in marking time. It was long enough at best; why deck it out with flowers, — for he knew that flowers would be in the thing, a cake festooned with them, no doubt. He gazed before him moodily. The car was full, the air was suffocating.

He wished he had not strained a point to catch the 3.15 accommodation; he might have come as usual by the 6 o'clock express; then his face changed, — his dead wife's children, how could he grudge them the two extra hours! They had been away from him so long, ever since their frail young mother had been taken, the doctors having advised for them a milder air; and so the girl and boy had grown up in California, seeing their busy father only now and then.

And they had thriven, — yes, physically they had thriven; but mentally! The father looked harassed. Well, mentally, so far as he could judge, they were but infants, babes in arms, to put it figuratively. He had not realized this at the beginning; it had taken three months' observation to make sure. Three months, — the time seemed longer to him, somehow, since his children had come home to live; he could not get accustomed to their presence, having steeped himself in solitude hitherto.

He loved them, yes, of course he loved them, dear, delightful cherubs that they were. There, that was it, he thought of them as cherubs, whereas the girl had

passed her fourteenth birthday, and the boy was scarcely eighteen months behind. Could they be slow? The idea hurt him: his children slow, her children! His face lit up again. Where there had been such perfect love, such understanding, — no, the fault must lie elsewhere. It must be some defect in their upbringing; single women were apt to coddle young people too much; he had been wrong to waive his right of supervision; between the nurse and the governess the children had had full swing; and full swing seemed to have consisted in unlimited time for playing. Apparently their days began and ended with childish games; he had not, to be sure, been able to investigate the matter thoroughly; still there were little things, — one could put two and two together.

The tired man removed his glasses; they pressed uncomfortably; his head ached, too, from the stifling atmosphere. Why must people eat bananas on slow trains! He felt peculiarly aggrieved because of his good intentions; he was planning to give his children a surprise. They were not expecting him until the usual hour, but on their account he had cut short his working-day. He had, besides, another grievance, one that rankled bitterly: that morning he had met an old acquaintance, a man he had not run across for years, and this man in talking had alluded to his children. It was this allusion that rankled in Eaton's mind, jostling certain thoughts which had been lurking there and miserably confirming his own fears.

"At fourteen," the friend had said, "my girl is quite a little woman; she supplements her mother in every way; and my boy, who is nearly two years younger, has taken strides in mathematics this last term."

Now Hilda Eaton had never supplemented any one, nor had Jack evinced a growing aptitude for sums; in his dejection, the father saw black visions of the future, a future in which his children were not to shine. Nevertheless, some effort must be made; there were responsibilities. To Eaton, fatherhood had chiefly stood for personal toil; he had worked himself unmercifully, in the hope of putting by a competence; but he knew that making money was not his sole parental task. Nor did he feel that this one had been accomplished; partial success had come, yet nothing was secure. Meanwhile those for whom he worked were now beside him, filling the silent house with strange new sounds. His children's presence did not, however, lessen his despondency; their gayety seemed rather to increase his gloom; life was very grave, — he, at least, had found it so, nor could it be a pantomime even to the young. He must reason with them, he must let them see things clearly; he could not provide for them at all luxuriously, they must make their own way in the world. He thought of Hilda, little sweet-faced Hilda with her mother's eyes! No, she must not make *her* way, she must be lifted; but first, she must be taught to walk alone. The problem of the boy was still more perplexing. His name was entered for the Paton School; but Eaton had grave doubts of Jack's capacity; he thought him very backward, if not actually slow of mind. What if he should fail to keep up with his classes?

The thinker sighed and glanced impatiently about him. Ah, the train was slackening speed. In another moment the discontented traveler was breathing delicious draughts of fresh June air.

When Eaton reached his house — a detached one with a garden — he noticed that the parlor curtains were drawn. As he applied his key, the sound of youthful voices greeted him; but no one ran to meet him in the hall. He paused. The voices came from the adjacent sitting-room, — how strange that Hilda did not

rush to take his hat. Then he remembered that he was not expected; usually both children had been on the watch. He listened, for the noises were peculiar, — a muffled roar, followed by scraping sounds. He gained the door and pulled aside the hanging; but the scene within was deeply veiled in gloom.

"What is this?" he asked. "What are you doing?"

The girl and boy raised startled eyes to his, after which they jumped up in a kind of panic.

"What is it?" Eaton repeated. "Why are you shut in here on this lovely afternoon? Open the curtains at once, and open the window."

The boy obeyed, the girl shrank back into the corner, as though, if possible, to evade the light; but when the sun poured in, she faced it desperately, even shielding her brother on his return. And so the two stood there together, waiting, the girl protective, the boy half defiant, half dismayed. In spite of his real anger, Eaton pitied their discomfiture, for discomfited they were from head to foot; their little figures fairly trembled with confusion under the cruel illumination of the sun.

"Now," the judge began, "will you kindly answer a few questions. Why are you dressed in this amazing style? Why is the sitting-room turned into a nursery? What were those sounds I heard when I came in?"

The words were carefully controlled; but Hilda felt their latent sarcasm.

"We were playing," she stammered. "We did n't know that — you were coming."

Eaton turned on her.

"Then you only play this when I am away?" he questioned sharply. "Is it a game you think I would not like?"

"It's a good game," Jack put in. No one but himself must bully Hilda. "We don't hurt the room a bit," he added eagerly; "we're awfully particular about everything; Hilda always makes me play this part in stocking feet."

Eaton sat down; the whole thing was

so ridiculous, and yet his irritation was intense. Besides all else, these exasperating babies were actually capable of subterfuge.

"If it's such a good game," he said, "I should like to learn it. Please explain it to me, point by point."

Jack glanced doubtfully at his sister; he had great faith in her initiative, but as she made no sign, he was forced to venture. After all papa *might* understand.

"It's a splendid game," he began, "though it's rather hard to tell about; but perhaps I could explain the easiest parts."

"Kindly first explain your costumes."

"Oh, that's an easy one," the boy exclaimed. "We're dressed this way because we're acting characters. I'm a lion on a desert island and she's a doe, — an enchanted one, of course."

The father surveyed both performers critically.

"I see," he said, "that's why you're wearing my fur rugs; but what's the point of Hilda's get-up? It suggests a tight-rope dancer more than anything else."

Hilda winced, glancing miserably at her stockings. The long expanse of them seemed hideous to her now. Before this she had loved the gay, pink petticoat, even if it was a trifle short.

"Oh, she can't dress like a doe," Jack replied unconcernedly, "and anyway, until the transformation scene, the room is always very dark, — just like you saw it, — then afterwards she turns into a queen. So she has to wear a pretty dress with jewels; you see the silver star, don't you, in her hair?"

The girl made a faint attempt to interrupt him, but Jack was sure now of his ground; papa liked the game, as might have been expected, though with grown-up people you had to feel your way.

"Yes," he continued, ignoring his sister's signals, "she's a fairy princess; that's why I want to catch her for my lair, — that's my lair, over there under the writing-table; those sofa cushions are

enchanted animals, too. If I could capture her, she would have to stay there with the others; but you see I can't get in her magic wood — that's it, over there by the sofa. You have to know the charm before you can. So she's safe from me inside there; but sometimes she has to come out to get her food."

He paused, as if to give his listener time for comprehension, and in the pause his sister used her eyes; but Eaton disregarded the mute petition; it was his obvious duty to be firm.

Then the girl spoke. "Of course it sounds silly," she began apologetically, still begging with her eyes for comradeship. "We read it in a book."

"Oh, no, we did n't," Jack objected, — "at least we made up a good lot."

Hilda fingered her tinsel ornaments nervously (they had figured on a former Christmas tree); she saw her father's frown grow heavier, so she racked her little brains despairingly for some conciliatory word.

"We have other games," she faltered, — "several about history."

"Oh, yes," cried Jackie, "there's one where I'm King Arthur. We play that when there is n't time to fix the room. This game needs such a lot of fixing; we only play this when we have a whole afternoon."

Eaton raised his hand. "That will do," he said abruptly. "I think now that I fully understand."

His manner had changed so much that both children were confounded; even Jackie lost his jaunty air. They felt intuitively that something bad was coming.

"Yes," Eaton resumed. "I have given you a full chance to explain, and your explanation has caused me to make two decisions, — decisions which have been greatly on my mind. The fact is, I find you both extremely backward, very immature in every way. Hilda will be fifteen in December, and yet without a nurse she would n't know where to turn; and Jack is over thirteen, and yet he spends his time in playing games which

might possibly amuse a child of ten. Nor do either of you take the slightest responsibility; you seem to think the world was made for you. If I were a rich man, this would be more excusable; but I am not rich, though I have worked for you with all my strength. I don't mind the work, but I expected a return for it, — I expected you to do me honor as you grew up, whereas I am now obliged to spend a great deal of extra money in order that you should not be laughing-stocks. Jack will have to be coached a year by an expensive tutor before he can enter creditably the Paton School, and Hilda must be sent away to boarding school, to teach her at least how to dress herself."

He paused, but his listeners were speechless. Evidently they had been quite unprepared. Hilda caught her brother's arm and clung to it, and Jack, for once, was glad to have her cling.

"Oh, of course, it will be hard," the father continued (he did not altogether enjoy his part). "You will miss each other dreadfully, but sooner or later the break is bound to come; and if you learn to be independent, I shall feel a little happier about it all. I shan't feel that I have turned you out quite helpless; for that is how you seem to me at present."

The speaker rose, and left the room abruptly.

The children waited until they heard his bedroom door close behind him; then by common consent they sought the lair. They felt safer there, somehow, cuddled against the cushions. Hilda's fingers still clutched her brother's arm; they were strangely cold, those little fingers and they trembled visibly, — whereupon the lion made a rally; it frightened him to see the doe in such a state.

"My goodness, he's forgotten about his birthday, and all our work will be no good at all."

"How *can* you think of that, compared to other things?"

But the lion still maintained a sturdy front.

"Oh, I don't believe he meant it, — anyway, a tutor is n't bad."

The girl sat up, releasing her brother as she did so.

"Jack, I don't believe you understand. He means that you don't *know* enough to enter school like other boys, — he means that you are awfully behind. Of course it is n't true, but — Oh, how *can* he think it — you've got the best memory I ever knew — Miss Susie always said so — and you were never backward — never. You could always learn whatever you chose."

Jack's spirits rose; his sister's confidence was bracing.

"Perhaps other fellows do know more," he said magnanimously. "I never was very much at examples."

"But examples are not the only things," she cried. "You are ahead in history and spelling and geography. Oh! he does n't understand a bit. I knew he did n't. That's why I made you write the composition. I am so glad now that I did, for you never show off; you let him think you are a baby. He has n't the least idea how much you know. But he's going to have, — this very evening. We've simply *got* to make him understand!"

Hilda's eyes were flashing; the deep, maternal instinct was aroused; Jack had been misjudged and she must right him — she — who knew his brilliant powers so well.

"I don't see how we can," the boy objected.

"Now answer this," his sister interposed. "Do you, or do you not, want me to go to boarding school?"

Jack flinched. He had not faced this possibility; life without Hilda was quite unthinkable.

"I don't believe he'll send you," he murmured feebly.

"Oh, yes he will, unless we stop him, you and I together, — working hard."

"I've worked awfully hard on that composition," was Jack's inconsequent reply.

"But that's the splendid part of it,"

the girl cried eagerly. "All our preparations are finished up; otherwise we should n't have time, — we've only got two hours, — but the composition and the handkerchiefs are done."

"And the cake," Jack reminded her, "and the flowers. I wish we had n't done so much for him."

"Oh, no, you don't, Jack, we must do everything, — a great deal more than we had planned. That's our only chance to prove to him that he's wrong about our being behind our age."

"I don't see how we're going to prove it."

"Well, first, we're going to carry out our plan, — about the presentation of the handkerchiefs. They will show him I can embroider pretty well; then after that, you present your composition; that will prove to him in an instant how much you know."

"I've put nearly everything I could think of into it."

"Oh, it's perfectly splendid," the girl replied. "But," she added, "there must be something extra, after what he said to us just now. We must make some special effort."

Jack assented doubtfully.

"I don't believe I could *possibly* write another composition."

"No, of course not. That is n't what I mean; but you could give a recitation, — something from Shakespeare. I know the very thing."

"Oh, do you?" Jack asked half-heartedly. "It's not so easy to recite things as you think."

"It's easy for *you*, — besides we've got to make an effort. Well, I think Mark Antony's speech would be just the thing. You say that splendidly, and we could fix the library easily; you only need a raised place to speak from, — I will be the Fourth Citizen and the Mob."

"That is n't anything," Jack said discontentedly. "The Roman People hardly say a thing; but I'll have to study the words like everything. Probably I've forgotten a whole lot."

"But I'll help you, we'll go over it together. Oh, papa will be amazed. I don't believe a single Paton boy could hold a candle to you, Jack, when you recite!"

At this Jack looked distinctly mollified; still he was for balance in the game.

"What are you going to do to match with Antony?"

"Well, I have a plan," the girl said hurriedly. "You see my object is to convince him that I'm grown up, so I'm going to wear a long skirt — the white silk one we use for tableaux — and I'm going to put my hair on top of my head."

"That is n't much," the boy complained; "it won't take a minute."

"Oh yes, it will — you don't understand. Ladies often spend hours doing their hair; and as I have never tried it, I shall probably be a long time in getting it right. But I mean to do it, and to dress myself entirely, — Minnie is not to come near the room, — so when papa sees me, and I tell him that I did it, he will realize that there is no sense in my leaving home."

Her brother gazed at her admiringly.

"You're awfully good at thinking up things," he said. "I guess we'll settle him between us. My goodness, though, it makes a lot of work for us."

"Oh, it won't be hard," she said persuasively. "We must just pretend it is a game, that we are playing grown-up; it's specially important that we should *talk* grown-up the *entire* evening, — he understands talking better than anything."

But the lion was still covertly dissatisfied, and the doe feared a further loss of time; for in spite of her brave words, she was extremely doubtful of her powers, — hair-dressing was such an unknown art.

"Now Jack, what *is* the matter?"

"I think you ought to show off more," he said. "He won't think much of a long skirt and your hair up; when girls really grow up they're not a bit like you."

"Oh, I sha'n't be like myself, don't you worry. I shall be *quite* different in every way, — and after dinner I am going to sing a song and play the accom-

paniment. 'There, — will *that* match Antony?'"

Jack beamed on her. "Yes, that will be splendid; he does n't know how splendidly you sing."

"Oh, what *you've* heard will be nothing to it. Just you wait and see!"

With this mysterious hint, the girl sprang up; the boy did likewise, and speedily the room was put to rights, — after which Hilda brought in the birthday flowers, three elaborately arranged vases and two bowls.

"Now come upstairs," she urged. "We had better go on tiptoes. Oh, I hope he won't forget the dinner hour."

"Hilda," the boy asked, as they parted temporarily, "you don't think that he will want to kiss us when he thanks us for the things?"

Hilda hesitated.

"No, I don't think so," she said, a little wistfully, — "and anyway he would n't do it to you. If he *did* want to kiss some one, why I would be there, and I don't mind it the way you do, you know."

When Eaton finally emerged from his bedroom, he descended the stairs with the intention of being genial, of making up, if possible, for his earlier mood; he had not changed his mind, yet he knew that he had expressed it harshly, nor should he, on a holiday, have expressed his mind at all. But youth was easily appeased.

He had reached the lower hall, — dear me, how old he felt at forty years! For the second time that day, he pulled aside the parlor curtain; but what a different scene revealed itself, — no lair, no disorder, no enchanted animals, — only two silent children seated sedately on the sofa.

They rose at once and came to meet him. Roderick Eaton gave a violent start. Jack was all right, though very solemn; but Hilda! The father caught his breath. This was not his girl; this was a little woman, the picture of her mother at eighteen. At the sight, the man was overwhelmed by tender memories, — dear,

poignant memories, which he had tried for years to banish, and which, nevertheless, now that they had come back in spite of him, seemed to make his heart of a sudden infinitely less unhappy.

He stood motionless, gazing at the tall, girlish figure; for the long white skirt accentuated Hilda's height and slimness, her delicate throat rose gracefully from her rather narrow shoulders, her face was prettily framed by her hair, which was golden-brown and curly. The gazer caught his breath a second time. Great Heavens, the child had actually put up her hair! His consternation held him speechless, while the cause of it now addressed him ceremoniously.

"Shan't we sit down?" she said, backing towards the sofa. It was hard for her to manage her limp train.

"How do you like the flowers?" Jack inquired eagerly; he could never learn that grown-ups don't go straight at points.

"They are lovely. Did you arrange them all yourselves?"

"Oh, it was n't difficult," Hilda answered frigidly. "Did you find the heat oppressive to-day in town?"

Now this was positively ludicrous, — to be put down by babies in this way, — and yet Eaton could not regain his self-possession; it had been too rudely shaken by Hilda's strange appearance.

"Yes, it was rather hot," he murmured. "The train was overcrowded."

To his immense relief, the maid announced the dinner.

"Shall we adjourn?" said Hilda loftily.

Jack lingered, edging towards his father. He had a fellow-feeling for him somehow; when Hilda played grown-up, she *was* so awfully stiff.

"There's going to be a surprise," he muttered in an aside.

By his gesture Eaton tried to be jocose and utterly failed; for Hilda had preceded them into the dining-room, and her slender little back gave him a pang; she was growing too fast; he must take her to the doctor; her cheeks, too, were unnaturally flushed, he fancied.

At the table, after the first exclamations, which Eaton prolonged determinedly, praising everything he saw, from the flowers to the menu, he spent his time in stealing looks at Hilda. She presided at the feast with stately calm, though her costume showed plain signs of previous struggle. Evidently Minnie had had no hand in it. The thin muslin waist was fastened painfully at the collar by a most eccentric, a most unnatural bow of blue ribbon, — he hoped her tender throat had not been injured in the tying of it. But oh! the twisted agony of her coiffure! He could detect a perfect forest of steel hair-pins, and yet the curls ran riot in all directions; over one ear she had stuck a white carnation, probably to hide some fatal joining-place.

He was so absorbed in these observations and so bewildered that he failed to answer Hilda's question, whereupon Jack translated it as follows:—

"She wants to know whether our boat is going to beat?"

What Hilda had said was, —

"At the clubs do they feel confident of our victory?"

Eaton roused himself.

"Oh, I don't know, dear; no one knows ahead."

He was convinced that she would resent the least advance, the least familiarity on his part; but Heavens, how sweet she was, how truly womanly, as she sat there entertaining him to the best of her girlish ability.

And so he let her introduce each topic, — the heat, the yacht race, the foreign news, — and by degrees her face became less anxious; she felt that she and Jack were doing well; though occasionally the latter disappointed her, as when, for instance, he drew attention to the cake, saying that it was all trimmed up with flowers, because Minnie would n't let them put on candles.

"Clever Minnie," Eaton murmured smiling. "She knew that forty of them would be too many. But you and Hilda must have candles."

Hilda's stare was disconcerting. "Oh, Jack and I don't have birthday cakes," she said.

"Why not?" the father asked. His panic was increasing. Were his children growing up before his eyes? Oh, if he could only take them on his lap and pet them, — that would surely break the dreadful spell. But the cake was being cut, and he and Jackie watched the process. Hilda did it carefully, knitting her brows.

"Now, papa, please take a piece."

He did so meekly, and Jack followed suit immediately.

"It's excellent," the former proclaimed; the latter looked elated.

"Hilda made every bit of it herself. Oh, she can do lots of things, — she did her hair, too, and her skirt, and everything. Minnie did n't even come near the room. And she's going to do more things, too, after dinner."

Hilda frowned, but Jack had thrown off all control.

"So there is n't any use in her going away to boarding-school, and you can save a lot of money after all."

Hilda rose. "Papa, shall we go into the library?"

Her father followed her submissively, and again the pang came at the sight of her tall slimness, and again he longed to take her on his knee.

He soon perceived, however, that the evening's work was only just beginning; for Hilda and Jack had assumed a still more solemn air; they approached him, each in turn, and each handed him a package.

"All our own work, papa," they said together.

Eaton clutched the parcels dumbly; he could not take his eyes off the pair; their gravity depressed him beyond expression, but their strained politeness hurt him more than all.

"Oh, for me?" he asked, in feigned astonishment. "Why, I did n't expect as much as this. Which shall I open first?"

His forced hilarity having met with no

response, he hurriedly untied the larger parcel.

"What, handkerchiefs? And did you work the letters? They are beautifully embroidered, I can see. I have n't had my initials worked since — well, since I can remember. It's the best birthday present you could have given me."

He bent forward and kissed his daughter's cheek. He did not have the nerve to catch her to him; her strange, elusive dignity seemed to put a barrier between them. Meantime Jack's trepidation was increasing. What if papa should want to kiss him also!

The latter, however, on discovering the composition, merely shook the author's unwilling hand.

"Please read it," Hilda said excitedly. "Jack wrote every word of it himself."

It was the first time that she had relaxed her rigid manner. Eaton drew a long breath of relief; perhaps now his punishment was over, perhaps the disenchantment was at hand.

"Of course I will — on 'Men of War.' Why, that's an excellent title, — about ships, I suppose? Oh no, you mean the other kind. What — Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon — dear me, how many generals you know!"

As he read, however, his face grew very sober. The children watched him anxiously. The essay was, in truth, a curious medley; but the knowledge it contained amazed the man. How far afield the little brain had traveled! how patiently each thread was woven in! The father became still more uneasy; undoubtedly the boy had worked too hard.

"It's excellent, Jack," he said in a low voice; "much beyond your age in every way."

His words were cold, but Hilda judged by his expression; her own eyes sparkled like two happy stars.

"Jack is *very* bright," was all that she said; but she cast a meaning glance in his direction; whereupon the boy rose gloomily.

"He will now recite something from

Julius Cæsar. Will you kindly keep your seat, papa?"

Eaton almost groaned. "What, — anything more?"

But Hilda's gaze restrained him, so he settled himself obediently in his chair. Jack, with some reluctance, had mounted a kind of dais, which consisted of three footstools beneath a rug. When he began to speak, his voice was very low, but gradually it rose, filling the room with ease. Hilda hardly breathed, almost forgetting her part in her eagerness to watch her two companions. Eaton leaned back in his chair. His heart had grown strangely warm, for through the present he heard the past, — dim echoes, yet vibrant ones to him. He remembered that he, too, had loved the stirring words, that he, too, had declaimed them as a boy, — and at the thought he suddenly felt young again, younger than he had felt for years. The ecstasy was so intense that he closed his eyes in order to prolong it; and all the while the childish voice went on, saying the mighty lines and calling up the splendid visions. To Eaton it was the vision of his youth.

"Why, Jack," he said (he had to force himself to break the silence, when the declamation was at an end), "you did it beautifully — I could n't have done it at your age. Why have n't you recited for me before?"

"There was n't time, — and you did n't ask him." This was Hilda's nearest approach to a retort.

The youthful orator, however, was growing restive. The evening had been a heavy strain; why not hurry up and get it over; they had played grown-up quite long enough.

"Hilda's part comes next," he announced decidedly; and his sister left her place, with nervous haste. Jack's success had raised her flagging spirits; but the effort of the evening had begun to tell upon her physically. Still she must not fail.

She seated herself at the piano, and got her right foot firmly on the slippery

loud pedal, for it would be a friend in case of serious trouble.

"This is a Scotch song, papa; it is one of my great favorites."

Her careless tone did not deceive her audience; even Jack saw how her fingers trembled.

"Oh, that?" he cried, with a vague desire to help her; "why don't you sing *The Two Grenadiers*?"

But Hilda had begun. Though her voice at first was weak, soon the girlish notes rang out. Eaton watched her eagerly. How like, how very like her mother she was, — the same soft grace, the same reserve, the same marked delicacy, alas! Then suddenly a new terror came on him.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

The man almost cried out, — how blind, how utterly blind he had been! She sang that like a woman; the thrill of unknown passion was in her voice, her slim young body seemed to vibrate with strong feeling. The new idea laid heavy hold of him. This then would be the end of it, — she would be snatched away, not by death, but by a lover. For who could see and not desire her, — who could know and not adore her, — and yet who, having once had her as a daughter, could ever live without her!

He sprang up, for the song was finished and both children looked cast down, they had counted so on applause. Jack's indignation was extreme, — it was at least, until he saw his father's face.

"Come here, quickly, both of you!"

They ran to him in alarm, and he took them in his arms and kissed them many times; then — before they knew — they were seated on his knees. He could not talk as yet, but he fondled them and smiled; and Hilda smiled back at him, and laid her cheek against his breast, for she was very tired, and she loved so to be held.

Presently Jack slipped to the floor, and

stood by his father's chair; he did not like to be held, though it was all very well for a girl.

Then Eaton got his hand on Hilda's hair and began to pull out the numerous pins.

"Shan't we let the curls go free?" he said unsteadily.

And so the curls came down, and Eaton felt a little happier. The next thing that he did was to tuck up the limp white train.

"It bothers you, does n't it?" he asked.

After this, no more was said until Eaton had commanded himself. This he did before long, though his voice had an odd, new sound.

"Well, Jackie," he remarked, "I think we'll risk the Paton School."

The sobriety of this reassured the boy; he had greatly feared a scene, for grown people were so queer: they either jumped on you, or else they wanted to spoon.

"I'm not very good at fractions," was what he decided to reply.

Eaton laughed. It was either that or tears; but Hilda threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, papa, I *am* so glad! If he had n't gone, it would have been *so* unfair; he's *so* much cleverer than other boys!"

Eaton held her close. What a loyal little heart, — what a wife the child would make. But Heaven defer the day, — he must have her at least ten years. His mind worked feverishly; girls need n't come out till twenty-one; it was absurd to force eighteen.

"Let me see," he said aloud, "you are only just fourteen?"

Hilda raised wondering eyes. "Fifteen, the 10th of December."

"But this is only June," the infatuated father exclaimed. "Besides, that is n't the point, — the point is that you're *my* little girl, the only one I have, so you must n't leave me alone!"

Jack gave a shrill hurrah. "I knew he would n't send you to school."

Eaton turned a dazed face towards the boy.

"Oh, I had forgotten about the school. No, of course she is n't to go; we need her at home, you and I. There would be no one to be the fairy queen. By the way, I've been thinking about that game; it has excellent points after all. I was wondering if a third person could play?"

Jack's astonishment knew no bounds; but here astuteness was demanded.

"Do you mean a grown-up person?" he inquired cautiously.

"Oh, no one is grown-up here; we are all children together, — you and I and Hilda, — but Hilda is the youngest of the three!"

She gave him a tender smile; she seemed half to understand. Then she nestled to him again.

MODERN SPANISH FICTION

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

THE battle between the old and the new, between the conservative spirit and the spirit of progress, is being fought out still to-day in Spain as perhaps nowhere else in Europe. This fact gives a special interest to the Spanish fiction of the last half-century. This fiction is almost unknown in the United States. Save in our universities and colleges, it is not known that Spain possesses a modern fiction of great wealth and interest. Yet a score of novelists of the first order have combined to give such a picture of the social, political, and religious condition of their picturesque land as charms the student and piques the curiosity of even the casual browser in the field of foreign literature. Sufficient attention is now devoted to the Spanish language in our country, and sufficient translations are easily accessible, to warrant some account of the development of Spanish fiction since 1850.

The first half of the nineteenth century saw in Spain, as elsewhere, the regrettable triumph of the pseudo-historical novel. Absence of style, prodigality of imagination, with unreliability and lack of inspiration, are the marks of the *genre* in Spain. Seldom was a literary reform more urgently needed. Seldom has a clearer call been uttered than that of Fernán Caballero, whose *La Gaviota* appeared in

1848. After all the false coloring and fulsome nonsense of the romantic novels came the healthy dictum of Fernán Caballero: "A novel is not the product of invention, but of observation." In a letter to a friend she developed this thesis by declaring that it was her only desire to write "in smooth Castilian prose of what really happens in *our* towns, of what *our* people think and do in the different classes of *our* society."

Such statements are forcible as the platform of a new school of realism just coming into prominence. They are truly remarkable when we know that they were made by a woman (Cecilia Böhl de Faber), born in Switzerland in 1796, the daughter of a Hamburg merchant with literary tastes, and of a Spanish mother. Of her biography there need only be added the diversified details that she outlived three husbands, that she was an ardent Catholic, and that she was devoted to her adopted province of Andalusia, living in the neighborhood of Seville until 1877.

It is clear from the preface of *La Gaviota* that this woman had a distinct purpose upon entering the ranks as a historian of Spanish society. This purpose was — while cherishing the glorious national tradition and while looking to a new Spain which should rise upon its own wings to happier things — to set

her adopted country before the eyes of Europe in its true colors. Fernán Caballero did well to decry that servile foreign imitation which has always wrought havoc with the Spanish national genius. But she contributed nothing toward that political and social regeneration of Spain for which others have more effectively yearned. Hopelessly optimistic, she dwells fondly upon just those peninsular qualities of mediæval Catholicism, narrow provincialism, and local prejudice, which have enhanced the fiction of Spain while they have impeded national progress; which, in short, make some of us love Spain while we pity her.

Eschewing all foreign influence, Fernán Caballero succeeded in the task she set herself. She has presented the Andalusian peasant in all the high lights and shades of his peculiar character. One who would know this southern province — where passions run high, where the luxury of ease and diversion is allowed to replace the necessities of life, where the people are morally aristocrats while remaining material paupers — should read *La Gaviota*, *Clemencia*, *La familia de Alameda*, and *Elia*. Fernán Caballero has the faults of a foreigner and of an innovator: she is discursive, almost incorrect as a stylist, over-sentimental in her moral teachings and in her enthusiasm for the humble life which she shared. But her importance is that of the painter of the Spanish life and character. Her most solid qualities are her knowledge of popular tradition and her sympathy with its spirit.

It is by these latter qualities that this foreigner was destined to inaugurate a new *genre* in Spanish literature, — the regional novel. She lived to see grow up to the point of production a school of young writers who devoted themselves to the social history of a restricted province. Estébanez Calderón, Juan Valera, and Alarcón carried on the regional novel in Andalusia. Then there is Pereda, with his many novels dealing with the fishing villages around Santander in the north-

west; Señora Pardo Bazán, the Galician novelist; Alas, and his favorite province of Asturias; Valdés, who presents the mining populations of this same province.

This list of authors may be said to include, with one notable exception, the most distinguished Spanish novelists of the last half-century. They represent a formidable production, of which little idea can be given in a brief survey. They all deserve to be known outside of Spain by any one who wishes to form at first hand an accurate conception of the Spanish people. Further, they are all in some degree exponents of the regional novel. They have followed Fernán Caballero in utilizing for their local color the social, political, and religious atmosphere of some obscure provincial community with which they are intimately familiar. Therein lies their appeal as novelists and their value as historians of a still existent mediæval society which may soon disappear.

Our own American public has shown such favor toward regional novels that we may pause a moment to learn what the Spaniards mean by a *novela regional*, and what their method of procedure in its production may be.

To begin with, it must be understood that Spain is essentially provincial: that is, though a political entity, the provinces are socially distinct. The Andalusian has little in common with the Galician; Catalonia has totally different traditions and ideals from those of Don Quixote's La Mancha. No one writer can hope to have a thorough conception of the character of more than one of these isolated provinces. To write a faithful regional novel he must restrict himself to one province, preferably his native province, whose local spirit he has absorbed with his very life blood. A Galdós may discuss broad national questions in a problem novel. But a national novel, in the sense of the term as employed in America, is inconceivable as a literary possibility. Provincialism is imposed upon the Spanish novelist of manners. The varying mixture of Celtic, Roman, Moorish, Gothic, and Gypsy blood prevents

any literary merger which shall express the traditions and ideals of the entire nation. In Madrid and in Barcelona alone is there a faint suspicion of cosmopolitanism. Spanish novelists, then, have played their strongest card in adhering closely to the life which they know best, instead of falling in with the long line of French chroniclers of Cosmopolis.

Pereda, who was the most consistent of the regional novelists, may speak first for the school of writers to which he belonged. He defines the regional novel as one "the subject of which is developed in a district or town which has a life, character, and color of its own, which enter into the work as its principal feature." Upon this platform Pereda stood so firmly that only the human interest of the drama he unfolds can save his masterpiece (*Sotileza*) from the charge of being narrow. Needless to say, Pereda *does* escape this charge unscathed. Early in his career, in *Escenas montańesas* (1864), this same eulogist of the good old times thus put his own sentiments in the mouth of one of his characters:—

"I cannot help remembering with enthusiasm those antique customs which are nowadays so ridiculed by modern reformers. They nourished me, among them I grew up, and to them I owe the establishment of this family which to-day surrounds me, and which, though brought up in modern fashion, still respects my 'hobbies,' as you gentlemen call them, and permits me to live fifty years behind the times."

Hatred of exterior forces in literature and politics, a passionate sympathy with the drama of life in the humble fishing towns of the Biscayan coast, — such are the salient traits of the marked personality who was until last year the *doyen* of Spanish fiction. His novels, with all their localism and difficult dialect, head the list in the *genre* we are discussing.

In so far as Pereda's theory of the regional novel stands for observation, realism, and provincialism, it has been echoed by others of his generation. Estébanez

Calderón thus prefaces his fragrant short stories, *Escenas andaluzas*: "Their principal object is to relate and reveal Spanish manners and customs in such fashion as shall be as peculiarly local as possible."

Valdés thus explains his reasons for placing his story *El cuarto poder* in an obscure locality: "In the small towns and villages, on account of the long, intimate and constant association of the characters, it is possible to penetrate much deeper into the soul of each individual than it is possible to do in the large cities."

The lamented Juan Valera, a man of the world, and, by his training in diplomacy, rather cosmopolitan than provincial, still acknowledged the demands of the national taste in the preface of *Juan-ita la Larga* (1896): "This kind of novels is now greatly in vogue, an exact copy of reality and not a creation of the poetic spirit." At the same time he further proclaims himself to be "rather a faithful and veracious historian than a novelist of rich imagination and invention."

These declarations indicate in what channel the current of fiction has run in Spain since the impulse was given by Fernán Caballero. The work of almost all the writers who have been mentioned is essentially regional and realistic. Some drama of human passion is set forth with characters and scenery that are new to us.

The appeal to the foreign reader made by these writers is like the appeal to the foreign traveler made by a walking tour through the Spanish provinces. In a regional novel we are not concerned with the right and wrong of political and social institutions. Like the writer in this respect, we accept conditions as they are. We are simply fascinated by the objective presentation of these tableaux of a civilization unknown to us. As I write these words a score of memories crowd in: of bull-fights, street-fights, village dances, rustic wooings, provincial elections, petty ecclesiastical jealousies, noisy discussions in the cafés and the casinos,

convent scandals, and the idle gossip of the *tertulias*.

The Spanish novel, however, has of late had a more serious function than the artistic presentation of *genre* pictures which should interpret provincial life. It is in the novel and in the drama that the intellectual emancipation of Spain is working itself out. In the toils of mediæval superstition until the nineteenth century, Spain has joined in the march of European intellectual progress only within the last half-dozen decades. Her intellectual life is still comparatively stagnant; her social life is provincial; her religious life is saturated with superstition and unproductive mysticism; her political life is unstable and puerile. If we think as we read, all this sad state of affairs is evident from an acquaintance with the regional novel. But, beside the self-satisfied partisans of the mediæval régime of intolerance, superstition, and intense insularity, we have a group of novelists whose point of view is altogether different. To be sure, controversy has from time to time been introduced into the novels of such facile writers as Valera, Valdés, Alas, and the Jesuit Father Coloma. But with them the dose of criticism is comparatively mild.

We come now to the recognized leader of another school, — a man who is a thorough iconoclast, the apostle of free thought, a renovator who would put out all the drones from the hive of politics and religion, and hand it over to young workers who are trained in the generous spirit of modern science. Turning our back upon the regional novel and its pictures of the conservative past, we must fix our attention upon the liberal aspirations of young Spain. They are expressed preeminently in the novels and dramas of Don Benito Pérez Galdós.

That acute and caustic critic, the late Professor Alas, had a profound admiration for Galdós and for the work he is doing for the intellectual emancipation of Spain. Speaking of Galdós in 1881, he hails him as "the most appropriate

writer to dare to tell the Spanish public, so recently emerged from fanaticism and intolerance, that above the artificial distinctions which create diversity of creeds and parties, there exist the natural laws of human society, — love of family, love in marriage, love of country, love of truth, and love for one's neighbor."

These words indicate that a campaign of education needed to be undertaken in Spain. Such is the case, and no one is doing more than Galdós to carry it on in his novels and dramas.

The life of Señor Galdós has been very retired. He has said nothing about himself in his novels. We may here direct our attention exclusively to his profession of faith, and to his method of combating the retrogressive tendencies which we have already remarked in Spanish fiction. Of quiet and amiable conversation, a listener rather than a talker, this man for over quarter of a century has been mercilessly showing up in his work one after another of Spain's sore spots. His popularity, in spite of this antagonistic attitude, is extraordinary. Let us quote once more his best informed critic by way of explanation.

The novels of Galdós "do not attack the foundations of Catholic dogma, they attack only the customs and ideas which are held with the sanction of the Church by popular fanaticism. Only with this proviso could the novels of Galdós penetrate to the very bosom of families in every corner of Spain. This guarded attitude, this prudence is not calculated on the part of Galdós. It is natural for him to write this way. But the result is the same as if Galdós proposed to prepare the ground to preach the most open rationalism. There is, perhaps, in no literature a case similar to that offered by the influence of Galdós upon the public, and by the popularity of his essentially anti-Catholic novels in this Spain of ours, so Catholic, so prejudiced, and, until recently, so intolerant. It should be remembered that there is no civilized country where fanaticism has such deep roots; and let it be

borne in mind, too, that Galdós's novels have not only influenced free-thinking students and members of the athenæums and clubs, but that they have also penetrated the sanctuary of those homes where formerly the spirit was nourished by books of devotion and profane works filled with hypocrisy or stupid domestic morality, lacking in all dignity and beauty."

It is fairly evident from this statement that Galdós holds the interference of the Church in society and politics to be responsible for Spain's degeneration. His quarrel is not with personal religion, not even with the reasonable administration of public worship by the secular clergy. He is very clear upon that point. But his protest is against the shams, the delusions, the ignorance, which Spanish Catholicism has fostered for its own advantage; and in the second place, against the interference of ecclesiastical machinery with the life of the family and the policy of the nation. Galdós, then, is a polemical writer. We see at once his field of operations. Without any theory of the universe to hamper him, he strikes off red-hot his arraignments of national abuses.

Like his great countrymen, Velasquez and Lope de Vega, Galdós thinks and works simultaneously. The novel grows under his very pen. He works with prodigious rapidity: some years have seen as many as five of his novels come from the press. Such a man could hardly be a stylist, nor does Galdós covet the reputation of the dignified and elegant Valera. To Galdós the idea is the main thing. On turning to his own works, we are struck by the tremendous force of his revolutionary sentiments. His novels and plays ordinarily present a protagonist as the disputed prey of the darkness of the past, and the brightness of the future. The darkness of the past is made more visible by the paralyzing contact of Spanish Catholicism; the future is lighted by the rays of applied science and a personal philosophy.

In this survey of Galdós's work we pass over the twoscore volumes of the *Episodios nacionales*, an unparalleled series of historical novels, upon which their author has been engaged for thirty years. They are naturally objective, and hence fall without our sphere. But in the far greater *Novelas contemporáneas*, such as *Gloria*, *Doña Perfecta*, *León Roch*, and *Angel Guerra*, Galdós discusses matters of contemporary import. In one form or another he reverts to the vital question of ecclesiastical interference in mundane affairs, to the human wretchedness which has resulted because the Church has not restricted its interest to the care of the soul.

As early as 1877, in *Gloria*, one of his novels most admired in Spain, Galdós breaks out thus: "Religion! Still the same horrible goblin that continues to torment us! Terrible Shadow cast by our conscience, everywhere we meet it; it does not allow us one free idea, one sentiment, one step of our own volition. It is, in truth, a tremendous fact that what comes from God sometimes seems more like a curse." At the end of the long novel, in commenting upon that dramatic strife between common sense and religious intolerance which had caused the death of the heroine, Galdós cries out, "The awful quarrel has endured, endures still, and will endure, and before it is settled many other Glorias will succumb, offering themselves as victims to satisfy the formidable monster which stands midway between History and Philosophy, — a monster which has no name, but which, if it had one, would take one by joining the most beautiful thing in the world, Religion, with the vilest thing, which is Discord. Yes, many Glorias will succumb, snatching themselves away from a world which they find hateful because of its conflicts, and hastening to present their cause before the absolute Judge."

The vivid pictorial language just quoted is characteristic of Galdós when he launches into one of his impassioned arraignments of human folly. It must be

remembered that his virulence is not without reason. Feeling runs high in Spain to-day upon the two great matters of common import, politics and religion. Not only in the pulpits and in the national assemblies, but in the clubs and in the *tertulias*, in private conversation everywhere, the attention is monopolized by enthusiasts upon one or the other of these disputed topics.

Is it not strange that the two subjects most commonly avoided in our American society should be those which are most continually discussed in Spain? Discussion instead of action is the curse of the Spanish people. It is natural, then, that the serious and thoughtful Galdós, concerned for the intellectual emancipation of his nation, should frequently return to the charge in the hope of inciting his readers to action after all this futile discussion. In his usual pictorial style, he has recently said, "Spain is a bowl full of fishes whose water they have forgotten to change. So the poor little fishes are swimming about with their mouths open, eating each other's food, breathing and maintaining life as best they may, with a thousand struggles, in their foul water."

These words convey exactly the impression which any thoughtful observer must feel while conversing with young Spaniards in their own country. No people are more aware of the pitiful stagnation of national life, or more powerless to emerge from it. Galdós, as a practical and far-seeing man, believes that the welfare of the nation requires the religious and intellectual emancipation of the individual, the introduction of foreign ideas, and the development of the vast natural resources of the Peninsula.

Such a programme sounds simple enough to an American. But one must have lived in Spain to understand how difficult is its realization. We may be permitted to make one long quotation from *Doña Perfecta* to bring home the situation to foreign readers. The following conversation takes place between a young engineer, full of modern ideas, and

a bigoted old priest in a provincial town. Though intentionally exaggerated for purposes of contrast, the dose of truth in the young reformer's words is sufficiently strong to make the quotation bear upon our point. First, it is the canon who expresses himself thus:—

"Science as it is studied and taught by the moderns is the death of sentiment and of gentle illusions. With it the life of the spirit is straitened. Everything is reduced to fixed rules, and even the sublime beauties of Nature disappear. It is science that destroys the marvelous in the arts as well as faith in the soul. Science tells us that all is a lie, and seeks to express everything in ciphers and lines, not only the sea and the land where we are, but also the highest Heaven where God is. The wonderful yearnings of the soul are only a kind of mystic ecstasy. The very inspiration of the poets is a delusion. The heart is a sponge, the brain only a nest of maggots."

To which the young engineer makes reply: "It is all true that the canon has said in jest. But it is not our fault that science is breaking down day by day so many vain idols, such as superstitions, sophisms and the thousand impostures of the Past, some of them beautiful and others ridiculous, since there is a little of everything in the Lord's vineyard. The world of illusions, which is a kind of secondary world, is falling down with a great noise. Mysticism in religion, routine in science, conventionality in the arts, are falling as the heathen gods fell, in the midst of jeering. Farewell, idle dreams! Mankind is waking up, and our eyes see clearly. Vain sentimentalism, mysticism, fever, hallucination, and delirium are disappearing, and the man who was once sick to-day is well, and revels with indescribable pleasure in the just appreciation of things. In whatever direction you turn your eyes, you will see the admirable system of reality which has taken the place of fable. . . . All fiction, whether it be called paganism or Christian idealism, no longer exists, and imagination

is laid out in state. All possible miracles are reduced to those which I do when I please, in my laboratory, with a Bunsen pile, an inductive coil, and a magnetic needle. There are no more multiplications of loaves and fishes except those accomplished by industry with its moulds and machines, and those of the printing-press, which imitates Nature, reproducing from a single type millions of copies. In short, my dear sir, orders have been issued to put out of business all the absurdities, falsities, illusions, dreams, sentimentalities, and prejudices which cloud man's understanding. Let us rejoice that it is so."

To us, so far removed from mediævalism in this respect, such a difference of opinion as that herein indicated must seem preposterous. But in Spain it actually exists. Nay more, it exists in the bosom of families, tearing them apart and dividing them by a wide gulf of misunderstanding and lack of intellectual sympathy. The eighteenth-century feud between theology and science has not yet been patched up.

Such a review as this of recent Spanish fiction has not served, perhaps, to bring out the many lovable traits of the

Spanish character. To know this character is to love it. Nor have the bright possibilities for the future development of national prosperity been more than hinted at. Signs are not lacking, however, that with a better system of education, the elimination of "graft" from government jobs, the exploitation of mining and agriculture, and, most important of all, an injection of energy and ambition into the rising generation, — a renaissance awaits Spain in the twentieth century.

This review will at least have served to indicate the two definite preoccupations of the modern Spanish novel: to give a clean and faithful picture of old Spain, which is still the Spain of the Present, and to present dramatically the momentous problems of Church and Society which are occupying the intelligent men of the nation.

The greatest claim of the Spanish novel is that it is of the soil and that it has something to say. For the American reader who has exhausted the *repertoire* of French, German, Italian, and Russian fiction, a rich field of information and delight is waiting in the Spanish novel.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE

BY ARTHUR C. BENSON

THERE are many things which differentiate human beings sharply, and relegate them into one of two classes. According to Charles Lamb, the view that a man took of the merits or demerits of minced veal as an article of food was one of these; again, a great philosopher has said that every one is either an Aristotelian or a Platonist, whether he knows it or not; or again, there is the distinction of Tory and Liberal, which, if analyzed, consists in whether you wish to regulate the present

with reference to the past, or with reference to the future. But I would propound a still more radical differentiation. Suppose a man, walking along a familiar road in unfrequented country, looks over a hedge and sees a crowd of people assembled in a field, all peering, we will say for the sake of picturesqueness, over the shoulders of the inner circles of the throng, at something which is going on in the centre. What really differentiates people is the question whether one sees this

wholly unexpected throng with a pleasing and delightful excitement and interest, or with a shock of disgust and horror; whether one desires eagerly to join the crowd, and look on at whatever may be proceeding, or to fly swiftly to the ends of the earth. The difference is partly a question of class, and depends mainly upon a simple wonder, a thirst for experience, which is so largely gratified in the lives of the upper and more leisured class that it tends to diminish with advancing age. People who can afford it have so often looked over the shoulders of crowds and have seen nothing particularly interesting within! But apart from this, a considerable majority, both of men and women, would at once wish to join the crowd, and they are the people with a sociable instinct; the minority, who wish for the wings of a dove to flee away and be at rest, are the definitely and inveterately solitary people, the people who would always prefer empty rooms to full ones, small congregations to large ones, vacant compartments in trains to tenanted ones, wildernesses to towns, fields to thoroughfares.

I would not maintain that either instinct is superior to the other; they are both harmless, both easy to gratify. The only mistake one makes is, if one loves the one, to condemn or despise those who love the other. The solitary man would submit to great inconvenience to avoid a race-meeting, a ball, a cricket match; but yet I have a pleasant friend who, in praising to me the merits of a place where he had taken a house for the summer, mentioned that he had been privileged to attend as many as five garden-parties in one week!

The result of this difference of temperament is that when people come to philosophize, or to advance religious views, they are either social or individualistic. The man of social temperament will speak of the hopes of humanity, the ideals of the race, the corporate sense of union; while to the individualistic philosopher these are merely dusty and uninteresting

phrases, meaning nothing in particular. The individualist has no idea how a person sets about loving humanity, or how he develops his corporate sense. It is, of course, an instinct, like the instinct which makes people desire to be one of a great congregation, of a procession, of a regiment; to enjoy moving in step with a thousand other persons, to like shouting out the same words at the same moment; all of which things the individualist sincerely dislikes. A large crowd is to him a painful and oppressive sight, because it means simply the presence of an immense number of people whom he does not know, and most of whom he does not want to know. A friend of mine had an interesting dream the other day, which exactly illustrates what I mean; she thought that she was describing with great gusto the arrangements for some religious service to a grave and dissatisfied person, who said, at the end of her statement, "Well, do you know, I do not much believe in people being inspired *in rows*." The individualist agrees most cordially with that comment. It is merely distressing to him to reflect that he is one of millions of painfully similar beings. He is no more inspired by the thought, than he can conceive of a cabbage in a cabbage-field being inspired by the thought that it was one of twenty thousand cabbages. The individualist can imagine the cabbage being uplifted by the thought that it was fearfully and wonderfully made; that it imbibed the dews of the kindly earth, and sent them running through a hundred pale veins; that it had a tender relationship with wandering winds and flying bursts of sun, and a secret understanding with the God who made it; he can even imagine the cabbage having a gentle and affectionate interest in the cabbages on each side of him. So, too, the individualist may have many very close and dear relationships with other men and women; but, if he loves humanity at all, it is because he loves A and B, and believes that among the unknown millions there are many whom if

he knew he could also love, and who would love him in return; but he also very much dislikes D and E, and his tendency is to believe that the great majority of the world would be hostile to him rather than affectionate; and this in spite of the fact that he has probably never been brought into close relations with any one without finding him more interesting and lovable than he had expected. But to have corporate relations with people is a thing that the solitary man cannot even dimly conceive; to have direct and immediate relations with people is easy enough; but as the individualist grows older, he tends to be inclined not to multiply relationships, partly because of the strain involved in making and maintaining a new friendship, and partly also because, limited as we are by space and time, a new relationship practically means a certain weakening and neglecting of the old.

The purely gregarious instinct is difficult to sympathize with or analyze if one does not possess it. I find that, as a rule, my friends like attending a cricket-match, or a school-gathering, or a festivity at their old college, because, as they say, it is so pleasant to meet old friends. To me, on the other hand, such gatherings are oppressive and painful; I see a number of people with whom I exchange a brilliant smile, a fervent handshake, and a few conventional and so-called humorous remarks, with whom I should like to have a long and quiet tête-à-tête. But to see them in that brief and scrappy manner is no satisfaction to me; it only assures me that they are alive, and older than when I saw them last; and of those facts I do not require to be assured; what I should like is to revive old memories with them at leisure, to see whether their point of view is altered, whether they have achieved their ambitions, whether they are content, whether they find life more or less interesting than they expected. I feel indeed on such occasions like the parrot who had been kept in a public-house behind a bar, and had

picked up the tapman's polite phrase, "One at a time, please, gentlemen; one at a time!" The ingenuous bird was transferred to the country, and contrived to escape from its cage; it was discovered in a field hard by, surrounded by rooks who were pecking it viciously; though bleeding from several wounds and denuded of half its feathers, it was still ejaculating in tones of cheery constancy, "One at a time, gentlemen, please; one at a time."

But, quite apart from one's private feeling, there is also the undoubted fact which meets one on every side, that people in the company of others are almost invariably less interesting, less individual, less tolerant, more conventional, more tiresome, less sincere, less unaffected, than when they are alone with one; they are less themselves, in fact. The serious, quiet, suggestive person, who is delightful when he is tête-à-tête with one, when he talks easily and simply of all that is in his mind, becomes feebly jocular, mildly cynical, given to anecdote, given to reminiscence, when in company. The bluff man becomes rude, the laughing philosopher becomes a screeching Plitudinarian, the weeping philosopher becomes a gloomy *poseur*, the shy man becomes silent or, still worse, voluble, the talker becomes a chatterer, the sympathetic man becomes unctuous. It is the natural result of an audience. In a tête-à-tête one has only one person to think of; but when the listeners are multiplied, one feels obliged conscientiously to try and hit the taste, not of the individual, but of the type; and the type is always duller, and generally lower, than the individual. And in any case prudence warns one to abstain from any originality, and not to commit one's self.

Probably the wise thing for the solitary man is to cultivate at all risks a certain gregariousness. It is a dangerous experiment to isolate one's self from one's kind; one tends to begin to despise other people for being fussy and trivial, while at the same time one becomes fussy and trivial one's self. Moreover, one begins to ac-

quire the dangerous habit, productive of much priggishness, of trying to estimate things by their intrinsic worth instead of by their ultimate worth. The intrinsic worth of human labor in any department is very small. Much of every day is taken up, and necessarily taken up, with actions which have no value. I had an old friend who was very great on the subject of "redeeming the time," and very hard on what he called unprofitable occupations. Yet he took an hour to dress in the morning and an hour to undress at night, duties which he performed with a good deal of rectitude. I suppose he never calculated the somewhat appalling fact that in the course of a long life he had spent in all some six entire years in the process of dressing and undressing! If one once begins these gloomy calculations, it is shocking to reflect how very small a portion of our life is really given to what may be called serious things. The truth really is that a man's life is the expression of his temperament, and that what eventually matters is his attitude and relation to life, his hopes and aspirations, and not only his performance. The solitary man ought to be very careful not to drift too far away from the normal point of view. He ought to be very careful not to acquire a sense of superiority in the matter. He ought to realize that it is his fault or his misfortune, due, perhaps, to a certain deficiency of nervous force, which makes him disposed to shun his fellows. He ought to be in the frame of mind of the American of whom Mr. Moncure Conway writes, who praised America as the only place for a man to live in. Mr. Conway pointed out to him that he was not consistent, because he was to be met with in Europe,—at Rome, at Vienna, at Paris,—but never appeared in America. The orator was silent for a little, and then he said, "What I said about America was true, nevertheless. It is the only place for a man to live; if I do not live there, it is that I am not worthy; I am not fit to live in America." The solitary man ought to feel this about the

world at large; and he should resolutely endeavor not to absent himself from it; he does it at his peril.

So, too, the gregarious man ought to practice and cultivate a little solitude. He ought to read and even to meditate. Otherwise he tends to become wholly conventional, and in intellectual things to live from hand to mouth. He ought to imitate in some degree the old lady in one of Mr. Quiller-Couch's stories, who said pettishly, when conversation began to grow interesting about her, "You interrupt me; I don't want to talk; I want to think of my latter end."

The fact is that people, as a rule, do more or less what they like; and there is little danger of the solitary man spoiling himself for reflection by a little medicinal gregariousness; and there is little danger either of the gregarious man losing his hold upon the world owing to the intermixture of some remedial solitude. It is a great puzzle, after all, what we are put into the world for. The philanthropist would say that we were there to help other people; but if every one lived on that theory it would be like the community that lived on taking in one another's washing. The individualist would say that it was to develop himself, and probably that reason does lie in the background of it all, though self-development is not the same thing as self-absorption. We have, most of us, good reason to wish ourselves different from what we actually are; and one of the mysteries of life is that we seem to be able to do so little towards effecting the change. The one thing that both the gregarious and the solitary man can do is to determine that, so far as in them lies, they will not allow their chosen mode of life to be fruitless; that the world shall be somehow a little better for the life that they have lived in it. The world is slowly transformed, and the transformation seems to have been effected by abnormal rather than by conventional people; that is perhaps the most that we can say.

And then perhaps we turn our thoughts

onward, and wonder dimly what shall be hereafter. If we believe that identity and consciousness survive, even though memory perish, which of us has foreseen the possibilities that may be beyond us after that change which awaits us, perhaps so soon? We think of ourselves as wandering hither and thither, wearing some outward semblance of humanity, conversing in happy leisure with those we have known and loved. Who has dared to conceive of himself as forever solitary, lost, and isolated, a sentient point in some intolerable abyss, moving through interminable space, in endless ages, in vain search for companionship? Yet who can tell whether this may not be?

I suppose it is the gregarious instinct that leads so many unimaginative people

to conceive dimly of heaven as the scene of a vast musical performance, an act of united and continual worship, conducted under golden arches, by the side of a sea of glass. Personally I rather conceive of it as a vast and sheltered garden, full of woods and waters, where one may be alone with pleasure, and reflect without interruption. Better still, if one could spend long hours, if hours there be, in quiet intercourse with one whom one has loved and trusted in the old sad days, under the dark skies; and perhaps one might even meet the Lord of the place, walking in the garden in the cool of the day; and receive a smile, or a sign, or a few words which should make one laugh to think that one had ever doubted his perfect love.

"I MUSED ON DEATH"

BY FRED LEWIS PATTEE

I MUSED on death and immortality;
 I sought to peer beyond the gates of birth;
 I raised my eyes above the din and dearth,
 Where groping man with curse and misery
 Toils on for naught; I sent myself to see
 What lies beyond the utmost cape and firth
 Of mortal bound, perchance the bourne of earth
 Where souls of men abide when they are free.

I soared exulting o'er the Milky Way
 And winged along the gulfs by swirl and star,
 And joyed to think that, when the hours were o'er,
 The now and here, the noisome night and day
 I should forget, — and thus with eyes afar
 I missed the beggar piteous at my door.

THE STUDY OF NATIONAL CULTURE

BY KUNO FRANCKE

LAST spring the President and Fellows of Harvard College took a step which, like not a few steps taken under President Eliot's administration, was novel, experimental, and somewhat venturesome: they established a professorship of the History of German Culture, the first professorship of this subject in an American or English university, and they entrusted this office to the then Professor of German Literature.

Naturally, this event has induced a renewed consideration of the fundamental question involved in this matter, the question: What is the place of the study of national culture within the whole of historical and philological studies; and it is perhaps fitting that some reflections on this subject should be presented to a wider audience of persons interested in higher learning.

The history of a nation may be studied under two main heads, — civilization and culture. When we speak of national civilization, we mean thereby all that contributes to shape the outward conditions and conduct of life: the modes of gaining a livelihood, the organization of the family, the forms of domestic and public custom, social gradations, political, legal, and ecclesiastical institutions, and the friendly or hostile contact with other nations. When we speak of national culture, we mean thereby all that contributes to shape the inner life, to enrich the world of feeling, imagination, and thought: religious and philosophical movements, tendencies in literature and art, ideal aspirations, intellectual and spiritual revelations. Civilization makes the citizen, culture makes the man; civilization has to do with specific conditions, culture has to do with values of universal appli-

cation; civilization is the form, culture is the content of national consciousness. But neither of the two can develop without the other; they constantly exert a reciprocal influence on each other; and only he who has studied comprehensively both the civilization and the culture of a given nation, is in a position to estimate what this nation has contributed to the whole of the world's history.

I shall not, in the following remarks, traverse the whole ground indicated by these observations. What I wish to do is to point out how the study of the spiritual life, the study of literature, and the study of art, may be benefited by considering spiritual, literary, and artistic movements as parts and as kindred manifestations of a given national culture.

There is nothing revolutionary in this point of view. Since the days of Winckelmann, Wolf, and Boeckh, students of classical antiquity have been accustomed to look at Greek and Roman life in its totality. The critical study of the Homeric poems, the history of Greek vase-painting, the history of the Attic drama, of Attic sculpture, oratory, and philosophy, are generally recognized to be nothing but chapters in a comprehensive history of Greek culture, supplementing and illustrating one another; and no classical philologist worthy of the name would think himself competent to write even a single paragraph of any one of these chapters without having, at least cursorily, gone over the ground of all the rest. The result has been that every Greek poem from Homer to Theocritus, every Greek statue from the Mycenæan age to the schools of Rhodos and Pergamon, every conception of Greek philosophy from Anaxagoras to Plotinus, nay, every

construction of a Greek sentence and every fragment of a Greek inscription stands to us as an epitome of a particular phase in the development of Greek culture, thus revealing to us the peculiar conditions of life from which it took its origin. Nor can it be said that this alignment of individual works of literature, art, and philosophy into the historical sequence of national development has, in this case, in the least taken away from the intrinsic interest of these works themselves. On the contrary, it has added to it a very important element. The *ἔργα καὶ ἡμέραι* of Hesiod means more to us since we have come to see in it the expression of a democratic reaction against the aristocratic society of the Homeric times. We have a fuller and more intimate knowledge of the peculiarity of the art of Euripides, since he has come to be understood as a dramatic counterpart to the disintegrating tendencies of the rationalistic philosophy of his time, and to the realistic analysis of human passion in the plastic art of Skopas. And how much more has the Laocoön group to tell to us, now that it does not any longer appear, as it did appear to the men of the eighteenth century, as a timeless production of absolute genius revealing the "noble simplicity and calm grandeur" (as Winckelmann expressed it) of Greek character *per se*, but has come to be recognized as a typical production of that period of Greek national development when the noble simplicity and calm grandeur of the Æschylean age had been superseded by the high-strung, nervously excited temper of Hellenistic romanticism.

The point which I wish to make is that this conception of the totality of a given national culture has not as yet prevailed sufficiently to achieve for the history of modern nations what it has achieved for the history of Greece and Rome.

Not as though there had not been distinguished writers treating the literary, artistic, and intellectual history of modern

nations from this point of view. Indeed, there are not a few illustrious examples of this sort of applied national psychology, with regard both to general movements and to individual representative men. Among Frenchmen, the one name of Hippolyte Taine stands for a whole class of writers trying to detect national characteristics in literary and artistic achievements. In Germany, such men as Jacob Burckhardt, Hermann Hettner, and Karl Lamprecht have applied this method both to particular periods or phases of intellectual developments and to the whole history of a given people in all its manifold manifestations. In England, John Addington Symonds and William E. H. Lecky have created masterpieces of research in the history of morals and spiritual culture in mediæval and modern Europe. And our own Barrett Wendell has attempted to build upon these same foundations a Literary History of America. As to biographies of epoch-making men, I point only to a few works of signal merit, works which give us as it were the spirit of a whole age, the temper of a whole nation condensed in one central figure: Sabatier's *Vie de St. François*, Grimm's *Michel Angelo*, Villari's *Girolamo Savonarola e suoi tempi*, Morley's *Oliver Cromwell*, Justi's *Velasquez und sein Jahrhundert*, and a book by one whom we may also, although unfortunately only for a few months, call our own: Eugen Kühnemann's *Schiller*. In all these works the great task, the single aim of the writers, is to arrive at a clear and just conception of what the culture of a given age, a given people, a given personality, has stood for, what ideals of life, what aspirations, passions, imaginings, forms of expression, modes of thought it included, what its place is in the general trend of human development, what it means for our own life.

While, then, much has been done by eminent writers to make that view of the totality of a nation's history, which the great humanists of the early nineteenth century applied to the study of

Greece and Rome, applicable to modern nations also, it yet remains true that the university study of modern literature, art, and intellectual life is still, on the whole, dominated by views too exclusive to lead the student from the very start into the wider realm of national culture.

I am certainly very far from decrying the value of specialization. I fully believe that a student should as soon as possible try his hand at investigating one subject thoroughly, — whether it be certain aspects of the syntax of Berthold von Regensburg, or the representation of the Annunciation in mediæval German sculpture, or the influence of Bernard of Clairvaux upon German mystic thought of the fourteenth century, or what not. But I do think that, as university teachers, we do not as a rule see sufficiently to it that such investigations be carried on in a broad spirit, that they be kept from degenerating into mere collections of grammatical forms, or catalogues of certain plastic types, or the amassing of parallel passages of a number of writers. That this sort of thing is the average work done in doctor's dissertations dealing with this class of subjects there can be little doubt. Nor can it be denied, it seems to me, that the monographs in our philological, archæological, and literary quarterlies very often betray a deplorable lack of historical perspective, that there is something barren and unprofitable about this huge mill of *Quellenuntersuchungen*, of tracings of literary affiliations and indebtednesses, and of the eternal quest for the first authenticated appearance of a certain literary or artistic conceit. The wellnigh exclusive rule of this method in our university seminaries has limited the view, stifled the imagination, and brought about a state of mind among many of our young Ph. D.'s and candidates for the Ph. D., according to which literature and art seem entirely detached from life, and appear as nothing but a huge system of automatic contrivances. And

the principal business of the literary historian and art critic has come to be, according to this view, to analyze the mechanism of these contrivances, and to establish the dates when their inventors — so to speak — had them officially patented.

I am convinced that one remedy against this soulless and lifeless method of studying literature and art is to hold constantly before one's mind the connection of literature, art, and thought with the general trend of national development, and never to lose sight of the fact that they make together one living whole where "Alles ist Frucht und Alles ist Samen."

Let me give one or two illustrations of the way in which this conception of the interdependence of the various manifestations of national consciousness may be made fruitful for the study of each of them. If these illustrations are taken exclusively from the field of German studies, there will be seen in this an effect upon myself of that very overspecialization, the narrowing influence of which upon others I just now deplored; and I would take this opportunity to say that throughout all my remarks I feel myself open to just this criticism, and shall have nothing to reply if I am to be confronted with a "Physician, heal thyself!"

My first illustration is concerned with a single phenomenon of intellectual life. No one could make even a perfunctory study of German Romanticism without being struck by the attention bestowed by the Romanticists upon the problem of insanity. Indeed, there is hardly a phase of mental derangement which did not in one form or another appear in Romantic literature and art. There are the overstrained characters of Jean Paul, the melancholy, brooding philosopher Schoppe, whom the irreconcilable contrasts of life, the unfathomable abysses of existence, deprive of his reason; or the colossal man of will, Roquairol, whose boundless ambition leads to nothing but inner ruin

and mental wreck. There is the gallery of eccentric personalities which form so large a part of Tieck's literary household: the youthful dreamer of the Lovel type, who is unsettled by contact with the world and the teachings of a Pseudo-Fichteian philosophy; the man of blind instincts, such as the Blonde Eckbert, who lives, as it were, in a world of chronic hallucinations, who is pursued by constant dread of monstrous happenings, to whom life is a terrible burden and a nightmare; or, on the other hand, the ecstatic enthusiast, such as the old painter-hermit in *Franz Sternbald*, whose gentle madness seems to have unsealed to him the beauty and harmony of the whole universe. There is the somnambulism of Kleist's *Käthchen von Heilbronn*; the irresponsible libertinism and aimlessness of the vagrant folk in Brentano's, Eichendorff's, and Justinus Kerner's stories. There is the ghastly spook of Amadeus Hoffmann's grotesque imagination, with its criminal monomaniacs, its haunted houses, doubles, and enchanted beasts, and with its Bedlam of caricatures and mentally or morally deformed human figures. That this Romantic interest in the abnormal and the deranged held its sway even to the middle of the nineteenth century, is proved in a striking manner by the well-known drawing of Kaulbach's, representing the clubroom of an insane asylum, with its inmates grouped about in excited conversation or in silent brooding, each of them bringing before us a particular type of madness or aberration.

Now, in studying these types of insanity in German Romanticism, the most obvious, least circuitous, and (let me add) a most unalluringly safe path to be followed is that of the familiar *Quellenuntersuchung*. What types of insanity the different writers or artists treat by preference; how these different writers influence one another in this matter; how far, for example, the insane characters in Tieck serve as models for those in Amadeus Hoffmann; who was the first author

to set this morbid fashion; what foreign influences, if any, were at work in it; how far, for example, Tieck's occupation with Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, or Cervantes' *Don Quixote* was responsible for his leaning toward the representation of eccentric characters, — all these are perfectly pertinent questions; they are questions which it is well to have answered before one proceeds to further investigations.

But let no one who has answered these questions satisfactorily imagine that he has thereby contributed much toward the elucidation of the problem of insanity in German Romanticism. What he has done is, in the main, of bibliographical interest. He has shown that it was A and not B who first introduced this subject into literature, that D owes much of his material to C, that E has a greater variety of types than F, and so on. The question, how this remarkable and widespread interest of the Romanticists in the phenomena of insanity is connected with German national life of that time, with the prevailing currents of thought and feeling, in a word, what place it has in the history of German culture, this question he has hardly touched.

In order to answer this question intelligently, he will have to consider the Romantic movement in all its bearings upon the emotional and intellectual life of that age, and he will try to detect those phases of this movement which would naturally have had a particular effect upon the way in which people would look upon cases of insanity. To indicate only a few lines of reasoning which such an inquiry would open, the following reflection would be likely to suggest itself.

The Romantic movement is, in one aspect at least, a revolt against society and class rule, an outburst of individual thought and passion, a pronunciamiento of the individual heart and imagination against the canons of convention, a declaration of sympathy with everything that is something by itself, and that lives out its own laws of existence. To the Ro-

manticist — and I include here under this name that whole galaxy of poets and thinkers who were under the direct or indirect influence of Rousseau's ideals of life — to the Romanticist there is nothing uninteresting except the artificial. Everything, whether large or small, beautiful or ugly, ordinary or exceptional, strong or weak, healthy or diseased, beneficial or destructive, so long as it is not artificially perverted and estranged from its own nature, is worthy of our human interest and sympathy; and even if it is perverted it has at least a claim upon our pity and compassion. The individual is sacred; life as such is something of absolute value; and every one of its varieties has an equal right to try its wings.

Is it not clear that here there lie the sources of those humanitarian views in criminology and psychiatry which, from the latter part of the eighteenth century on to the present time, slowly and with a good many setbacks, have nevertheless steadily been pressing on toward wider recognition? The criminal, according to Beccaria, the great eighteenth-century reformer of criminal law, is not an enemy of the human race against whom society has to wage a relentless war. Much truer it would be to say that he is a victim of the conditions of society itself; and that the prevention of crime by bettering these conditions is a matter of much greater importance than the punishment of the criminal. And the insane, according to Pinel, Tuke, and other eighteenth-century reformers of lunatic institutions, is not, as former ages have considered him, a miscreant, possessed by evil spirits, to be chained and chastised, but rather a sufferer from disease, worthy of our most tender attention and care. And both the criminal and the insane are to the popular scientists of the end of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, favorite subjects of psychological analysis and description.

The individualistic and humanitarian element, then, of the Romantic movement tended to make the insane, alongside

with other types of human states of mind, a topic of intense interest for the writers of fiction and poetry; and we need not go to Shakespeare's *Lear* or Ophelia, or to Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, to account for the frequency of deranged characters in Tieck's novels and dramas. On the contrary, it might be said that Tieck's interest in such characters as the Fool in *Lear*, or *Don Quixote*, is, in part at least, accounted for by the Romantic sympathy with the unconventional and the wayward. And that whole class of eccentric personages so frequent in Romantic literature, who see life at a different angle from the normal, who follow their own whims or illusions, who meander through the world as through a labyrinth of charming surprises and aimless diversions, may be called a collective protest against the humdrum and stupid matter-of-fact existence of the so-called good citizen, the substantial man of business, the respectable member of society. The illusionist is the Romantic character *κατ' ἐξοχήν*; to his sensitive nerves there are revealed delights of life which remain hidden to the obtuse brain of the muscular healthy; he is the personality *par excellence*, unencumbered by the weight of the material world which burdens and drags down the anonymous majority; he moulds freely and with sovereign playfulness his own world; in him the divine irony, of which Friedrich Schlegel rhapsodized, finds its fullest expression. The affinity between madness and genius is a discovery which we owe to Romanticism.

This is one side of the subject. But Romanticism was not only an individualistic protest against society. It was also what at first sight may seem the very opposite of this individualism, and yet is after all only a natural sequence of it: it was a proclamation of the universe as one organic living whole. And this side of the Romantic movement also is closely connected with the interest taken by Romantic poets and novelists in the problem of insanity. The infinite is the

true home of the Romanticists. Novalis defines philosophy as homesickness, — homesickness for the absolute. To Schelling, beauty is the infinite represented in finite form. Tieck's whole life was an infinite longing for something beyond and above. All Romantic landscape paintings have that fascinating quality of the hazy blue distance which beckons on and on to endless space. Never perhaps has there been a time when the world, to the chosen few at least, seemed so literally alive with infinite power as it seemed to these men. To them there was no dividing line between rock, plant, beast, and man. A mysterious bond of magnetic attraction, they believed, unites stars and human brains, the organic and the inorganic, the conscious and the unconscious. The world of the senses was to them only a symbol of a spiritual presence hovering within and above us. All nature they conceived as one indivisible being, incessantly striving to manifest itself, and to become fully conscious of its own spirit.

Now it is clear that such views as these, very imperfectly stated by me, but of paramount, fundamental importance to the Romanticists, — it is clear, I say, that such views as these of the essential unity of all life, of the identity of matter and spirit, of the absorption of the individual in the great mysterious All, are not fully accessible to the sober intellect, that they require for their receptacle a visionary state of mind, an imagination pitched to its highest key, a soul that is itself in instinctive contact with the invisible powers. The Romantic individual, in its highest perfection, is the inspired mystic, the ecstatic seer, who is his own law, and who harbors within himself the riddle of the universe. Is it necessary to say that here again we have arrived in a sphere where it is hard to draw the line between inspiration and madness?

Here, then, there is seen the connection between the intellectual drift of the age, and the second important class of types of mentally deranged in Romantic

poetry and fiction, — the seekers for the infinite. A great many different varieties of extravagant fancy and morbid desires may be traced back to this common type. It appears as the craving for solitude and passive contemplation; as the reveling in the mystery of night or in the wonders of a cavernous, subterranean existence; as the glorification of the irrational and the incoherent. It assumes the form of a naïve dreaming one's self back into a fantastic golden age, or of plunging into a state of trance-like transfiguration, or of a return to a serene, placid unconsciousness. Or again, we see it represented in characters wrestling with themselves, and seeking forgetfulness, intoxication, communion with the universe, either in mesmeristic and spiritualistic pseudo-science, or in sensual dissipation and revelry, or in suicide.

It is hardly necessary to add that all these various types of mental derangement, so frequent in Romantic literature, find their counterpart in the lives of the Romantic writers themselves. The tragic fate of Hölderlin, Heinrich von Kleist, Lenau, the erratic career of Brentano and Amadeus Hoffmann, are typical illustrations of the correctness of Goethe's dictum: "The Classic is the healthy, the Romantic is the diseased." In our own time, the fate of Poe, of Nietzsche, and of Oscar Wilde has furnished a new proof of this homely truth. No broad-minded man, however, while fully recognizing this truth, will fail to see that even these excesses of Romantic imagination have enlarged the vision, broadened sympathies, and heightened the interest of life, and have thus added priceless treasures to the store of spiritual possessions.

So much for the way in which a single literary phenomenon may (or is it not better to say, should) be studied as an expression of the whole culture of a given period in the national development. Let us now for a moment turn to the question, how a number of different phenomena of literature, art, and thought may be studied under the common head of the devel-

opment of national culture. Here, again, I content myself, in place of theoretical discussions, with giving one concrete illustration.

Historians of German literature are wont to draw a sharp contrast between the high refinement both of sentiment and form which is characteristic of the classic epoch of chivalric poetry at the turning-point of the twelfth century to the thirteenth, and the decay of good taste setting in toward the middle of the thirteenth century. And it must be admitted that in imaginative literature the whole period from 1250 to 1500, that is, from the decline of chivalric poetry to the Humanistic movement, offers nothing that could at all be compared with the grandeur of the *Nibelungenlied* or the charm of Gottfried von Strassburg or Walther von der Vogelweide. From the exclusively literary point of view, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with their cumbersome romances, their unwieldy didactic encyclopædias, their gross satire, and their over-realistic and over-spectacular religious drama, appear indeed as an epoch of disintegration and decay.

As soon, however, as we discard this exclusively literary point of view, as soon as we survey the whole ground of higher national activities and try to detect those achievements in which the creative power of the nation at a given time found its fullest expression, these same centuries assume a very different aspect.

If, instead of following out in their wearisome and artificial detail the offshoots and outspurs of chivalric epics and lyrics in the thirteenth century, we visit the cathedrals of Naumburg, of Bamberg, of Strassburg, of Freiburg, and look at the reliefs and statues adorning their portals, choirs, and rood-screens, we become aware of the fact that the classic epoch of Middle High German poetry, from the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century, was followed in the greater part of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the four-

teenth by an equally classic epoch of German sculpture. And if we study these plastic monuments from the point of view of national culture, if we compare them with the great figures of chivalric poetry, we find that, although sculpture and poetry differed from each other in subject-matter, the spirit of these two epochs of classic German art was essentially the same. The same refinement and measure; the same insistence on courteous decorum; the same curious combination of scrupulous attention to certain conventional forms of dress, gesture, and expression, on the one hand, and a free sweep in the delineation of character, on the other; the same moral earnestness and the same fanciful vagueness; in short, the same happy union of the universally human with the distinctively mediæval, which is found in such characters as Parzival, Tristan, or Kudrun, comes to light in the Founders' Statues of Naumburg, the so-called Konrad of the Cathedral of Bamberg, or the Ecclesia and Synagoga of Strassburg Cathedral. Very far, then, from seeing in the thirteenth century a period of artistic decline, we simply observe in it a shifting of the forms through which the artistic energy of the nation revealed itself; we receive from it a new impression, from a different angle, of that rounding out of the personality, that heightening of human existence, which was one of the great effects of the supreme sway of chivalry and of the mediæval church. As the art of Phidias and Praxiteles is an indispensable supplement to the art of Æschylus and Sophocles for our understanding of Attic culture in its prime, so these works of German sculpture of the thirteenth century, in their wonderful blending of the ideal human type with the characteristic features of the portrait, stand to us by the side of the great creations of the chivalric poets as incontrovertible proofs of the free and noble conception of humanity reached by mediæval culture at its height. Perhaps I may be permitted to say that it was considerations such as these which

have led to the establishment of our Germanic Museum as a place where these impressive plastic types of national imagination and feeling might be brought before the student's eye in their historical sequence, and with as much of completeness as possible.

Similar observations might be made about the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The fourteenth century, so barren and uninspiring if we measure it by the standard of polite literature, becomes of absorbing interest and deepest significance, if we study it as the great epoch of German mysticism, if we enter into that marvelously intense inner life, the world of visions, dreams, hallucinations, and the pure regions of exalted self-abnegation and self-perfection which mark the age of Eckart, Suso, and Tauler as the first irresistible outburst of modern individualism. And as to the fifteenth century, can there be any doubt that it was neither literature, nor sculpture, nor mystic speculation, but religious painting, which concentrated upon itself the creative energy of that age? So that he who would understand this century and its relation to the preceding epochs should first of all study the great representatives of the pictorial art, from the Van Eycks

and the Cologne masters to Memling and Albrecht Dürer. And in doing so, he will recognize Dürer and his compeers as the direct descendants of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide, the masters of the Bamberg or Strassburg sculptures, and Eckart and Suso and the other mystics of the fourteenth century; in other words, by this very passing from one sphere of national activities to another he will come to understand fully the continuity of the development of national culture as a whole.

I am done. Only one word in conclusion. We are witnessing at present at a number of our universities, notably at Columbia and at Harvard, a remarkable strengthening and rounding out of the departments of Comparative Literature. The comparative study of national literatures cannot fail to be a most powerful help in determining what is original, what is of abiding and universal importance in the artistic contributions of the various peoples to the common stock of spiritual life. And so, as a student of the history of national culture, I offer to these young and most promising departments of international research a cordial and expectant welcome.

SOME BOOKS OF TRAVEL

BY HARRIET WATERS PRESTON

AT the somewhat remote period of the writer's childhood, when books for the young were mostly of a didactic and serious character, and the gay flowers of the kindergarten had not yet begun to blossom in every wilding hedgerow, — one used to see occasionally, in the homes of well-instructed families, a small volume which began as follows (I quote from memory): "Come, my dear Felix, and come, my dear Felicia, and we will start for a tour round the world. *Nay, turn not pale,* — for we shall not quit our own fireside."

Was the condescending little book by Mrs. Barbauld? I think not; although that enterprising lady, *si respectable*, did certainly prepare a volume of Fireside Travels for the young. It is the humor of the opening paragraph above quoted, as applied to the young person of to-day, which appeals, perennially, to myself. Where is now the Felix, or even the Felicia, whose round cheeks would blanch at any proposal of adventure, however distant and untried? 'T is the staying monotonously at home, with books and work and healthful play, that renders them anæmic. The little cosmopolitans can promptly direct you to the best toy shop in Nuremberg, the best *pâtisserie* on the Place de l'Opéra, and the cake-shop in Regent Street where one can always procure American doughnuts. The chances are that Felix and Felicia have already crossed the Atlantic several times, if haply they have never approached San Francisco by the S. P. R. or the Golden Gate, and Vladivostock by the Siberian Railway. All people of all ages — that is to say, all felicitous people — go everywhere at present, and most of them take notes by the way and write books on their return. It might seem, at first sight, as

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though the demand for such records would decline, with the vastly increased facilities for travel, and the constantly swelling numbers of those who trot the globe. Exactly the reverse is true. And, as a matter of fact, when is it that even an authorized guide-book first becomes deeply interesting as well as truly intelligible and illuminating? Is it not when we turn its pages at our leisure, after we have traversed the routes and visited in person the places and the objects which it describes?

The *Tarry-at-Home Travels*¹ of Rev. Edward Everett Hale are the same which that vigorous veteran has been prosecuting, by easy monthly stages, in the *Outlook* during the past year. Mr. Hale has been a famous talker in his day; and he retains in his eighties the faculty, rare enough at any age, and almost unknown to youth, of writing exactly as he would talk. The most loyal and optimistic of surviving New Englanders, his leisurely progress is through the ideal New England of his own youth and early manhood toward that "New England brightly building far away," which constitutes the celestial goal of every properly born or early naturalized Bostonian. His reminiscences are poured out of a full heart, freely, familiarly, picturesquely. He has known the best men of a more ingenuous era than ours, and he names them, one by one, with a tremor of honorable emotion in his tones. If we weary a little of his perpetual "dear" and "dear old," as applied indiscriminately to persons, towns, and institutions of learning, both orthodox and heterodox, we realize also that the fond epithet is used without

¹ *Tarry-at-Home Travels*. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1906.

a trace of affectation, and we respect the sign of impartial good-will, and a singular breadth of human sympathy. Occasionally Mr. Hale recalls, and retouches in a positively artistic manner, some of the fading legends and more nearly romantic incidents of our primitive period: like the story of the endowment of Dartmouth College, or that of the slave-ship *Armistead*; or the curious tale of the foundation of the Rothschild fortune on the money paid by George III to the Elector of Hesse for the services of his hiring troops.

Elsewhere the genial annalist pounds with courage, and supports with spirit, some etymological or historico-literary theory of his own. "According to me," to use his undaunted formula, — supported in this case, however, by the authority of Roger Williams, — Rhode Island was not named after Rhodes in the *Ægean*, — as, indeed, why should it have been? — but from the rhododendrons that Admiral Block, the discoverer of Narragansett Bay found blushing, in their early summer loveliness, all along its shores; and personally I am more than willing to believe — *paratum est cor meum* — that Prospero's isle was that of Cuttyhunk, and that Shakespeare got from the Earl of Southampton, who had it from his own hired explorer, Captain Gosnold, his notion of sassafras-bogs and sea-mews, and the mussels in running brooks, which no one certainly can ever have beheld in the vexed Bermoothes.

Mr. Hale's book is illustrated, most appropriately, by scores of portraits reproduced from painted miniatures or early daguerreotypes, and by those delicate but mendacious copper and steel-plate engravings of sixty years since, which reduced all scenes and places to a pale monotony of symmetrical prettiness. These insipid and much flattered pictures have, however, a genuine historic significance; and to them the writer can point with well-feigned assurance, when he whimsically calls upon our much-traveled youth to concede that the shadi-

est and fairest for situation of New England's wooden towns, like Burlington on Lake Champlain, or Portland on Casco Bay, are exactly as well worth his attention and admiration as the imposing secular capitals of Europe and Asia.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more unlike the patriarchal poise and all-embracing charity of the tarry-at-home traveler, than the boyish, not to say rakish, flippancy displayed in their printed notes by two recent rovers in Britain: the authors, namely, of *Cornish Saints and Sinners* and *In London Town*. There is a true bank-holiday abandonment about the tripper in Cornwall, Mr. J. Henry Harris,¹ who has no sooner alighted at Penzance than he pays his respects to Sir Humphry Davy in the following jaunty fashion: "Penzance has one lion, Sir Humphry Davy. Sir Humphry and his little lamp is a story with immortal youth, like that of Washington and his little hatchet. Sir Humphry meets you at unexpected times and places; there was something *à la* Sir Humphry on the breakfast menu. We heard about him, soon after our arrival, from an American tourist of independent views. He said that Sir Humphry would not be a boss man now, because he did n't know a good thing when he had it, and gave away his invention in a spirit of benevolence which was destructive of all sound commercial principles. Then he figured out how many millions in dollars Sir Humphry might have made, if only he had patented his little lamp and run the show himself."

As between the saints and the sinners to whom his book is formally ascribed, Mr. Harris is at superfluous pains to reiterate his own private preference for the sinners (chiefly smugglers); but he burlesques with equal zest the legends of the one and the local dialect of the other. Once or twice only, in all his three hundred and twelve pages, does he subside

¹ *Cornish Saints and Sinners*. By J. HENRY HARRIS. Drawings by J. Raven-Hill. New York and London: John Lane. 1906.

into anything like serious writing. Assuredly Mr. Harris is not witty, but his animal spirits are inexhaustible, and buoyant spirits, they tell us, are too rare in this downcast age. And this, no doubt, is the reason why we find ourselves mildly amused, *malgré nous*, at what is rather colt-play than horse-play; even as we laugh at the rodomontade of the undergraduate in vacation, who exploits the slang of his college, and exaggerates, darkly, the *scappati* of his chum, for the benefit of his maiden aunt.

The book, it should be said, rather gains in dignity from the drawings of Mr. Raven-Hill. Bits of rough coast and shapeless ruin and the vistas of crooked old village streets are sketched in vigorous outlines. Human types peculiar to the region, such as ancient fishermen and grizzled wharf-loungers, old women on whose half-palsied tongues tremble the last vocables of the dying language of the West, and the little girl wading who forms so delightful a tail-piece to Chapter I,—all these, and more, are both simply and admirably rendered; while there is positive poetry of conception, as well as great beauty of line, in the figure of the angel who comes bearing in her slender arms, to balance upon its mushroom-like pedestal, the huge top-stone of that mysterious pagan monument, the celebrated Cheese-Wring.

Mr. F. Berkeley Smith's impressions of London Town¹ are not so much those of a light-hearted holiday-maker as of an alert, keen-eyed, and precociously sophisticated journalist. He approaches London from Paris, where he is thoroughly at home; having, in fact, already published a vivacious book or two concerning the less decorous and conventional aspects of life in that diverting capital. Naturally he has his misgivings about London, all of which he finds dismally fulfilled on his first November

Sunday in the British metropolis; and he rails against the customs and constraints of the day of ennui, in the good set terms which have been familiar for generations on the lips of the exile from Gaul. Mr. Smith's rather brilliant chapter entitled the House of Savoy is an unabashed puff of the pompous establishment now bearing that historic name; while he discusses at great length, and with uncommon frankness, that sorry matter of night-life in the London streets, which is usually avoided by all but the professional sociologist. Whatever may be thought of his taste in this regard, he ends—to his credit be it said—by treating the subject gravely. An arresting glimpse appears to have visited the *flaneur* of the abyss of tragedy underlying the tawdry show; and he writes of what he sees, and even delineates it,—for he is usually his own artist,—with a sobriety all the more impressive from its contrast with his habitual mood. The London of the dark season, with its flying lights and engulfing shadows,—so strangely unlike the more popular London of pageants and feasts and all but endless daylight, of Parliament, Mayfair, and Rotten Row,—does indeed come to life in a remarkable manner under the pen and pencil of Mr. Berkeley Smith; and we presently perceive in him the power to write nobly no less than smartly if he would,—in short, the capacity for literature. Nothing, for example, could be much better as a bit of landscape description than the following:

“Once clear of Folkestone, the air was impregnated with a hazy blue mist. For brief moments the sun struggled through, and flooded the wet fields of snug farms, tipping with its saffron light the edges of the clipped hedges of box. A golden pheasant, startled by the train, skimmed along, in a fluttering flight, to the protection of a neighboring wood. Rows upon rows of hop-poles covered acres bordering the railway so precisely that one could look through them, diagonally, to their limits. We went past sturdy oaks

¹ In *London Town*. By F. BERKELEY SMITH. Illustrated by the author and other artists. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 1906.

and woodlands, the home of the preserved rabbit and the hare. Now and then there flashed by a glimpse of some solid-looking mansion half smothered in ivy, with its kennels and outlying stables. But the sun can assert itself no longer, for we were nearing the edge of the great city. In its place there settled over all — the saffron-colored fog." Mr. Smith's fellow-artists are not named, and it is hardly needful, for the illustrations might easily be all by the same hand. All are clever, having the facility and *chic* best learned in the schools of Paris, but their subjects are mainly unpleasant.

One is half disposed to quarrel a little with the title of *Literary Bypaths in Old England*.¹ What is a literary bypath? The proper joy of a bypath, it would seem, is anything but literary. On the other hand, if the phrase be figurative, intended merely of the realm of letters, how is it that Spenser, Gray, and Goldsmith, Burns, and Keats, are found lurking in the by-ways of English literature, and who then are they that hold the grand route? But this is caviling, while Mr. Henry Shelley's book is really charming. He conducts us to the Penshurst of Philip and Algernon Sidney, and the ever beautiful Selborne of Gilbert White; to Stoke Poges (as he pleases to spell it) and the Eton of Gray, and those dimmest purlieus of old London town, that filled the place of landscape in the childish imaginations of John Keats and Thomas Hood. He explores Ayrshire and bleak Annandale for the sake of Burns and Carlyle, and leafy Buckinghamshire in the track of William Penn; saluting, in a final and very interesting chapter, all about the venerable city of Winchester, a long procession of shades, beginning with Alfred the Great and ending with Jane Austen. Mr. Shelley is in many respects quite the ideal guide, unassuming, sympathetic, and exceedingly well

informed. He refreshes vague memories and supplies fresh clues at almost every turn, and his is exactly the book one would like to take along on a pilgrimage to poetic shrines, but — and it is a serious but — for the clumsy proportions and gross material weight of the volume. The plates are beautiful, and there are exactly one hundred and twenty-five of them, mostly reproduced from photographs of the author's own; but so reproduced, and accompanied by so magnificently printed a text that the book is positively not portable. Why should there not be a plain, working edition of so excellent a *vade-mecum*, printed on light paper, bound in soft covers, and with no illustrations at all? since he certainly does not need them who is to have the veritable scenes before his eyes. Let the luxuries of type and adornment be reserved for our friend, the inveterate — more often, alas! involuntary — stay-at-home traveler. But even he will find a book-rest convenient.

An entirely admirable book, of similar character to the last, but much more exhaustive within its narrower lines, is *The Stones of Paris*,² by Benjamin and Charlotte Martin; and here the problem seems to have been fairly solved of producing a manual for the inquiring tourist, at once learned, pictorial, and handy to carry about. The delicate drawings of John Fulleylove are clearly printed upon the same fine, thin paper as the text; and so are the numerous portraits of renowned Parisians, reduced from the carbon photographs of Messrs. Braun and Clément. The plan of the book is well indicated in the first sentences of its modest introductory chapter. "This book has been written for those who seek in Paris something more than a city of shows or a huge bazaar. . . . There are many lovers of this beautiful capital of a great people, who, knowing

¹ *Literary Bypaths in Old England*. By HENRY C. SHELLEY. Illustrations from photographs by the author. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

² *The Stones of Paris*. By BENJAMIN and CHARLOTTE MARTIN. Drawings by JOHN FULLEYLOVE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

well her unconcealed attractions, would search out her records and traditions in stone, hidden and hard to find. This legitimate curiosity grows more eager with the increasing difficulties of gratifying it in that ancient Paris that is vanishing day by day. . . . In telling the story of those monuments of past ages that are visible and tangible, reference is made only to so much of their perished approaches and neighbors as shall suffice for full realization of the significance of all we are to see. This significance is given mainly by the former dwellers within these walls. We shall concern ourselves with the human document illustrated by its surroundings."

The authors ask indulgence for the fact that the topographical scheme of study which they have adopted tends to confuse a little the historic order of their human portraits. And yet that order is fairly well preserved. The "Three Time-worn Staircases" which we are invited to climb in the first chapter are those of three independent towers, widely separated in position and date of erection, crowded now and almost concealed by insignificant modern buildings, from which we may survey the boundaries and identify the few remaining traces, both of Roman Lutetia, dear to Julian surnamed the Apostate, and of the early mediæval city which was virtually confined to the Seine Islands and the south shore. They are the tower, so-called, of King Dagobert, which is probably some centuries later than his day; the Tower of the White Queen, the widowed Blanche of Castille, supposed to have formed part of her country-house in what were, in the year 1200, the open fields beyond the hill of Sainte Geneviève; and that much later and better authenticated last fragment of the famous Hôtel de Bourgogne, at present approached from Rue Etienne Marcel, and still popularly called, after the second Duke of Burgundy, the tower of Jean Sans Peur.

Following these bird's-eye glimpses of the remote past, and its half-legendary

personalities, we have a series of more detailed views of the turbulent town of Corneille and Molière and the beginnings of the modern French drama; of the pregnant period from Voltaire to Beaumarchais, and the Paris of the great Revolution. Then comes a chapter of unusual interest on the Southern Bank in the nineteenth century, reviving associations not yet quite cold in the hearts of a few living men, with the celebrated names of the two Bourbon Restorations, with Chateaubriand, Mme. Recamier, and Guizot; with Lamartine, de Tocqueville, George Sand, and the brothers de Musset, and with Sainte-Beuve, the prince of critics and the prophet of them all. Separate studies are accorded to the Paris of Balzac, the Paris of Alexandre Dumas, and the Paris of Victor Hugo; after which our authors revert to the "*Making of the Marais*" and to the long line of illustrious folk — especially women — who had their domicile there during the two or three centuries when that reclaimed swamp was the fashionable quarter of Paris. Here were the Hôtel Rambouillet, and that town-house of Mme. de Sévigné, where is now the Musée Carnavalet, as well as the splendid Hôtels de Sens, de Béthune, de Mayenne, de Chaulnes, and many more. And here literally, until yesterday, — until since *The Stones of Paris* went to press, in fact, — has remained unaltered and unspoiled a very considerable fragment of the elder Paris which not one visitor in a thousand ever saw. The spacious open square in the region between the Palais Royal and Rue St. Antoine, ineptly re-named by Lucien Bonaparte *Place des Vosges*, — with its encircling arcade, its elaborate façades, and the triple rows of dormers in its precipitous roofs, had the unity of a complete picture; and more of the general aspect of antiquity than any other tract of equal size to be discovered in a long day's ramble. But Place des Vosges, according to the very latest news from Paris, has finally been doomed to destruction.

The authors of the *Stones of Paris* give good reason for dropping the article invariably inserted in French before the words *rue* and *place*; but the hybrid "Square Monge" has an odd look and sound.

In the *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France*,¹ and the *Chateaux of Touraine*² we have what may be called professional gift-books, clad in sumptuous apparel, — the legitimate, but highly superior and infinitely more knowing successors of the early Victorian annual. The former contains innumerable pictures, taken from well-chosen points of view, of the splendid, but comparatively little known, ecclesiastical monuments of southern Gaul; the latter has been expressly prepared as a companion volume to Mrs. Edith Wharton's *Italian Villas and Gardens*. The faintly tinted, and often highly poetic sketches of Jules Guérin are already familiar to readers of the *Century Magazine*; as is also the graceful text of Miss Lansdale, based, to a considerable extent, upon the *Old Touraine* of Theodore Andrea Cook.

One is moved rather pensively to inquire where all these expensive and exquisite volumes now go when they die. Their precursors — albums, Books of Beauty, and the like — were wont to take their last rest upon the "centre-table," what time that monumental *meuble* occupied a focal position in the best parlor; but these, in all their pathetic finery, are hurried to haunts unknown as ruthlessly as last year's *débutantes* are hustled off the social stage by the bursting buds of the new season.

Of books about Italy, there is the usual affluence, with something more, perhaps, than the usual distinction. Miss

Anna Benneson MacMahan's *With Byron in Italy*¹ is a pleasant, if not quite equal, companion to the admirable *With Shelley in Italy* which appeared last year. The new book has a little the air of having been made as an afterthought, or to order, because of the merited success of the earlier; but it is arranged on the same simple and effective plan. The fancy — can it have had a symbolic purpose? — of printing in italics Miss MacMahan's general Introduction, as well as the prefatory notes to her several chapters, is an unfortunate one, to my mind, for the reason that it renders tiresome to read, and liable to be skipped, both an excellent summing-up of Byron's cometary career in Italy, and some very delicate and discerning criticism of what he wrote there. The main interest of the new book lies in the vivid light reflected by the reckless letters from Italy, to Murray the publisher and a few bosom friends, on the perverse, but ever dazzling and disarming personality of the poet-peer. These mad yet merry epistles, along with the rare late portrait painted by the Italian artist Camuccini, which Miss MacMahan rightly prefers to all others, remind the reader very forcibly how young Byron was, after all, when a gaping world lost sight of him; and how much of mere animal ebullition and boyish bravado there was, to the very last, in the freaks over which the British grandmother shook her laced cap so solemnly. It was with genuine feeling that Byron doffed his beaver to Rome as the "City of the Soul," and yet, for all his honest wrath at the political wrongs and woes of Italy, and the almost ecstatic sense of exhilaration and relief afforded him by the easy code of her patrician manners, the ideal country meant less to him than it did to Shelley, or than it has to many a lesser spirit. When Miss MacMahan says in her haste, that it was "through

¹ *Cathedrals and Cloisters of the South of France*. By ELISE WHITLOCK ROSE. Illustrations from original photographs by VIDA HUNT FRANCIS. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906.

² *The Chateaux of Touraine*. Text by MARIA HONOR LANSDALE. Illustrations in color by JULES GUÉRIN, and from photographs. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

¹ *With Byron in Italy*. By ANNA BENNESON MACMAHAN. Illustrations from photographs, chiefly by ALINARI of Florence. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

Byron that Englishmen first became interested in Italy," she makes an extraordinary statement, which she proceeds to qualify, it is true, but far too feebly. Italy as a religion, Italy as a "change of heart," had been "experienced" by the soul of England, had colored the imagination of the northern islander, and entered into the vital circulation of his every-day language, three hundred years, at least, before the time of Byron and Shelley. We of New England are constantly reminded of the fact, by the persistence in our more naïf provincial speech, which keeps alive so many sixteenth-century expressions that have long gone out elsewhere, of purely Italian words and locutions. When a rural housewife tells us that she has baked her "jumbles" (*ciamballi*), or burned her rubbish (*robaccio*), or when she admits, with modest pride, that her annual brew of astringent elderberry-wine is "proper good" (*proprio buono*) this fall, she unconsciously employs words and phrases which were introduced into English court-circles by the ruffling gallants of the early Renaissance, but had filtered down into a lower and stiffer social stratum before Pilgrim or Puritan disembarked in Massachusetts Bay.

Of the call and election of Ernest Peixotto to the mystical cult of Italy, and of his initiation into the arcana of her beauty, there can be no question to one who looks through the charming volume, *By Italian Seas*.¹ The Californian artist with the Spanish name showed, even in his crude first work on the Pacific Coast, a keen susceptibility to the more classic features of the Californian landscape; where the Mediterranean touch imparted by ilex, olive, and vine, as well as by the remains of Spanish Mission architecture, and the spirited mountain outlines of a volcanic tract, has been wistfully recognized by many an unwilling exile from the older civilization to what the late

Clarence King used so aptly to call "the back-water of the world."

At all events, when Mr. Peixotto found himself in the old home of his Latin blood, he seems to have known, by unerring instinct, both what to see and how to depict it. The course of his romantic voyage will be found traced in light outline inside the cover of his book, as the wanderings of Æneas, who fished in so many of the same waters, used to be, in the beginning of our school Virgils. He went from Venice to Fiume at the inner angle of the Istrian peninsula, then down the Dalmatian coast to the Bocche di Cattaro, and over the Adriatic to Bari; whence, crossing by land to fair Parthenope, he pursued his happy course to Sicily, Malta, and Tunis. His most interesting sketches—partly, no doubt, because their subjects are slightly less hackneyed than the rest—are those made in Dalmatia. The very lovely frontispiece of the volume represents a view caught between the cacti and cypresses of Ploce, of the matchless mediæval walls and fortifications of Ragusa; and the artist has everywhere succeeded to admiration in suggesting the distinctive note of Dalmatian scenery,—the contrast, namely, between a landscape of prevailing pallor, backed by the ashen tints of a near and bare, though nobly designed, mountain range, and the perfect riot of rich color displayed in the infinite variety of costume, still proudly sported by the restless human throngs on seaside square and quay. But why has Mr. Peixotto left us no souvenir of the most entrancing island on the terraqueous globe,—La Croma in Ragusa harbor, with its haunted pine and olive groves, and stately, silent gardens, and its piercing human associations with Cœur de Lion's captivity, and mad Carlotta's fleeting honeymoon, and the frequent retreats of the ill-starred Prince Rudolf, beloved above all the other members of the interloping Austrian house, and still tearfully mourned, a dozen years ago, all along the Illyrian shore?

Of the text of Mr. Peixotto's book, for

¹ *By Italian Seas*. By ERNEST PEIXOTTO. Illustrations by the author. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1906.

which we are told in the preface that his wife is chiefly responsible, no more need be said than that it is perfectly adapted to the purposes of a running accompaniment. The word-painting is exactly as good, in its way, as the penciling, and so curiously like it in style that the two seem to make upon the reader's mind a single harmonious impression.

Professor Lanciani's new volume on *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome*¹ fills a gap in the important series of topographical and antiquarian studies whereby the most readable of archæologists has done so much to render the chaotic Rome of to-day an intelligible spectacle to the passing pilgrim. The author points out, in his first paragraph, that if Rome had not been, from time immemorial, a place of pious pilgrimage, there might be no more left of it now than of Ostia or Veii. *Chi lo sa?* The eternal continuity of the world's chief place must needs have been preserved somehow; but much of what we still admire, and would gladly keep intact a little longer, was undoubtedly saved from utter disintegration by the ignorant and spasmodic efforts after sanitation and repair, — the forlorn attempts to render the ways of the desolate city passable, and her crumbling dwellings habitable by thousands of strangers, which were made in preparation for the first great centennial and semi-centennial Jubilees of the Catholic Church.

In the memorable year of Dante's Jubilee, his *Mezzo del Camin'* of 1300, the popes were still reigning at Rome. At the time of Petrarch's Jubilee, fifty years later, when he himself received upon the waste Capitol his phantasmal crown of laurel, the Supreme Pontiff had long deserted his ancient seat, — his court had been held at Avignon for a full generation, and the general aspect of squalor and decay, — "as of a town lately taken and pillaged by a barbaric foe," — which

pervaded the shrunken settlement inside the Aurelian wall, wrung cries of anguish from the patriotic poet. More than twenty-five years were yet to pass before the "return from Babylon;" and the French Pope Gregory XI, hereditary Count of Beaufort, by whom it was effected, died in the grim desert of Rome only a little more than a year after his arrival, — of sheer homesickness, it was popularly believed, for the ordered splendors and refined society of the palace by the Rhone.

Nevertheless, as Signor Lanciani says, he had saved the Eternal City. The era of the New Birth was inaugurated by his sacrifice, and it is the curious bas-relief tardily put up to his memory in the church of Sta. Francesca Romana, and reproduced in the present volume, which Professor Lanciani takes to mark the end of the mediæval, as the column of Phocas marks the end of the classic, period in Rome. The improvements and embellishments effected there during the twenty-one pontificates of the next hundred and seventy years, from the death of Gregory XI in 1378 to that of our author's hero, Paul III (Alessandro Farnese), in 1549, form the theme of the new book; and the best because most instructive of its many fine illustrations are taken, often by special permission, from rare old contemporary drawings and engravings, like that of the remains of the great Roman Temple of the Sun, still standing in the Colonna gardens at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The present work will thus be found peculiarly opportune by those elderly devotees of the perpetual but ever-changing city who are just now becoming fully alive to the fact that it is the special Rome of their own early love which is perishing *à vue d'œil* in the first years of the new cycle. That Rome was fashioned in its outward appearance by the humanist popes — Colonna, Chigi, Rovere, Borgia, Farnese, Medici. Rejoicing in the free spirit of the pagan revival, passionately prizing, and, fortunately for

¹ *The Golden Days of the Renaissance in Rome.* By RODOLFO LANCIANI. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

ourselves, preserving and putting safely away in their galleries and museums many of the most precious of the long neglected or newly discovered masterpieces of pre-Christian art, these magnificent despots did, nevertheless, at the same time destroy, for the construction and adornment of their own family mansions and monuments, much else that can never be replaced. They quarried, as we all know, in the Coliseum, and set up their lime-kilns with impartial vandalism on the sculpture-encumbered hill of Jove, and within the sacred precinct of San Lorenzo without the walls. They appropriated without scruple, spent without stint, leveled without remorse, and rebuilt after their own rococo fashion. But they had the instinct of grandeur; a fine perception of the grace of arcaded courts and cloisters, the measured music of falling water, the salubrity and repose of stately, spacious, and well-shaded gardens. It is easy to criticise their churches and palaces in detail; but the Rome which they elaborated after their own florid taste, and brought to a certain splendid unity of style, had mellowed, in the last days before the Risorgimento of united Italy, into a spectacle of strange and surpassing beauty. The Romans who rule the new era have not cared for that spectacle. It is too painfully associated with recent and still burning memories of political and spiritual servitude. They have preferred to dwell on their older line of descent, and to cherish, rather, such heirlooms as remain to them of the free Roman commonwealth and the all-conquering Empire. It is natural. We cannot choose our ancestors, but we may pardonably have our preferences among them. The demolitions, denudations, and excavations of the present zealous government have added something positive to our knowledge of the *res Romae* at the period of Rome's greatest ascendancy; and it does not greatly matter, perhaps,—except to a few sentimentalists,—that the area thus reclaimed for exact history is,

for the moment, less fair to see than when the Baths of Caracalla were a rose-garden, and the Forum a grassy field where trees whispered and cows ruminated amid the ruins; while the Flavian amphitheatre had become a house of prayer, as well as a happy hunting-ground for the curious botanist.

Encouraged by dateless prophecy, and the miraculous recoveries of the past, we may venture to look forward to some day in the far future, when even the Rome now evolving shall have acquired a style of its own, and a novel order of beauty; although our compatriot, William Stillman, who knew his Rome so well, used obstinately to insist that this could never be until a sharp earthquake or two had effectually laid low some scores of acres of shabby modern edifices.

Meanwhile Professor Lanciani, for whose indispensable furtherance of their own chosen work the men of to-day have not shown themselves too grateful, cannot conceal, if he would, the fact that he himself is drawn by both taste and affection toward the vanishing rather than the advancing order; and this also is natural.

His topographical studies will be found supplemented in the present volume by a couple of thoughtful character-sketches of the two supreme artists of his Golden period. He discusses the fine intractability of Michael Angelo in dealing with his imperious patrons, and contrasts it with the noble deference of the part he bore in the immortal friendship with Vittoria Colonna. He fairly rehabilitates the Fornarina of Raphael, a little, it must be confessed, at the expense of her illustrious lover, who was faithful to her for so many out of his own few years, but not quite until death. We are at least persuaded by Signor Lanciani's arguments that the unfortunate, and yet most fortunate, woman in question was neither the brazen creature in the Rospigliosi, nor the soulless beauty of the Pitti Palace in Florence, who buries her white finger in the rich fur of her tippet, and appears quite absorbed in the comfortable sen-

sation of so doing; but rather the gentle Veiled Lady in another room of the same gallery, with her look of native refinement and exquisite modesty of attire, who plainly served Raphael as a model for the glorified Madonna of Dresden.

It is a rare book that lives to be fifty; and if at that age it is practically without a rival in its field, and has vitality enough to encourage its publishers to make a wholly new edition, it becomes a phenomenon worth considering. Lippincott's Gazetteer,¹ first issued in 1855 and several times revised and enlarged in the following half century, is now presented again, printed entirely from new type, and claiming to be "a picture of the world in its minutest details in the year 1905." This is a large claim, but use of the volume steadily lessens one's inclination to cavil at the publishers' phrase.

Every country is described with a good deal of fullness, and usually with nice discrimination; its geographical features are outlined, its history is epitomized, and there is a clear account of its people and government, its climate, its animals and plants, its mineral resources, its agricultural development, its industries and commerce. Corresponding treatment is given to cities and towns, seas and lakes, mountains and rivers; and even the smallest hamlet that is recorded anywhere is likely to be found briefly mentioned in this volume. The edition of 1880 had "notices of over 125,000 places;" and very many must have been added since. Recent explorations in Central Africa and Central Asia, at the two poles, and elsewhere; the great progress of colonization; the territorial changes wrought by war and by peaceful acquisition or union; the blossoming of deserts and bad lands under the influence of irriga-

tion; the discovery of rich mineral deposits in unfamiliar regions; the opening of new grain-growing areas, — all these have been engaging the world's attention largely in recent years, and have added a vast amount of material for the new edition of the Gazetteer.

To make room for these very important additions the editors have skillfully condensed long articles and omitted bodily many things that can be found elsewhere. They seem to have retained all that was most important in the preceding edition, and yet, after the great mass of new information has been incorporated, the volume is considerably smaller than its predecessor, and correspondingly better for handling. It contains, however, 2053 double-column pages, of fine print.

There are many incidental references to famous men and women, educational institutions, and other things not exactly geographical. Sometimes, to be sure, there may be two opinions as to these items, — not every one would select Emily Dickinson as the only person to mention in connection with Amherst, Mass., — but on the whole this feature is an excellent one. A single illustration will show how it is used, and will also indicate both the minuteness and the condensation of the work in general. Ten Irvingtons are recorded, and the ten items occupy but thirty-four lines; yet they give the state and county of each town, the river or railroad on which it is situated, its population, and other facts like these: the California town is "the seat of Curtner Seminary," and the Indiana town "the seat of Butler College;" the New Jersey "post-town" has "smelting works and manufactures of steel, ropes, tools, etc.;" of the New York Irvington it is said, "Here is Sunny Side, the residence of Washington Irving;" and the Virginia "banking post-village" is connected with Norfolk by steamer. If the owner of a copy of this new Gazetteer adds to it a good atlas, he has an adequate geographical library.

¹ *A Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer or Geographical Dictionary of the World.* Edited by ANGELO HEILPRIN and LOUIS HEILPRIN. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE DAILY THEME EYE

WHEN I was an undergraduate at Harvard our instructors in English composition endeavored to cultivate in us a something they termed "The daily theme eye." This peculiar variety of optic, I fear, always remained a mystery to a majority of the toilers after clearness, force, and elegance. Clearness, force, and even a certain degree of elegance, may be acquired; but the daily theme eye, like the eye for the sights of a rifle, may be discovered, developed, trained — but not acquired. It comes by the grace of Heaven, not of the Harvard or any other English department, and its possession is often one of the marks of the man whose destiny compels him to write. The Harvard English department has but given it a name; it has no local habitation. It is found in Henry James and the police reporter of the *New York Sun*; it illuminates the pages of *The Harvard Monthly* (sometimes) and of George Moore. It winks at you in Heine and peers solemnly in Mrs. Humphry Ward. And it flashes and beams in a little lady I know who has written nothing save sprightly letters all the days of her life and never opened Hill's *Rhetoric* under the shade of the Washington Elm.

The fairy who stood over my cradle, though he forgot the gold spoon and much else besides, at least bestowed the gift of this wonderful optic. It brought me my college degree; for when other courses failed — which means when I failed in other courses — there was always English; it has brought me a living since; but more than all else it has brought me enjoyment, it has clothed the daily walk with interest, the teeming, noisy town with color and beauty, "the society of my contemporaries," to use Emerson's big phrase for my little purpose, with

stimulating excitement. It has turned the panorama of existence into a play, or rather a thousand plays, and brought after sorrow or pain the great comfort of composition.

Daily themes in my day had to be short, not over a page of handwriting. They had to be deposited in a box at the professor's door not later than ten-five in the morning. A classmate of mine, when an epigram was called for, once wrote, "An epigram is a lazy man's daily theme written at ten-three A. M." And because of this brevity, and the necessity of writing one every day whether the mood was on you or not, it was not always easy — to be quite modest — to make these themes literature, which, we were told by our instructors, is the transmission through the written word, from writer to reader, of a mood, an emotion, a picture, an idea. I hate to think how few, in fact, of all the thousands that were poured into that yawning box were literature, how seldom the poor instructors could dip their pens into their pots of red ink and write the magic A on the back. Their sarcastic comments were surely excusable. I have even forgiven the young man with hair like yellow corn-tassels, who scrawled on verses of mine, required to be written in imitation of some poet, "This may be O'Shaughnessy, it is n't poetry." Did he think thus to kill two song birds with one stone? Well, the effort of those of us who were sincere and comprehending in our pursuit of the elusive power to write was to make our themes literature as often as possible; and to do this the first essential was the choice of a subject. Not everything one sees or does or thinks can take shape on a page of paper and reproduce itself for the reader. Selection was the first requirement.

It became needful, then, to watch for

and treasure incidents that were sharply dramatic or poignant, moods that were clear and definite, pictures that created a single clean impression. The tower of Memorial seen across the quiet marshes against the cool, pink sky of evening; the sweep of a shell under the bridge and the rush of the spectators to the other rail to watch the needle-like bow emerge, and the bent, brown backs of the crew; the chorus girls, still rubbing the paint from their cheeks with a tiny handkerchief wrapped over the forefinger, coming out of a stage entrance into the snow; the first sharp impression of a book just read or a play just seen, — these were the things we cherished, for these we could put on a page of paper with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with some show of vividness. What we came to do, then, was to keep a note-book of our impressions, and when in June our themes were returned to us we had a precious record for the year. By training the daily theme eye, we watched for and found in the surroundings of our life, as it passed, a heightened picturesqueness, a constant wonder, an added significance. That hardened cynic, the professional writer, will smile and say, "You saw copy." Yes, we saw copy; but to see copy is to see the significant, to clarify what the ear and heart and eye receive, to add light and shadow to the monochrome of life.

My college room-mate, a blessed boy full of good humor and serious purpose, was as incapable of acquiring the daily theme eye as a cat of obeying the eighth commandment. His idea of a daily theme was a task, not a pleasure. If there was no chance to write a political editorial, he supplied an anecdote of his summer vacation. Once he described a cliff he had seen in Newfoundland, and, determined to be pictorial, he added "tumbling waterfalls" and "sighing pines." Unfortunately, the instructor who read it had also been in Newfoundland, and he pointed out that his investigations of the cliff in question had failed to disclose

either "tumbling waterfalls" or "sighing pines." My room-mate treated the matter as a joke; he could not see that he had been guilty of any fault. And yet he is a much more moral man than I, with a far more troublesome conscience. Truth to his principles he would die for. But truth to the picture his mind retained and his hand tried to portray in the medium of literature, to him so trivial and unimportant, he could not grasp. What did it matter? So it would never occur to him to record in his themes the fleeting impressions of his daily life, to sit up half the night trying to pack into the clumsy frame of words the recollection of a strangely innocent face seen suddenly in the flash of an opened door down a dark, evil alley where the gusts of winter swirled. He went to bed and never knew a headache or jumpynerve. Yet I could not help thinking then that there was something in life he was missing besides the ultimate mark in our composition course. And I cannot help thinking that there is something in life he misses still.

But perhaps that is only my fancy. George Moore says that happiness is no more than a faculty for being surprised; and it is the sudden vista, the beauty of a city square seen through falling snow, a street car drama, the face of a passing woman, the dialogue of friends, which make the surprises for the man with the eye for copy. George Moore himself has a daily theme eye of preternatural keenness, and he may be speaking only for a class. Happiness for my room-mate lies, I suspect, rather in his faculty for not being surprised. A sudden accession of emotion at the sight of an unexpected view, for instance, would probably be immensely disconcerting. And if he should go into an art museum, as I did the other day, and see a little marble boy with a slightly parted mouth wet his lips with his tongue, I truly believe he would rush off to the doctor's at once, very unhappy, instead of rushing joyfully home to try to put the illusion into a sonnet! Well, every class has its Pharisaism,

which in reality is n't a form of priggishness, at all, but merely a recognition of difference. He thinks I am impractical, a bit odd, not quite a grown man. I think he is — a charming fellow. We are about quits on that!

POTENTIAL GYPSIES

The drops of gypsy blood in my veins declare themselves about as frequently as the drops of rain on the Arizona desert. At least I have never had the smallest temptation to sell Bibles in Spain or to establish terms of intimacy with the nomadic families still to be seen on the shady sides of roads too dusty to be country, too rustic to be town. Yet I do not believe myself a unique citizen of the plodding variety in discovering a certain sympathy with those who do seek out the Romany brotherhood. After all, this may be coming as near to gipsydom as one comes to the poet's place by thrilling at the sight of another who had once seen Shelley plain; and that is something.

It does seem to me, however, that if I were a gypsy scholar or a scholar gypsy I should not want to figure in my own biography entirely as "the Rye;" for I should probably be, like Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland, — whose biographer, his niece,¹ clings resolutely in print to this pet name for him, — something considerably more than a student of Romany lore. It may be that Mr. Leland's origin in Philadelphia and long identification with the place made his gypsy tendencies so conspicuous as to obscure all other tendencies. In New York or Chicago — I doubt it for Boston — might not one be a Rye, and yet retain one's proper name, even though it were Timothy? In Philadelphia, I suspect, being a Rye would transcend being a Biddle. Yet I should not like to be called incessantly "out of my name." "Mr. Leland," or even "Uncle Charles," — if I were the

subject of Mrs. Pennell's book, — would better suit my post-mortem humor.

It would please any departed American well, however, to provide the material for a record so unusual as Mr. Leland's in the literary biography of his country. The trouble with the lives of our men of letters in general, always excepting Poe and Whitman, is — from the reader's point of view — their monotonous propriety. Imagine Whittier, for example, taking Leland's naïve delight in appearing as "a mystery to the people of mystery." His biographer tells us that "he liked to astonish the Gypsies by talking to them in their own language. He liked to be able, no matter where he chanced upon them, — in England or America, Hungary or Italy, Egypt or Russia, — to stroll up, to all appearance the complete *Gorgio*, or *Gentile*; to be greeted as one; and then, of a sudden, to break fluently into Romany, 'to descend upon them by a way that was dark and a trick that was vain, in the path of mystery,' and then to watch their wonder. That was 'a game, a jolly game, and no mistake,' — a game worth all the philological discoveries in the world, which, I must say, he played uncommonly well." Imagine Longfellow, instead of "getting up" his *Hiawatha* backgrounds from such sources as Schoolcraft, discovering on his own account the tinker's language, *Shelta*, — "a back-slang and rhyming cant, based on old or pre-aspirated Irish Gaelic." Such is the philological definition of it. As a living tongue it was discovered through Leland's propensity for intercourse with living tinkers. These nomads appealed to him no less than the Indians and Gypsies, to whose society he made himself as welcome as to the most sophisticated writers at home and abroad.

If Leland joined his name in no enduring way to any art or science, it may be because he was an enthusiastic amateur of too many. His contemporaries gave him reason to suspect that at least in giving them Hans Breitmann — who reads Hans Breitmann now? — he had done

¹ Charles Godfrey Leland. *A Biography*. By ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL. Two vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1906.

the world a lasting service. But that did not quite satisfy him. Towards the end of his life he wrote to a friend: "I don't dislike my *Breitmann Ballads* — indeed I love many of them — but I am sometimes highly pained when I find that people know nothing else about me, having never heard of my *Practical Education*, or what I have done in Industrial Art, Language, Tradition, etc. So when anybody begins by loading up on the Breitmann, I cannot help a mild *despise*."

Here is the penalty to be paid by the versatile spirits who let their minds go gypsying in too many directions. But what a good time they have while they are doing it! And how contagious their enjoyment is! They — and not we who half approve their course — are the true potential gypsies. Not all of them are capable, like Borrow and Leland, and some of his Gentile friends, of sustaining personal relations with the picturesque disreputables of the Romany tribe. But to these men the rest of us owe a certain debt. They quicken our rather generalized gypsy sympathies, which really are worth keeping alive. Most of us will turn in at the office door at the proper hour to-morrow. Yet if we carry with us some sense of the open road, some memory — though it be at second hand — of unobstructed stars over our heads at night — shall we do our work the better, my practical friend? Perhaps not, but then there are one or two things in the world beside the daily routine.

ON GROWING FAT

To-day I put on an old gown, and there were revelations. It was not that disuse had cast its strangely disillusionizing spell upon it, and that what went into the moth-proof closet freshly colored and correctly fashioned came out dull and shapeless. For that I was prepared. I knew that it was a year old, and I was not surprised that it showed exactly twelve months' variation from the present mode. It looked, as I knew it would,

"good enough for everyday," — beyond which a woman's vocabulary holds no deeper damnation of fainter praise. It was in putting it on that my trouble began.

The gown was neither more nor less than I anticipated; but I — the fault was in me! — I was more! Gaspingly I hooked it together; then I surveyed myself. By letting out all the seams and piecing the lining, the waist might be "made to do." I tried to loosen the collar, and the effort caused the blood to settle in my arms. But the skirt! I turned slowly. No Egyptian would have owned my profile. I sank into a chair and contemplated the situation. The gown was hopeless, and I was — nay, I am — fat.

An ugly word, as I reflected while folding my discarded raiment. No substitute? no gently suggestive, delicately insinuating euphemism? Plump, now? From my youth up I was that. Stout? Obnoxious adjective, barely tolerable as a noun. But to even that I had become, if not reconciled, at least acquiescent. Yes, there are worse words than stout; would that none of larger import might be applied to me! I slip into a kimono, return the accusing gown to the attic, and breathing hard, for the attic stairs are steep, drop into a Morris chair, tuck a pillow behind me, and ponder on "the little more and how much it is."

Thus reclining I catch sight of an old chair; a very good chair still, although a part of my great-grandmother's bridal outfit. It is stiff and narrow, with an uncompromising back and an inhospitable seat. I have always liked it; years ago I sat in it; now I lounge in a Morris chair, with a pillow at my back, and admire its lines. Near it is a high desk, built in days long gone, that I might stand while I read and wrote. Now it is topped by neat rows of rarely used books; my desk chair is softly padded; and near the Morris chair is a table with that last concession to the too luxurious flesh, a lap portfolio.

In my trip to the attic, from which I am at last recovering, I cast a glance of affection at a shrouded object in a far corner. It was my bicycle, which theoretically I still ride. I am not of those who adopt and relinquish a pursuit according to fashion. I have turned a deaf ear to the somewhat emphatic statements of my sister, that my oldest niece, whose legs have a spider-like power of elongation, is tall enough for a full-sized wheel, but that it is useless to buy a new one for her to smash; an old one, now, that is not in use would be just the thing. I agree and wish that I knew where one could be procured. In theory I still ride; actually it is — let me see: three years ago I had typhoid, and the year before that I was in France, and the year before that I had no proper suit, and the year before that I took the wheel into the country, where the roads really were impossible. Yes; it is seven years since I have ridden, except in theory. And my mind, started on athletic subjects, recalls the snowshoes that have hung from the rafters for as many winters, the skates that were too rusty for even the wash-woman's Jennie, the gymnasium class I used cheerfully to attend twice a week, the walking club I resigned from, the exercises I used to practice night and morning. Could I do them now? That one with the diagonal movement of the arms above the head; and that other, with the right foot six inches above the left knee, the chest meantime well expanded and the torso tipped back?

I collapse on to the couch this time; there is a box of chocolates near by, and as I nibble I ponder on the dietary rigors I used to undergo, the bran biscuits I munched and the puddings I refused, the entrées I denounced, and the cabbage I consumed, the gallons of cold water I drank and the cocoa that was to me an accursed thing. I cast a look at myself in the mirror opposite; I intend it to be withering and reproachful; but I cannot help seeing that the flesh puckers good-humoredly around the eyes,

and that the mouth retains a contented curve. During the seven lean years the pain of my life cut hard straight lines around my mouth; in the seven fat years they have been largely eradicated; for happiness is a rare masseur.

Doubtless a good hard course of worry would reduce me more than the diet which I intend to begin to-morrow, or the exercise which I shall certainly institute next week. But on the other hand, I can hardly imagine anything that would worry me as most things did seven years and more ago. Barring the great sorrows of life, which when they come we must bear with that degree of fortitude that the grace of God may bestow, it seems to me that there is little that ought to shake our serenity. Cares and annoyances enough for all, and for some more than they can readily bear; but the blessed night drops its veil of silence and darkness between the days; the little comforts come as softly and almost as thickly as the flakes of snow; the routine of life, against which we inveigh in youth, is the strongest sedative in the middle years; the sun shines and the flowers bloom, and others are happy if we are not.

I have lost a good gown, and I mind me of the time when I have lain awake over less; but I know a minister's wife in Idaho whom it will fit; and what is more, she will thank the Lord for it, which I never did. I switch on the light under the pleasant green shade. There is an hour before dinner, when we are to have sweetbread patties and marmalade pudding; I shall eat both, for I do not begin to diet until day after to-morrow. So I settle back in the Morris chair to enjoy a novel, undisturbed, though I am proved both fat and old.

FOURTH DIMENSIONAL

Our Sage of Concord has declared that "Ideas are in the air;" that they range as they will, and at times of their own choosing; and he more than implies that

none, even the greatest, need imagine that he, solely, is the host-elect of these travelers from the empyrean. I lean upon Emerson, and offer no further apology for the assumption that a visitant from the newly discovered (or *re-discovered*) realm of Psychics may recently have darkened my own humble door. It is true that, some weeks before this shadowing, I had been reading Frederick Myers's *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. Still later, I had read the brief essay of one who with Science and Speculation at the helm, had, as it were, rounded a Mirage-Coast known as The Fourth Dimension. Finally, I had gone to sleep with a last vaguely questing thought hovering where a beloved image had receded (such years ago!) into the "dark backward and Abysm of Time." With this accounting and this premise, may I offer what was offered to me (I have no other word than *offered*), in the last moment, or moments, preceding full waking-consciousness. It was scarcely light; but I rose and quickly recorded as much as I could remember of the dream-salutation just received. For the rest — for the *lacunæ* at which memory halted — both the ideas and the words seemed to evolve without will or invention of mine, — like those lines of writing in a sympathetic ink, which are a little "slower than the others to emerge from invisibility."

FROM OTHER SPACE

I

How often dost thou pass my door,
Thine eyes unseeing evermore, —
Thy weary and thy sickened eyes,
That shut against the earth and skies,
Since I am not — not in that space
Where thou wast wont to meet my face;

— Since I am not — yet am I still,
And see thy sun his round fulfill,
Though shines for me Another Sun, —
My day is light, when thine is done!

II

At my fair door I, smiling, stand,
And reach to thee the soft white hand
That was thy comfort once, to fold!
Thine own grown shadow-thin and old,
And listless to its task it goes,
Since touch of mine no more it knows.
— Since I am not — or, not to thee,
Who will not, — nay, who cannot see!
Since I am not — not in that space
Which my lov'd prisoner still must trace!

III

The roses in my garden-croft
(Near — yet not round thee, nor aloft)
Sometimes from these a rose I break.
With thought of thee, its dew outshake, —
With perfume from each glowing leaf:
Swift wonder, then, o'erfilms thy grief;
And thou dost turn to seek from where
Such passing sweetness smites the air!
It comes, it goes; thy grief returns;
Alas, thy soul her soul-sense spurns!

IV

And, sometimes, have I, singing, passed,
And thought to wake thee, thus, at last.
I saw thee brush thine eyes, and start,
As thou hadst heard me with thine heart!
And then to grief's dull counsel yield:
"It is the reapers' song afield —
The echo fainting from the hill!"
How can I rouse thy dream-fast will,
Since I am not — not in the space
That bounds thy three-wayed reach and pace!

V

But when to thee, by moments fleet,
Afar the world's loud flood-tides beat
(A dreamed-out dream, within thine ear!),
Then to that knowledge art thou near,
That in the air which round thee bends,
Another Real thy real subtends!
Then, hope is lighted in thine eye,
Then only, dost thou cease to sigh
That I am not! For then, is grace
To soothe thee, lent from Other Space!